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THE
UNDERTAKERS'
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LOWELL

TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE
RUSSIAN
OSIP MANDELSTAM

AND THE ATLANTIC EXTRA:

SHAPED BY
THE WILDERNESS:
THE AMERICANS

OSCAR
HANDLIN



Tackling the rust problem of this toy truck is child's play compared to Chrysler Corporation's continuing war against corrosion.

Destruction is a challenge—it points the way to longer life

In the laboratories and in the field, the engineers of Chrysler Corporation meet the challenge of destruction in a highly successful attempt to prolong car life.

Rust, for example, is one of the major malignancies Chrysler engineers have attacked. From their study of the effects of water, weather and corrosive salts have come such Chrysler processes as the six-spray, seven-dip treatment of car bodies with rust-inhibiting chemicals, double nickel-chromium plating to reduce pitting and peeling of bumpers and bright-

work. And protective measures for mechanical components.

From brutal laboratory treatment of power components (shifting automatic transmissions, for example, for day after day at full throttle — for 12,000 cycles) has come such built-in reliability that the industry's first five-year or 50,000-mile warranty* could be offered.

But these are just a few of the ways Chrysler engineers meet the challenge of destruction. And this challenge itself is only one of the many met by Chrysler

Corporation, a major producer of automobiles and trucks, in the course of its diversified activities, as the twelfth largest industrial company in America, with understandable confidence in its own growth and the future of this country.

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DODGE • DODGE TRUCKS • SIMCA
DEFENSE AND SPACE PRODUCTS • AMPLEX
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*Your authorized Chrysler Motors Corporation Dealer's Warranty against defects in material and workmanship on 1963 cars has been expanded to include parts replacement or repair, without charge for required parts or labor, for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, on the engine block, head and internal parts; transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch); torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints (excluding dust covers), rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings, provided the vehicle has been serviced at reasonable intervals according to the Chrysler Motors Corporation Certified Car Care schedules. Trucks are included, but are subject to additional limitations of 1500 hours operation if mileage does not accurately reflect the extent of actual use and operation of parts covered by the warranty. Coverage will not apply to trucks subjected to prolonged power-take-off or off-highway use.



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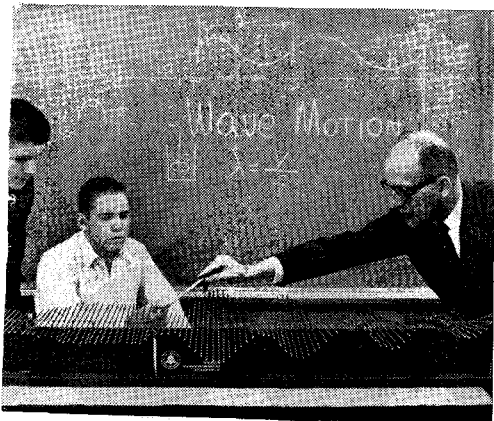
Two advanced physics students are producing a solar-powered transistor audio-oscillator—the "From Sun to Sound" experiment—provided by the Bell System. The experiment requires students to calculate and design as well as construct some of the basic electronic components.

"Just give 'em the facts and get out of the way!"

How the Bell System is helping to develop gifted young scientists and engineers

Tomorrow's top scientists and engineers are hidden in high school classrooms today. The problem is to find them, inspire them. And the Bell System is helping this national effort with a unique series of teaching aids.

A high school physics teacher demonstrates the "Wave Motion Machine," which illustrates wave behavior common to sound, light, electricity. The Bell System teaching aid also includes a film, books and a lecture.



Two of the units are illustrated here and four more described at the right. They are already being used in thousands of high schools.

Now in its third year, this science program has aided busy teachers and spurred eager students. As one Bell Laboratories man remarked, "Just give 'em the facts and get out of the way!"

The program will continue, with the cooperation of leading educators, as long as it serves a useful purpose.

And the Bell System will benefit only as the nation benefits—from better teachers and abler young scientists and engineers.

Two other aids offered to America's schools, besides those illustrated:

Ferromagnetic Domains, a basic approach to the study of magnetism, including books, a motion picture and four demonstration units.

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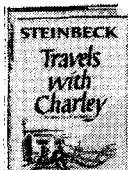
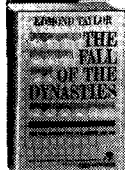
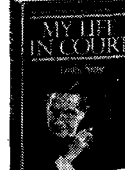
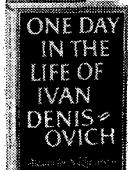
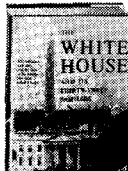
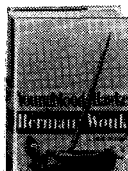
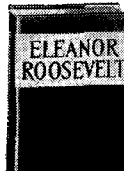


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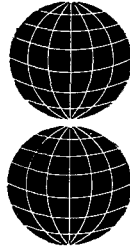
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9



WASHINGTON

IN Robert S. McNamara, the President has the ablest Secretary of Defense to occupy that office since it was created. McNamara is an authentic economizer. He is dedicated to civilian rule. He is vigorously trying to create a modern defense system capable of meeting any requirement. And he has an unusual ability to train subordinates in new methods and to inspire them with his own confidence in a scientific approach to management.

To do these things well in a huge bureaucracy, one must slash away at the underbrush inhabited by vested interests. Sometimes these are congressional vested interests, sometimes military, sometimes industrial, sometimes simply bureaucratic, but all involve at times members of the House and Senate and their standing with their constituents. So while Congress has loudly demanded extraordinary qualities of leadership in a Secretary of Defense, it is offended when an individual as forceful as McNamara exhibits them.

With the three services competing for defense dollars and with different parts of the country and different industries competing for contracts, there would be chaos if a Secretary tried to please everyone. Moreover, there would be an uncontrollable defense budget. This year, even after the service secretaries pared the budget requests of their respective military advisers, the total stood at \$67 billion.

In cutting the figure by \$14 billion, McNamara disappointed a great many people, some with close congressional connections. In awarding the TFX contract he did not entirely satisfy either the Air Force or the Navy, and he disappointed one major company and those allied with it. It was a McNamara quality, decisiveness, that provoked the outcry. If he had made a similarly tough decision as president of the Ford Motor Company,

designed to save the company money and benefit its stockholders, the board of directors would have applauded him.

Since an effective administrator often is the antithesis of an effective politician, McNamara has lacked at times the political finesse desirable in any public figure. There seems to be little doubt, for example, that he was right on the Skybolt decision, but his handling of that international political problem left bruised feelings that have not yet healed. Nevertheless, Congress has never expected that a defense chief should be a politician; it has said he must be a forceful administrator, and McNamara is that.

He also is something more. In 1960, when candidate Kennedy was promising to get the country moving again, he laid great stress on the need for a powerful defense system. Today the President's campaign promises and his performance are closer in the defense field than in any other area. It well may be that history will record that the President's emphasis on strengthening and redesigning the country's defense system was the most impressive accomplishment of his first term.

The President's inaugural and his first defense message, together with his decision to call up reserves during the 1961 Berlin crisis, laid the groundwork for the buildup that has occurred. The strength concentrated in Europe made it possible to deny any victory to the Soviets and to control the situation in Berlin, if not to solve the problem. And the vast increase in conventional power gave the President the options he needed to deal with the Cuban crisis of October, 1962. The Berlin and Cuban crises demonstrated to both sides in the cold war and to the neutrals the role that the United States has the capacity to play in the defense of freedom.

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These seven associations are affiliates of Great Western Financial Corporation, the first savings and loan organization ever to attain a billion dollars in assets. Each is an established leader in its own community. Each has a perfect record in the disbursement of savings funds.

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Corporate funds can also be distributed in the same way.

For example, if four corporate officers are designated as trustees, and separate trust accounts are established in each of the member associations listed below, full insurance coverage can be provided up to \$1,000,000 or more.

Finally, you can make your investment with a minimum of fuss and bother. No matter how large or small

the amount, to earn from 4¾ % to 4.8% on your fully insured personal or corporate funds, write just one check to: John F. Marten, Attorney-in-Fact.

Mr. Marten (President of the Great Western Financial Corporation*), who has been named Attorney-in-Fact by the seven associations, will distribute funds among the associations according to your preference.

Or you can make checks payable to individual associations in whatever amounts you wish, mailing in one envelope to: John F. Marten, Attorney-in-Fact, Department D6, 4401 Crenshaw Boulevard, Los Angeles 43, California. For further information on the FSLIC insurance provisions and financial data on the Great Western Group, either write to the above address or call Area Code 213, AXminster 5-6691.



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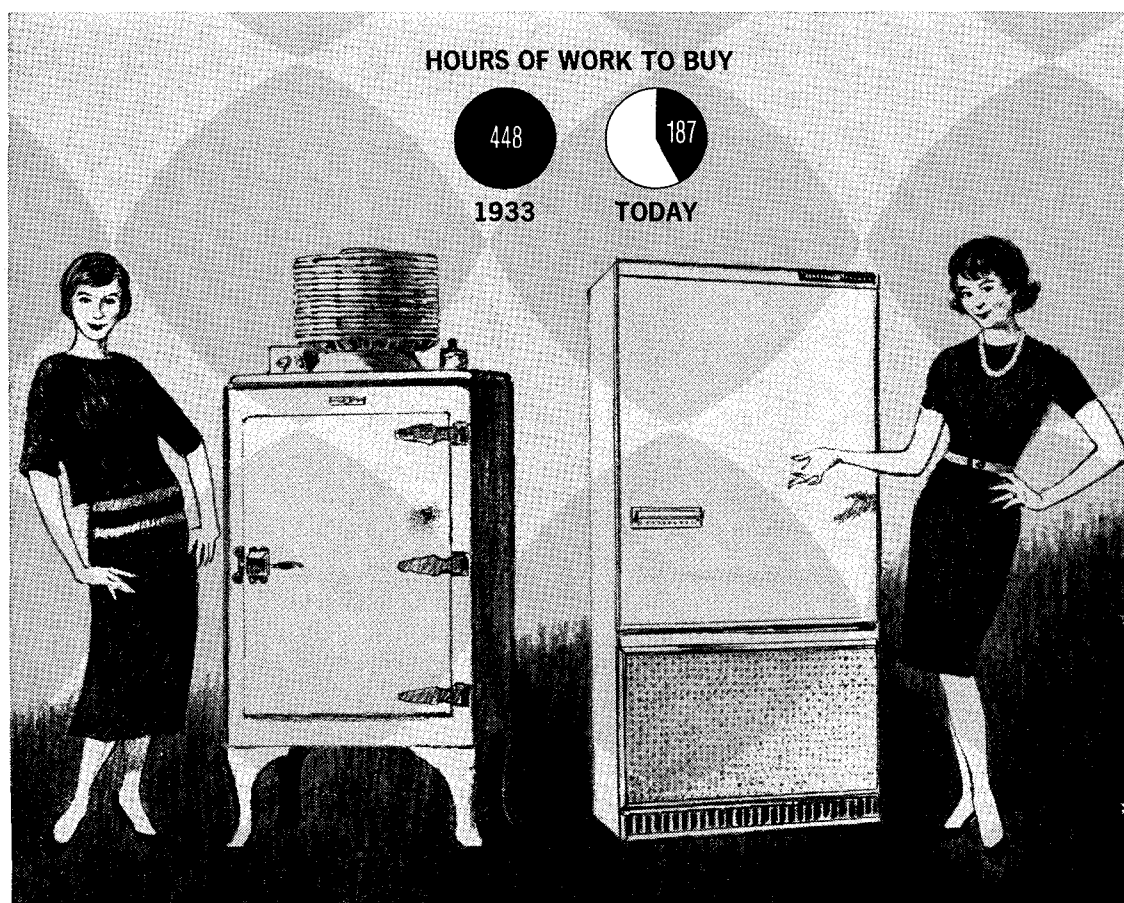
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How General Electric is trying to bring you an extra measure of value

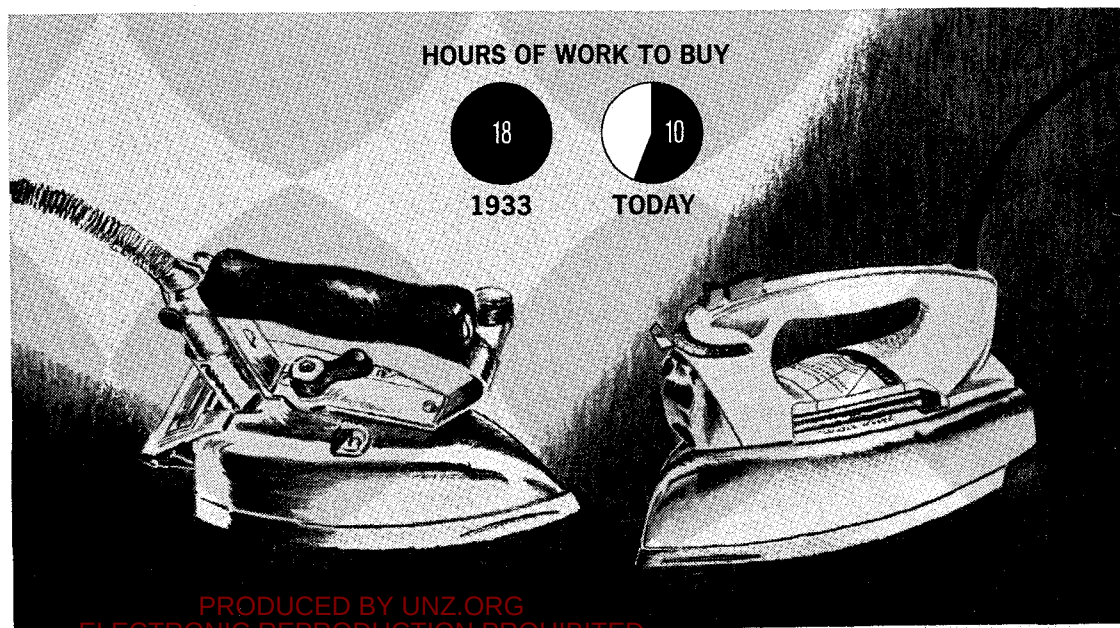
...in products that do more for you—yet take fewer hours of work to buy

Today's products are better by far than those of 30 years ago. Yet their real cost — the number of hours you must work to buy them — is lower. General Electric has tried to contribute to this progress by helping American industry increase its productivity . . . and by constantly adding value to the products you buy, as these comparisons show.

Extra values in today's refrigerator: 3 times the storage space . . . convenient swing-out shelves, magnetic doors for extra safety. Large 0° freezer rolls out, never needs defrosting. Ice-cube tray fills automatically.



Extra values in today's iron: sprays, steams, and irons dry . . . really 3 irons in one. Heats faster, more evenly, covers greater area. Lighter in weight. Handy water-level window tells you when to fill, helps prevent overfilling.



Comparisons based on representative product prices divided by average hourly compensation of U. S. workers.

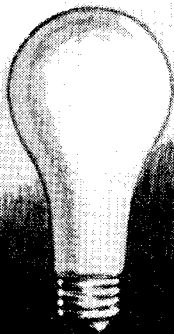
MINUTES OF WORK TO BUY



1933



TODAY



**Accent
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VALUE**

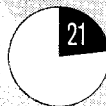


Extra values in today's light bulb: produces light for nearly 60% less cost . . . because the new lamp operates more efficiently, and power rates are lower. Today's lamp also gives softer light, spreads it more evenly . . . and is smaller in size for greater convenience.

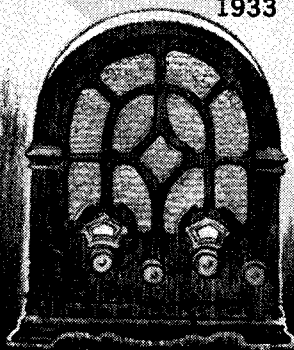
HOURS OF WORK TO BUY



1933



TODAY

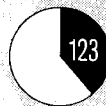


Extra values in today's radio: conveniently portable and smaller . . . yet has richer, fuller tone. Weighs less than 5 pounds. Uses long-life transistors, powered solely by 4 flashlight batteries. Has standard AM tuning plus two short-wave bands for full coverage.

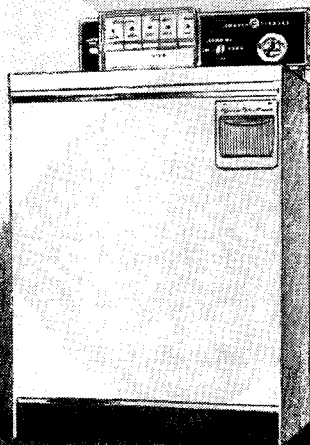
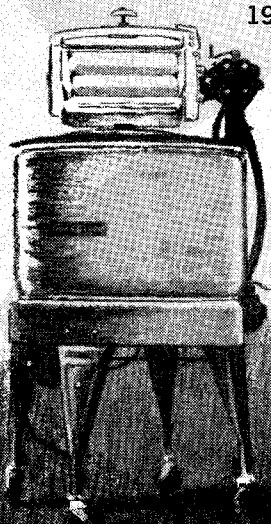
HOURS OF WORK TO BUY



1933



TODAY



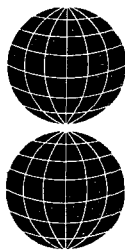
Extra values in today's washer: handles big 12-lb. load vs. 6 lbs. in 1933 . . . gets clothes cleaner, too. Automatically washes, rinses, spin-dries. Filter-Flo® system keeps clothes free from lint fuzz . . . and cleans and recleans the water. Has separate, handy Mini-Basket for small washes.

These examples could be multiplied many times . . . but the point would be the same: the men and women of General Electric are working constantly on ways to bring homes, communities, industry, and the nation an extra measure of value. Progress in value is a total company dedication.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Report on Washington



The President could justly claim in his foreign-aid message to Congress this year that "freedom is not on the run anywhere in the world." It "might well have been without United States aid," the President said. It certainly would be without a powerful United States defense.

David Bell and foreign aid

The President's foreign-aid message to Congress was one of the best aid messages in many years. It had to be a positive statement in support of the program, to overcome some of the damage done by the report of the President's own advisory committee, headed by General Lucius D. Clay. The report contained many excellent proposals and valid criticisms. But the overall effect was perhaps more negative than the committee members intended. The document was hailed by enemies of a program which three Presidents have insisted is essential to the national security and which the Clay group itself said was vital. Just as the President in his message was able to quote from the report to support his objectives, so opponents of aid have been able to quote from it in support of their attempts to curtail the program.

In indirectly replying to the committee's claims that the United States has attempted to do too much for too many, the President said, "The fact is that our aid programs generally and consistently have done what they were expected to do. . . . Our effort is not merely symbolic. It is addressed to our vital security interests."

From both the President's point of view and that of the Clay committee, the country is fortunate in the new director of the Agency for International Development. David E. Bell, who planned to become a physicist but turned to economics instead, has the qualifications and training to provide the kind of dynamic, no-nonsense leadership of the aid agency that McNamara has brought to the Defense Department. The Clay committee expressed confidence in Bell's ability to do the job. If he fulfills the committee's hopes and the President's, he should be the most successful foreign-aid chief since Paul G. Hoffman headed the Marshall Plan.

Unlike some of his predecessors, Bell was prepared for his assignment when he entered the aid

agency last December. As a Harvard professor, he had mastered the theory of economic development. As an adviser in Pakistan to the Pakistan government, he had learned the practical problems of a developing country. As budget director, Bell was intimately concerned with the evolution of the aid agency, knew its top officials, and had advised it in the reorganization under the 1961 act.

Bell's clear and incisive mind and his ability as an administrator early won the President's admiration. Now, like McNamara, he must face the sharpest kind of congressional attack, unrelenting as long as Congress is in session.

The battle over the debt limit

Congress has been passing a law nearly every year saying that the federal debt must not go beyond a certain limit. So hallowed is the law, although it was first written only in 1917, that no one in politics would dare suggest — as many economists have — that it is an anachronism. Congress votes the money which the government spends, and if Congress wants to reduce the debt, all it has to do is to cut down on the money it appropriates. But that is easier said than done, and after Congress votes billions in appropriations it likes to hold a debate in which it admonishes the President not to spend the money he has been authorized to spend.

This year the problem is more complex than usual because in the last session Congress voted several debt limits to apply to 1963. Until April 1 the ceiling under the law was \$308 billion. After April 1 the ceiling was \$305 billion. On June 25 it will drop to \$300 billion. On July 1 it will drop to the "permanent" ceiling of \$285 billion. Congress imposed those ceilings in an attempt to force the Administration to cut spending.

All recent Presidents have suffered through these painful fights over the debt limit, but none more than President Eisenhower. As an economizer, he disliked arguing that the debt ceiling should be higher. A Democratic Congress delighted in forcing him to make the argument anyway, and then it slapped back at him by putting the ceiling so low that his Secretaries of the Treasury were caught in a bind. In 1957 the ceiling was so tight that the Eisenhower Administration was forced to postpone payments due defense contractors. *Business Week* magazine said in 1958 that the postponement of the scheduled payments "was an important contributing cause of the recession."

Now Congress is determined to apply the same stringent rule to the Kennedy Administration. According to Treasury officials, the result of an excessively tight ceiling would be mismanagement



There goes the amazing F-104 again!

It's a special new version designed to give troops close air support no matter how tough the terrain. Look what it will carry — any mix of air-to-ground missiles, bombs, rocket pods, fire bombs, or frag dispensers the mission calls for.

Yet this same F-104 Starfighter can be quickly turned around and sent up as a 1500-mph air-superiority fighter.

This new versatility won't surprise

anyone who has ever flown the F-104. It has already proved itself in many cold war situations.

Six of our allies have chosen this same proven F-104 design as their own fighter-bomber. Today F-104s are being produced in seven nations and soon will be

in service with 11 Free World air forces, including the U.S. Air Force. Never before have so many sovereign nations joined together to build one weapon for the common defense.

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Love Letters to Rambler



J. J. Kohberger

Classic Six Station Wagon (with stick shift and overdrive). He writes:

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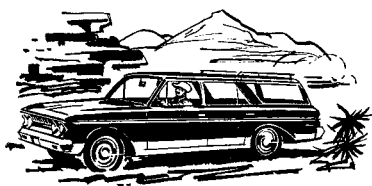
"You probably know all about conditions on the Alaska Highway, such as dust, gravel, potholes, etc. I drove it up and back...visited every town in Alaska.

"Then I came down the Pacific Coast, into Old Mexico. I never had to add water to the radiator during the entire trip, even through the desert where the temperature was 120°.

"I averaged 50 miles per hour...between 25 and 27 miles per gallon of gas.

"I have owned at least 50 cars and I have never had any top the performance of this station wagon."

You get even more ruggedness in 1963 Rambler Station Wagons thanks to new Advanced Unit Construction. And inside you get full headroom, hiproom and legroom for six husky 6-footers (plus still more sitting room in 3-seat wagons).



The Rambler Classic Six is the largest-selling six-cylinder wagon in America today. Now it's available with a new 198-hp V-8 that costs less than many Sixes. And for even more luxury and performance, pick the beautiful Ambassador V-8 wagon with 250 or 270 hp.

But see your dealer and find out all the reasons why Motor Trend Magazine gave the "Car of the Year" Award to Rambler '63.

Report on Washington

rather than proper management of the public debt. "This Administration is not asking for an unlimited debt ceiling," the President said, "but a realistic one."

If the ceiling is too restrictive, it may prevent the Treasury from entering the money market when it might obtain the most favorable terms; this could force it to pay higher interest rates. If the ceiling is too tight, the Treasury may not be able to use its debt management machinery, as it did once last year, to discourage the flow of short-term funds seeking higher interest rates overseas; thus, there could be a loss of gold unnecessarily.

In the Treasury's words, a tight debt ceiling has not led to reduced spending but invariably to higher costs. Yet the fight is waged in Congress in the name of economy. The debate affords every congressman an opportunity to speak against the iniquities of a large federal debt. All any administration asks is that the ceiling be placed at a reasonable margin above the actual debt so that the Treasury may have room to maneuver, may be able to keep enough cash on hand to meet its bills, and may enter the money market at the most favorable time.

A delay until the last minute to act on the debt limit and the fixing of a ceiling so restrictive that the Treasury may be hampered in its operation would seem to be beneath the dignity of Congress. Yet it glories in the annual contest, which helps divert attention from more serious business.

Herter's uphill struggle

Last year's Trade Expansion Act was written on the assumption that Britain soon would be a member of the European Common Market. When Britain's bid for membership was vetoed by France early this year, a cloud began to form over work being done under the new act.

Former Secretary of State Christian A. Herter, President Kennedy's trade negotiator, has been the moving spirit in preparing for the so-called Kennedy round of trade negotiations scheduled to take place in

1964. Herter has made two trips to Europe and one to Japan in an attempt to establish a satisfactory basis for negotiation. His first efforts discouraged him greatly.

A major difficulty is that a Common Market official handles the negotiations for the six members of the Market, but any decision he makes now or in the formal negotiations next year is subject to veto by any member. France can exercise its veto over the trade negotiations just as it did in the negotiations for British membership in the Common Market. In his first efforts, Herter was unable to determine the attitude of the Common Market countries regarding the rules of negotiation, which he thinks it is most important to establish well in advance.

Britain's failure to gain entry into the Market wrecked for all practical purposes one of the four major features of the Trade Expansion Act. That is the section authorizing the President, on a reciprocal basis, to negotiate an elimination of tariffs altogether when the United States and the Common Market countries account for 80 percent of the world's trade in a given commodity. With Great Britain excluded, the provision would apply only to airplanes and edible oils.

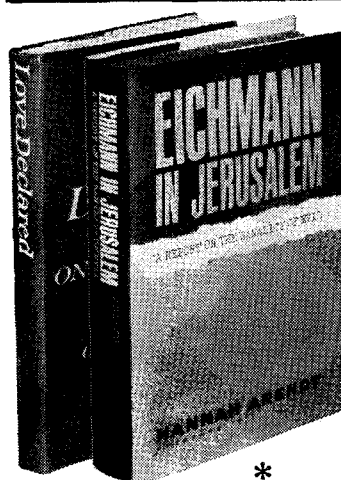
Mood of the Capital

A mood of wait and see what Congress does, wait and see what the Russians do, seems to have settled over the Administration. It is encouraged by the lessening tensions in the foreign field, discouraged by its failures in Congress. Initiative and momentum seem to be missing in both areas, however. The President talks of ups and downs in popularity, of cycles and rhythms in public affairs as though he were waiting for a tide to sweep him forward.

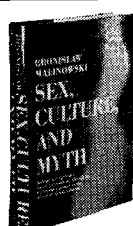
Despite increasing criticism in Washington, the President's popularity remains high in the country. He faces the 1964 election, which already is casting its shadow over Washington affairs, with the cautious optimism of a skilled politician. But this is in some ways the nub of his problem. Some people think that the President has proved his ability as a politician more than he has proved it as a national leader.

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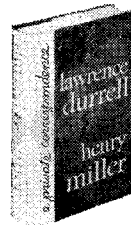
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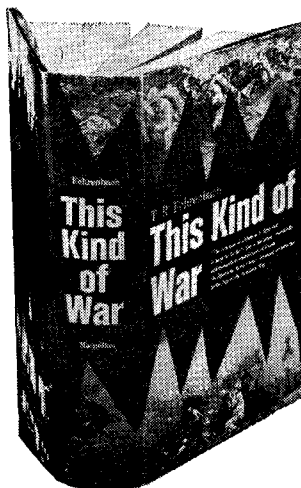
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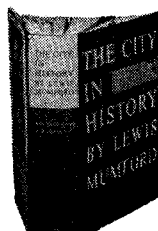
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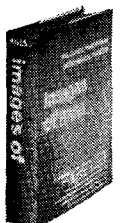
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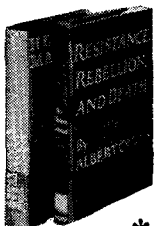
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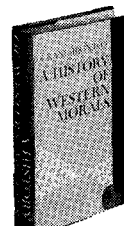
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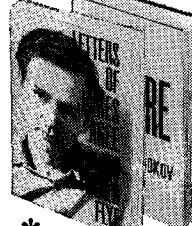
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B63-61



ONE torrid day last August the diplomatic, political, and military community of Vientiane turned out in almost full force to welcome home Prince Souvanna Phouma, who was returning from Europe to become Prime Minister of what the fourteen states responsible for the newly signed Geneva accords had called the sovereign, independent, neutral, and united kingdom of Laos. Conspicuous by his jovial presence at the head of the official Lao reception committee was Souvanna's dark-complexioned half-brother, Prince Souphanouvong, leader of the Communist Pathet Lao, who had been acting as head of government.

No less conspicuous by his absence was General Phoumi Nosavan, leader of the right wing, who for more than a year had fought a solitary and determined rear-guard action against the coalition, capitulating only when Washington cut off economic aid and the elite of his armed forces fled in panic from the northern provincial capital of Nam Tha in the last battle of the war.

"How do you think the arrangements set up by Geneva will work?" asked a Westerner of a Polish member of the International Control Commission as Souvanna Phouma passed slowly down the reception line, pausing to select a flower from each of the silver bowls offered in his honor by kneeling Lao women dressed in their richly embroidered shawls and sarongs. "Work?" repeated the Pole. "It cannot possibly work. This is not a government. It is a comic opera."

The necessity for good faith

Officially, at least, Western diplomats in Vientiane were more hopeful. The Geneva agreement on Lao neutrality had some glaring weaknesses, they agreed. Though there was nothing to prevent Laos from becoming a Communist state, duly neutral of course, it had stepped out irrevocably from under the leaky SEATO umbrella and the anti-Communist lineup in Southeast Asia.

The approved troika system of control for the coalition government laid down that no major decision could be taken without the approval of

the left, right, and center members, a condition which required not only good faith on the part of all, but, if the government were to function properly, that there should be mutual trust. Since the factions had been at war for several years and their leaders now lived in Vientiane in compounds guarded by their own nervous troops, this requirement seemed fanciful, to say the least.

Good faith was also required of the thirteen foreign guarantors of the agreement. Though the Polish, Indian, and Canadian members of the International Control Commission had supervisory responsibility for the withdrawal of foreign troops and foreign military equipment, they could perform their tasks only with the genuine cooperation of all concerned. Again, it was questionable whether that cooperation would be forthcoming. While eagerly supporting the concept of a neutral Laos, Ho Chi Minh's regime in Communist North Vietnam had always regarded its 10,000 troops in Laos as the martial equivalent of the sceneshifters in a No drama, who, though they dart black-clad about the stage among the actors, are not expected to be noticed. It was impossible, Hanoi said, to withdraw that which did not exist.

On the anti-Communist side there were difficulties also. Thailand regarded its security as gravely prejudiced by the Geneva agreement. It signed reluctantly, only under pressure, and was by no means eager to discontinue its military support for General Phoumi Nosavan, a cousin of Field Marshal Sarit, the Thai Prime Minister.

The West pinned its hopes on the ability of the United States, if need be, to persuade the Thais to abide by the agreement, and on the Soviet leadership of the Communist side. At a meeting at Bangkok in the spring of 1961, SEATO had considered and, following British and French vetoes, finally rejected military intervention in Laos. Though it all but wrecked the treaty organization, the decision was made easier by what appeared to be a sincere Soviet wish to settle for genuine neutrality in Laos, if only to keep the Chinese out. Thus, there was general satisfaction

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Report on Laos

among Western delegates at Geneva when the British and the Russians, as co-chairmen of the agreement, also accepted responsibility for policing it. This meant, in effect, that it was up to the Soviet Union to see that the Chinese and North Vietnamese ceased their military meddling, and that the North Vietnamese in particular pulled out their troops and stopped using the mountain trails through eastern Laos as a corridor to reinforce and supply the Communist forces in South Vietnam.

Buying time

Such a fragile guarantee had obvious dangers, of course. Yet, in view of the unattractive alternative of military intervention by SEATO, with all the attendant risks of involvement in a Korean-type war against "volunteers" from North Vietnam and Red China, it was probably the best that the United States could hope for.

If there had been no agreement at Geneva, the Pathet Lao forces could have swept on and taken the towns along the Mekong River, gaining possession of Lao road and river communications, such as they are; and this, in turn, would have led to a much more rapid penetration of vulnerable northeastern Thailand and posed even more formidable problems for the government of President Ngo Dinh Diem in South Vietnam, which was already gravely concerned with the Communists' use of Laos as a supply route for the Viet Cong guerrillas. As some Western officials saw it, therefore, the Geneva agreement bought time — time to engage in a widespread community aid program in northeastern Thailand, and time to cope with the Viet Cong in South Vietnam.

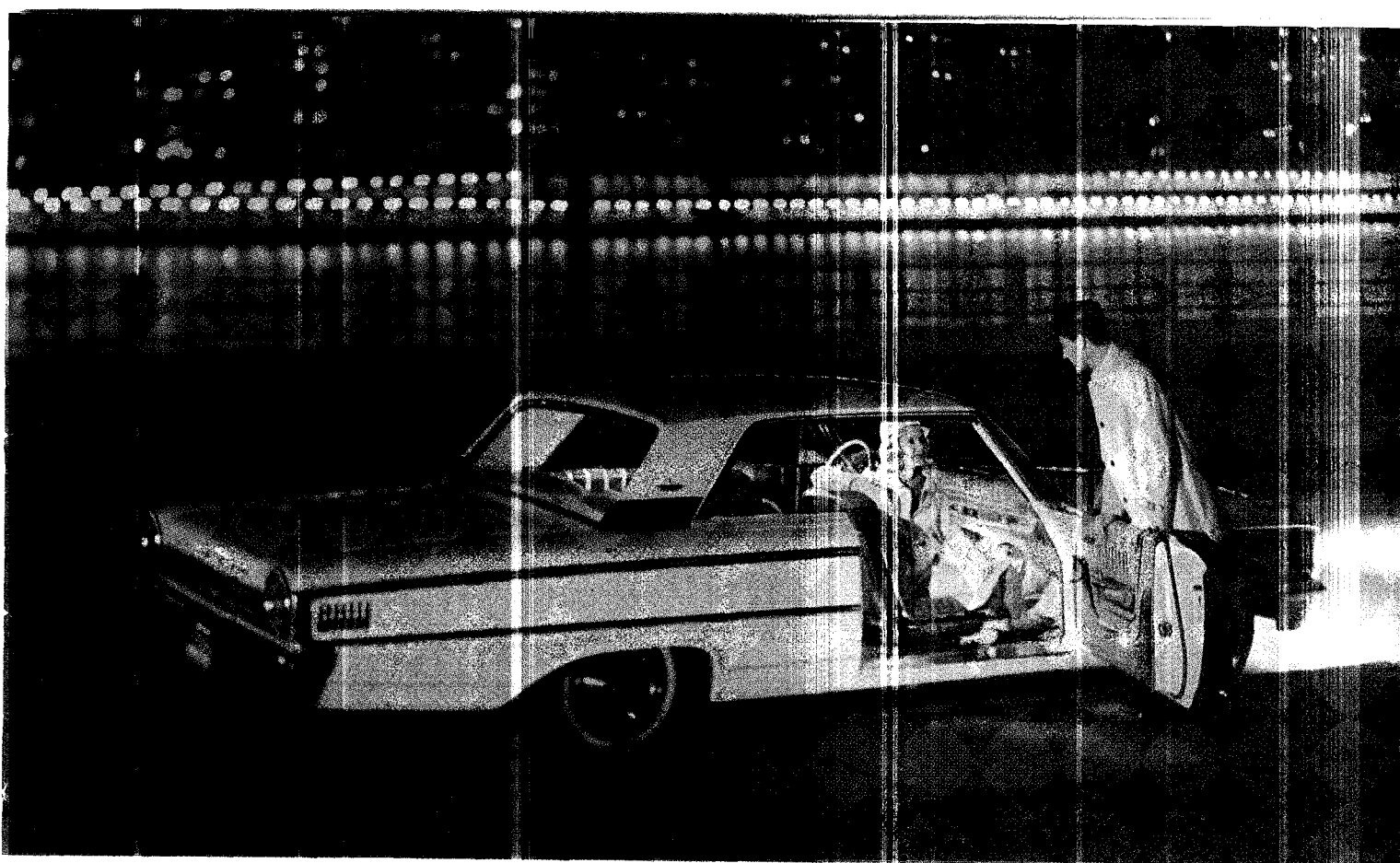
To the Pathet Lao, who regarded themselves as the victors, Geneva was, on the contrary, a peace treaty that gave de facto recognition of their primacy. The expedient alliance with General Kong Le, the neutralist military leader, no longer served any purpose. As a matter of course, the Pathet Lao also set out to mop up, or starve out, the opium-growing Meo tribesmen who had supported the right-wing forces of General Phoumi Nosavan.

Scattered in pockets through the mountains, the Meos had responded well to guerrilla training in the year preceding the Geneva agreement. Sturdy hunters with much more warlike habits than the Lao lowlanders, they had been driven from their clearings by the Pathet Lao. With no chance to settle down to clear new patches of jungle in which to plant their crops, they welcomed the food, the guns, and the training brought by the U.S. White Star special forces and the opportunity to work off old grudges. At the end, about half of perhaps 100,000 Meos were against the Pathet Lao. Deprived subsequently of continuing supplies of arms and ammunition, and in many cases also of food, they became one of the major casualties of the war and of the half-peace.

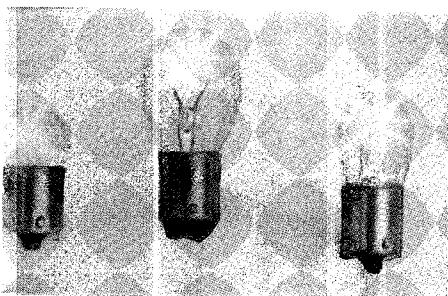
The North Vietnamese interpretation of the Geneva agreement was similar to the Pathet Lao's. Exulting in their allies' victory, they also persisted with the fiction that they were innocent of any warlike involvement. They removed a military hospital from the Plain of Jars, an ancient burial ground about an hour's flight north of Vientiane, and celebrated its return to Hanoi publicly and ceremoniously. Only fifty North Vietnamese soldiers passed through checkpoints set up by the International Control Commission, however. Though several thousands left by other routes, in violation of the Geneva agreement, several thousand others, including specialists, instructors, and fully independent units, remained.

As for the Ho Chi Minh trail, as the wilderness of tracks running north and south through eastern Laos is known, nothing changed. For more than a decade these rugged, sparsely populated mountains through which the trail runs have been the private fief of a tribesman named Sithone, who is also a member of the Pathet Lao politburo. Under his direction, the area remained closed to all but the Pathet Lao and the Viet Cong cadres, who, at the rate of about two to three hundred a month, continued to make the backbreaking journey from North Vietnam to South Vietnam.

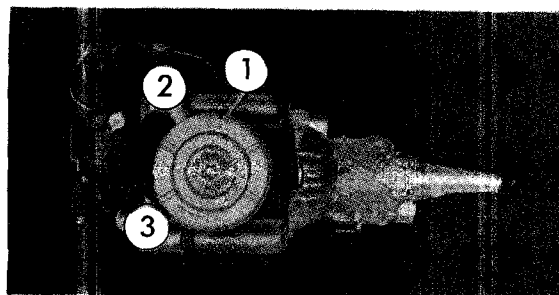
That the government hung together in Vientiane under these circumstances said much for Souvanna



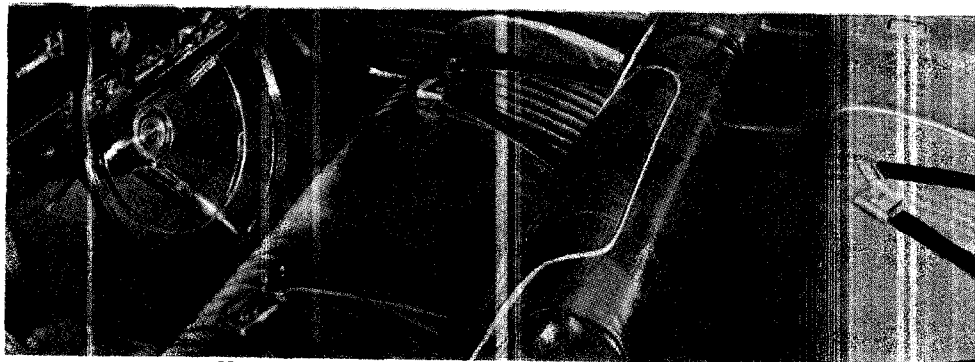
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To chart the course of the first manned flight to the moon, scientists will apply laws discovered by Sir Isaac Newton nearly 300 years ago.

For Newton's formulation of the Law of Gravity, that law which even a falling apple must obey, and his discovery of the Laws of Motion were, like *all* true breakthroughs, rare sightings of new truths so far-reaching they enable men to begin new chapters in scientific progress.

Each generation has its men and women of questing spirit whose creative, inquiring minds will reach out beyond the known. We at Shell believe we have a responsibility to seek out and encourage these explorers. That is why our program of support for education provides scholarships for de-

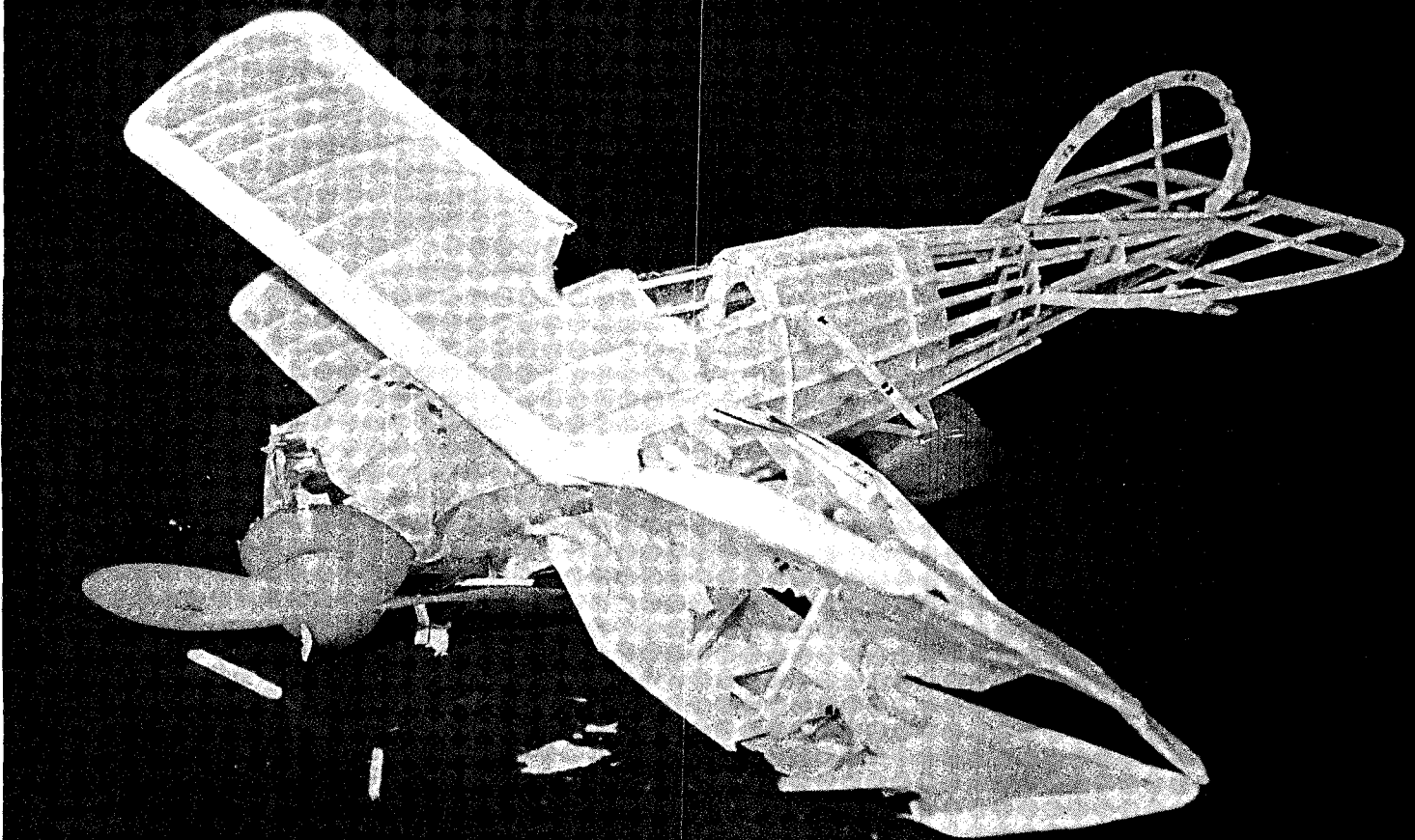
serving students, research grants for universities, and unique Shell Merit Fellowships for science teachers seeking better training techniques.

And we see the fruits of such well-trained minds at work in Shell Research: synthetics that equal or surpass nature's own resources, new aids enabling farmers to grow full crops where harvests had been meager. And, of course, finer gasolines and motor oils.

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SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU



Epilepsy used to ruin so much of a child's life

Years ago, a child living under the shadow of epilepsy often had his happy activities shattered by a sudden seizure.

Perhaps worse, the epileptic was shunned because there were so many misconceptions and superstitions associated with this brain disorder.

Today, the whole outlook has changed for most people with epilepsy—largely because of drugs which prevent seizures. In fact, the lives of thousands of epileptics have

literally been made over by these drugs. Some are entirely free of seizures. Others have their seizures well controlled.

As a result, the minds and personalities of epileptics are released to enjoy life almost as fully as other people.

The creation of specific drugs for epilepsy—one of the first of which was pioneered by Parke-Davis—is another heart-warming example of how our research brings healthier, happier lives to those who otherwise would be denied them.

PARKE-DAVIS

BETTER MEDICINES FOR A BETTER WORLD

Report on Laos

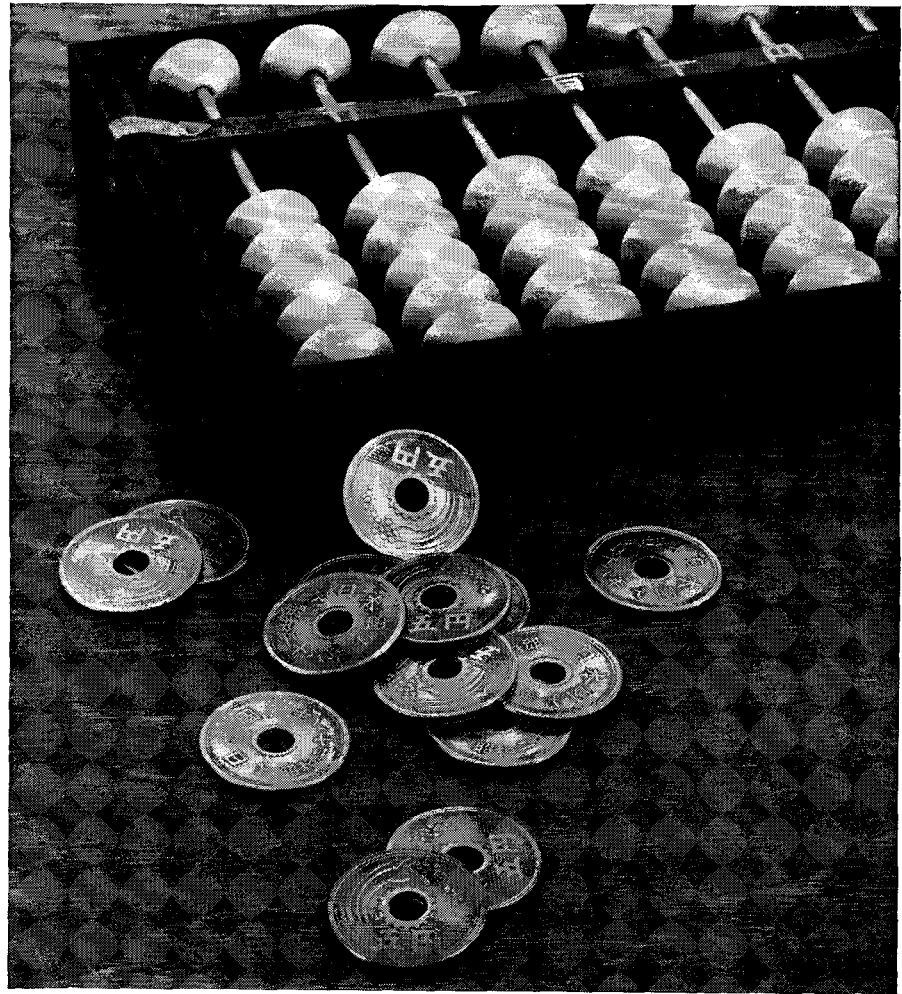
Phouma's phlegmatic temperament and the general appreciation that if he should withdraw from the scene, the right and the left would quickly be at each other's throats again. Always more of a figurehead than a Prime Minister, he maintained his leadership of the troika only by threatening repeatedly to resign. This threat was sometimes sufficient to bring the three groups together to agree in principle on issues of fundamental significance, such as the creation of a single army of 30,000 men drawn equally from each of the three factions, but he never succeeded in translating agreement into action.

Trouble at the center

Few believed that this curious arrangement could continue indefinitely. The only real cause for surprise, and that is too strong a word, is that the threat to the coalition should have come through frictions and antagonisms among the neutralist group in the center rather than from renewed hostilities between the left and the right.

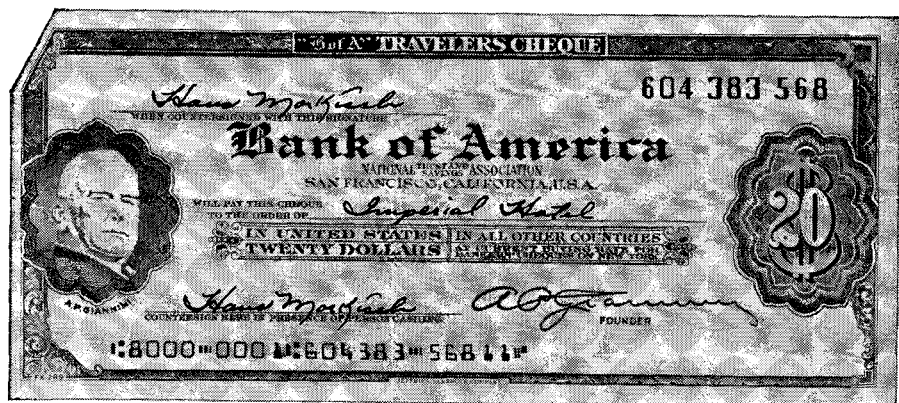
The first hint of serious trouble came last November, when an American plane on an authorized mission was shot down at the Plain of Jars by an anti-aircraft battery manned by neutralist defectors to the Pathet Lao. Kong Le blamed the Pathet Lao and the ostensibly neutral Foreign Minister, Quinim Pholsena, accusing him of trying to divide the neutralists. Part Chinese and a protégé of Souvanna Phouma's, Quinim was ambitious and able, but his neutrality, and that of several of his followers, had a heavy anti-American and pro-Communist bias. As defections from the neutralist forces increased, the split between Quinim and Kong Le grew wider.

In January, Roger Hilsman, Jr., who has since succeeded Averell Harriman as Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, and Michael Forrestal of the National Security Council arrived in Vientiane from Washington. Both were anxious in the course of their on-the-spot negotiations to talk to Kong Le. For reasons of personal security, however, the young neutralist general, who had never been forgiven by the right



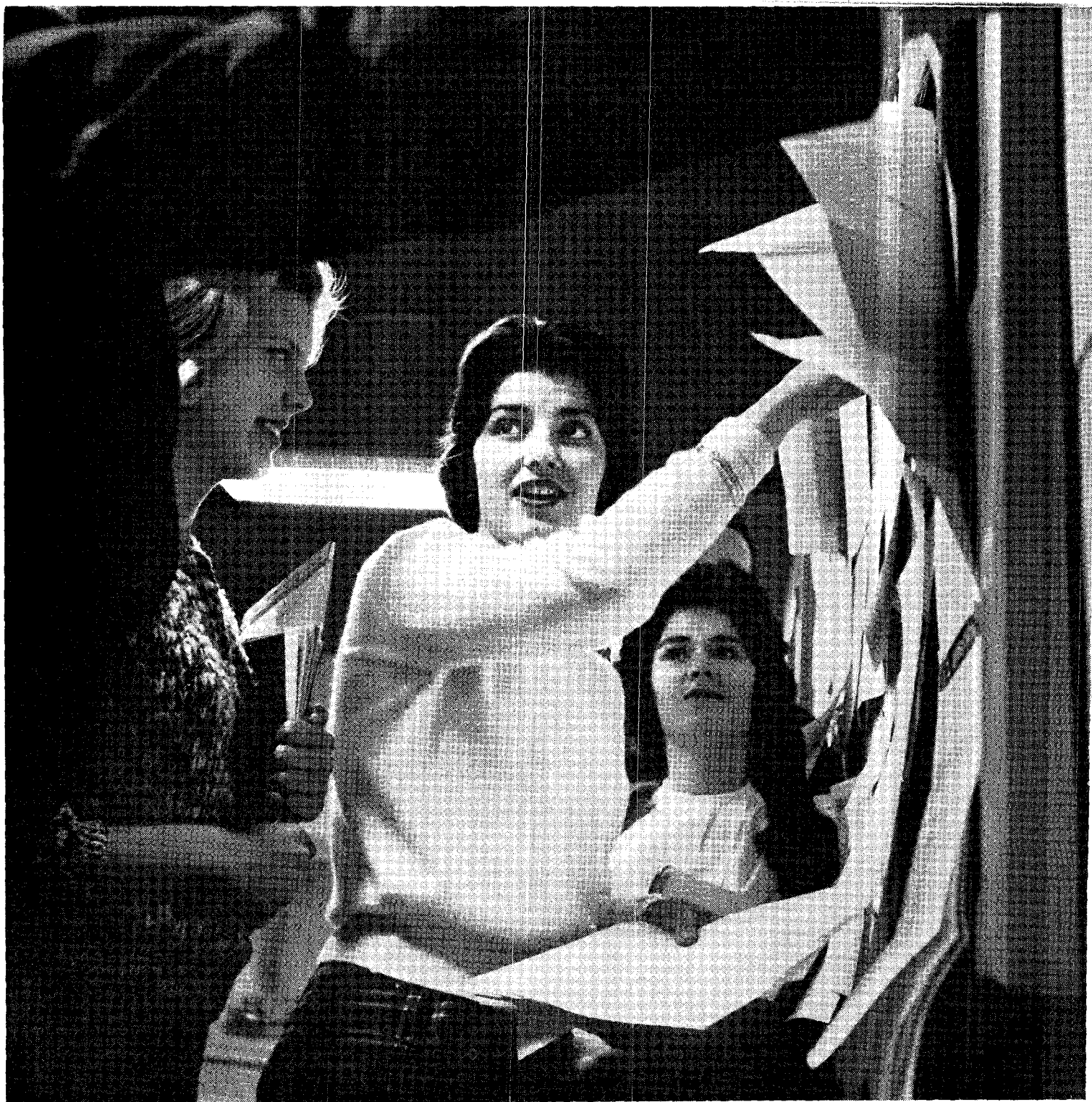
The yen is local currency in Japan.

So is this.

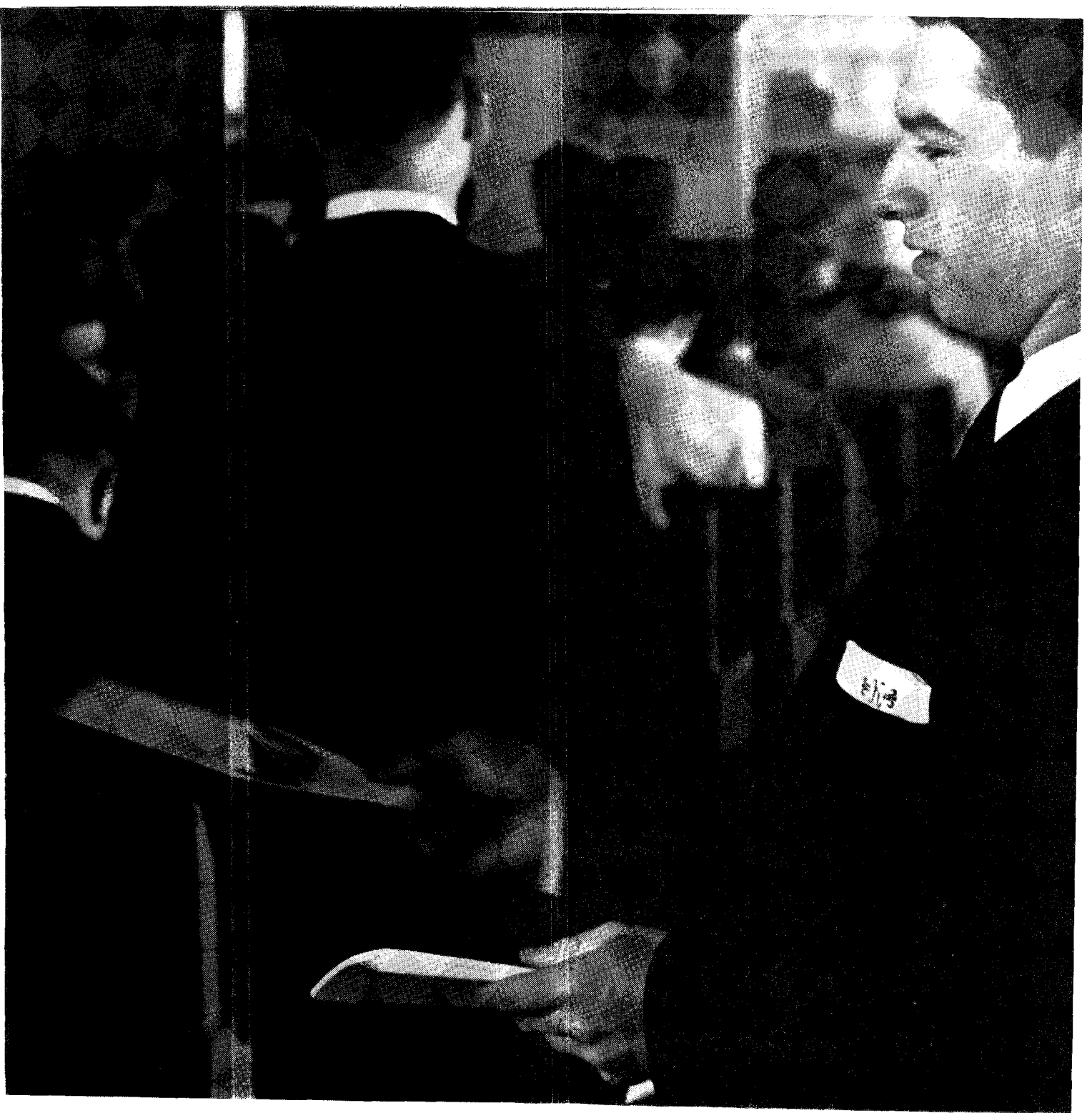


In Kyoto, Yokohama, Kobe and on the Ginza, you can use **BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES** just like money. They are money: money only you can spend. Because only your signature makes them valid. That means they're loss-proof, theft-proof. Local currency the world over—sold the world over.

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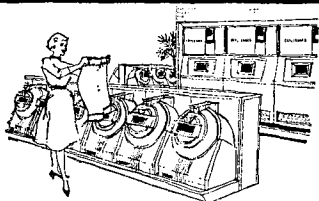
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Report on Laos

wing for his leadership of the coup d'etat in 1960, preferred to keep at arm's length from Colonel Siho, General Phoumi Nosavan's innocent-looking and quite ruthless strong man in Vientiane. Therefore, though plagued by Pathet Lao forces and defectors from his own group, Kong Le made his headquarters at the Plain of Jars.

Under normal circumstances the flight from Vientiane presents no hazards; but following the attack on the American plane in November, it was decided that the two officials should travel in one of the ten Russian planes which with their crews are part of the Soviet Union's current economic-aid program in Laos. As the Russians with their American passengers began their approach run for the landing at the Plain of Jars, the anti-aircraft guns opened fire again. Though this time the plane landed undamaged, its passengers were left in little doubt about either the explosive nature of the situation at the Plain of Jars or the declining ability of the Russians, whose observance of the Geneva agreement has not been in question, to exercise any real control over the Communist-tinged warlords of Laos.

Violence on both sides

In an effort to relieve the rapidly mounting tension, Souvanna Phouma included Quinim in the entourage that accompanied King Savang Vatthana on his ceremonial tour of the countries which signed the Geneva agreement. During their absence, however, the situation continued to deteriorate. Rival bands stood by with their guns at the ready on the Plain of Jars. Minor incidents occurred almost every day, and a considerable crisis arose in February, when a neutralist defector shot and killed Kong Le's deputy while he was at home watching a movie.

News of murders, abductions, arrests, threats, and counterthreats greeted Souvanna Phouma and the rest of the royal party on its return from abroad in March. Among those threatened was Quinim, who as a neutralist minister was guarded by a detachment of troops wearing the distinctive red beret and camouflaged clothing of Kong Le's para-

troops. When a young member of the guard, recently arrived from Kong Le's headquarters at the Plain of Jars, turned executioner and shot Quinim down, fighting broke out, with the Pathet Lao and former Quinim followers lined up against Kong Le. Peiping, Hanoi, and the Pathet Lao radio all blamed "U.S. imperialism and its lackeys" for Quinim's death, claiming that their aim was to "wipe out the neutralist groups and to suppress the patriotic forces." The talk was no longer of peace and neutrality but of war.

In April the Pathet Lao moved ahead rapidly, strengthening both their military and their political position at the expense of the two other factions. When Prince Souvanna Phouma failed to halt the fighting between Communist and neutralist troops, Washington began an intense diplomatic drive to prevent the resumption of full-scale civil war.

**Coming in the
JULY ATLANTIC**

**LOG DRIVE
ON THE CONNECTICUT
by Robert E. Pike**

In the spring of 1915, 65 million feet of spruce and fir logs went down the Connecticut River on the last and greatest of the drives. Here is the daring and humor of the men who rode the logs.

**THE HISTORIAN AS ARTIST
by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.**

And the new Atlantic Supplement

**ARTIST AT WORK:
MARC CHAGALL
by Carlton Lake**

Marc Chagall, who will be seventy-six next month, has lived and worked in Paris since he left Russia in 1910. For the past five years he has devoted himself to a new medium, stained glass, creating first a series of twelve windows for a synagogue in Jerusalem, and now three new windows for Metz Cathedral.

In this animated, intimate portrait, we see how Chagall paints, first on canvas, then on glass; what he says as he works, his estimate of Picasso, Matisse, and other artists; and why he feels that his *Messages Bibliques* are his greatest achievement.

ORIGINATOR

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The stylist is one of many employees to whom General Motors owes much of its leadership. Collectively, with shareholders (more than a million of them) and thousands of suppliers and dealers, these men and women of General Motors are responsible for GM's progress, past and future.

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA faces the summer of 1963 with fortitude tempered with uneasiness about the immediate economic and political situation. Its fourteen million people, living in an area smaller than New York state, have created an industrial empire in the heart of Europe and are looking forward to new conquests. While the Czechoslovaks are the richest Communists, they are also the most faithful and go through all the convulsions of modern Communism.

Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia, is proud of its bright shop fronts, gay nightclubs, and crowded theaters. Hosepipe trousers, leather jackets, and beehive hairdos give Prague an occasional flavor of Paris. The dullness of the Stalin era has not fully disappeared. But it is slowly lifting, and the faces of the men and women who throng Wenceslas Square and other shopping centers in Prague reflect the change.

On the surface Czechoslovakia is quiet. But dissatisfied political groups are active, including sympathizers and friends of Rudolf Barak, the former Interior Minister and Vice Premier who was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment last spring on charges of embezzlement. On November 7, when Prime Minister Siroky was speaking in Prague's old market square, where about 20,000 people had collected to celebrate the forty-fifth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, a loud explosion took place. It did not interrupt the meeting, but some of the leaders on the twelve-foot-high red rostrum withdrew, agitated.

President Antonin Novotny stood immobile and expressionless while Siroky continued with his speech. At least six people were injured, and the charred site of the explosion was guarded by two dozen policemen. It was explained later that a box of flashbulbs went off accidentally.

The shadow of Russia

In November, Soviet friendship month, Soviet flags were put up alongside Czechoslovak flags all over Prague. A visitor to neighboring Poland the same month did not see Soviet flags there, and by

way of explanation a Polish friend said, "Poland is Poland. Russia is Russia." Prague's close ties with Moscow were clearly demonstrated by the Twelfth Congress of the Czechoslovak Communist Party in December, to which Moscow had sent a high-powered delegation with President Brezhnev as leader. Novotny is giving unreserved support to the Soviet Union in the ideological dispute between Moscow and Peiping and has sternly asked China to revise its policies. Many Czechoslovaks are openly critical of China and want Moscow to bring pressure against China's embarrassing tactics. A Czech writer in private conversation said that the Soviet Union could stop oil supplies to China.

While Czechoslovakia's foreign policy is in tune with that of the Soviet Union and reflects the post-Cuba character of Communism in Europe, on internal matters Prague has its own mind. Novotny believes in fierce discipline. Since the Czechs and the Slovaks are freedom-loving peoples, political discipline is all the more severe, and there is strict control over all information media. While in the Polish towns of Warsaw and Kraków one could buy the latest issues (two or three days after publication) of the *New York Times*, *New York Herald Tribune*, *London Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Le Monde*, and many other Western papers, one could not see them in Prague. Of course, the *Daily Worker* and *L'Humanité* are available in hotel lobbies. The information vacuum in Prague is distressing, but it does not seem to bother the Czechoslovaks, many of whom do not know what they are missing.

Interest in America

Although the United States comes in for its share of criticism, there is great curiosity about America. Many Czechoslovaks question visitors ardently about President Kennedy and Americans. Some of them have said that President Kennedy has cooperated with Premier Khrushchev in safeguarding peace. There are Czechoslovak intellectuals still dreaming fondly of a return to Western democratic practices. But they are in a hopeless minority.

TIME IS SOMETHING YOU CAN PUSH AROUND

Until now, man has never believed he could win his war against the clock. You can hardly blame him. The moment he developed anything new or wonderful, time in its remorseless way began to destroy it. Da Vinci's rueful comment seemed right, "Oh Time, Thou that consumest all Things!" And yet, Da Vinci was wrong—refuted by his own Mona Lisa, still around nearly five centuries later.

In those five centuries, man—stubbornly determined to re-make his universe instead of re-making himself to fit—has evolved a new view of our ancient foe. Far from being the eternal tyrant, time is actually something you can push around. Only a little, so far. But camera, printing press and sound recording prove that time cannot wipe out the past. And the present lasts far longer than it used to. For we've made time slow down... curbed the old despot's destructive disposition by learning to postpone, almost indefinitely, the damage he can do. The things we use and enjoy most—cars, clothes, furniture, home—now change far less in a year than they used to change in a day.

Many of our triumphs over time... and his tag-along troops of fungi, fumes, ozone, water and ultra-violet rays... are being won by Cyanamid research. And being worn by you.

Today, a fabric that's born beautiful stays that way, protected and pampered by one of Cyanamid's many textile chemicals. Wear your new golf jacket long and hard; the efficient PERMEL PLUS® finish lasts as long as the jacket, fights off rain, dirt and stains. Carry your clubs to the tropics, in a canvas or leather bag; resins and fungi-fighters ward off rot and mildew. And just relax when your wife walks in with a new print dress that looks gossamer-frail. Time will have little effect on it; only a shift in style can make it out of date.

Cyanamid science is fighting time on a lot of fronts. Even money lasts longer; a buck may be hard to hang on to—but it's much harder to tear. The resins that reinforce our greenbacks make other kinds of paper last longer, too. Paper napkins used to fall apart before the picnic started. When a paper towel got wet, you threw it away. Not any more—thanks to resins.

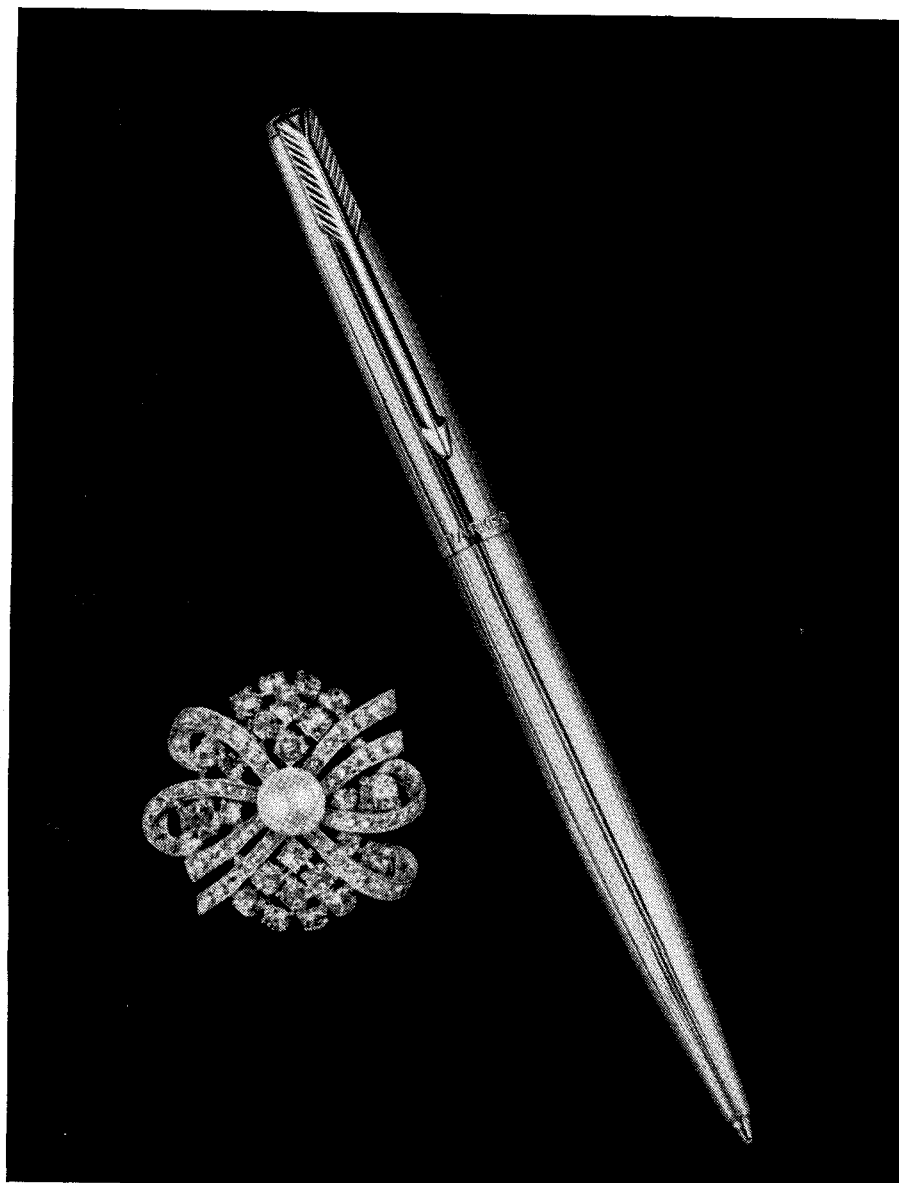
Metal becomes practically impervious to time with CYMEL® resins which put a mar-resistant finish on metal furniture strong enough to take a kick from a spike-heel shoe without showing a scratch. On an automobile it can deliver 100,000 miles of roadwork and still stay fresh and glossy. And ultra-violet rays—time's secret weapon to make plastics dark and brittle—get tamed by

CYASORB® light absorber now used to preserve—among other things—the plastic windows in convertibles.

The same Cyanamid science that has slowed down time has managed to speed it up, as well. Instead of waiting for a cotton plant to lose its leaves when time and nature dictate, calcium cyanamide makes it possible to shed the leaves speedily and then harvest mechanically. In giving Americans their healthy, high protein diet, AUREOMYCIN® chlortetracycline has dramatically shortened the time it takes to put high grade meat on your table. The traditional "chicken every Sunday" has become chicken any time you want it; plump, tender broilers are readied for market in about half the time it once took. Some plants, too, are getting their internal clocks re-set. The red poinsettia is a case in point. The plant you get next Christmas will probably be a perfectly matured beauty, its size controlled quite independent of normal growing time by a new Cyanamid plant growth regulant.

In many big and little ways, time isn't pushing us around quite as much as he used to. We're giving the "bald old cheat" a pinch here, a pull there. We may never be able to turn time off and on like a water tap, but sure as spaceships, we *can* make him change his ways.





Fine jewelry that shows without showing off

A gem of a ball pen, designed in quiet, good taste with a special Jotter "engine." The ball is textured and impregnated with costly diamond dust to give it added durability and prevent skidding. The International Jotter writes up to 100,000 words between refills. But who needs practical reasons to own something so beautiful? In solid 14K gold, \$75; 12K gold-filled, \$10.00. Other models as low as \$5. Why not own one—and give another? PARKER—At 75 years—Maker of the world's most wanted pens.

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FIVE TO SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

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Report on Czechoslovakia

Prague is beset with many economic ills. Those who have dared to think aloud about them have been characterized by Party bosses as "people who are red on the surface and white inside." Czechoslovakia's transition to socialism, accomplished between 1948 and 1960, was smooth, rapid, and total. About 47 percent of its foreign trade is based on heavy industries. Although production in light industries, like glass (which, incidentally, supplied the ceramic tiles that line the Hudson River tunnel in New York), was slow, the overall industrial production is believed to have increased during the past decade at an average annual rate of 11 percent.

Sharp fall in production

Last year the industrial production rate fell sharply. It was only 6.2 percent over the rate of the previous year. This year the rate is no better. There are many explanations. One of them is the use of old machines, some of which were installed before World War I. Another is the shortage of power as a result of the drying up of water resources following a long summer. The influenza epidemic which spread through all Czechoslovakia and downed tens of thousands of workers in 1962 also decreased production.

In addition, there is the problem of a labor shortage. In Prague, with its one million people, there are more deaths than births. If it were not for the constant influx of people, Prague would become a dying city. The government is giving allowances to encourage larger families.

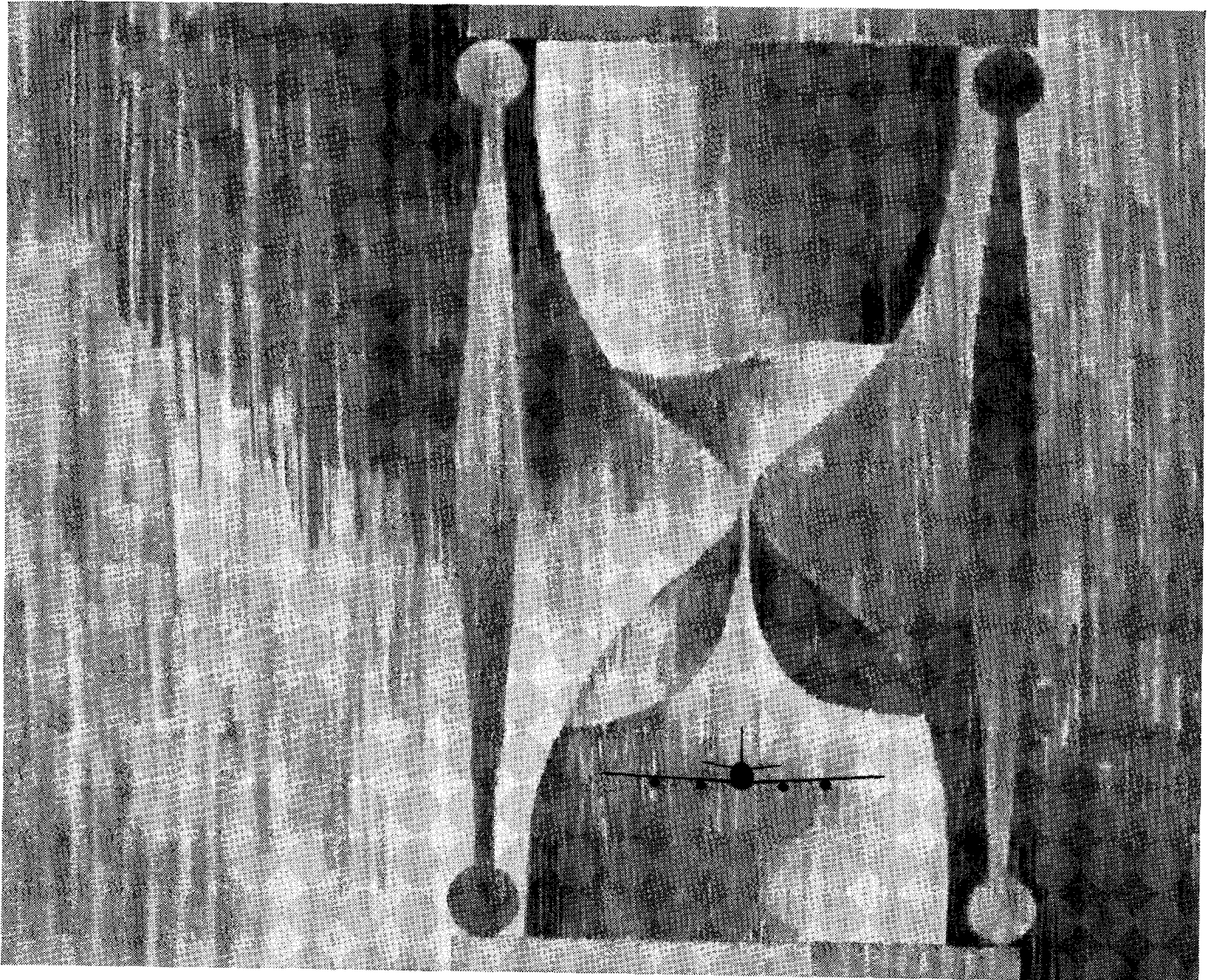
After an agonizing review, Prague decided to revamp its economic program and abandoned the 1961–1965 plan. A new Seven-Year Plan for 1964 through 1970 is under preparation now. Prague has decided to drop the production of some items of engineering goods and strengthen its raw-materials position.

More attention is being paid this year to improve the industrial output of Slovakia, which is more agricultural and backward than Bohemia and Moravia, the other two regions of Czechoslovakia. Great faith is

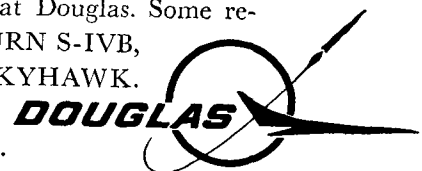
In aircraft parts, as in men, excessive stress accelerates the aging process. And stress aging per hour varies for each aircraft. Yet the present way of determining servicing schedules is based primarily on hours flown. □ Now Douglas researchers have developed a device which, when installed on an aircraft, provides a more positive method of determining check-up times for aircraft parts. □ Called a "Service Meter," and weighing less than 1½ pounds, the Douglas unit computes the accelerations encountered by its aircraft in relation both to number and severity. It allows servicing

AEROSPACE GERIATRICS to be performed on the basis of the true *work age* of parts, and will be an important aid to maintenance procedures that keep aircraft young. □ Research like the foregoing has helped build the Douglas reputation for producing the world's most reliable aircraft.

...AND WHAT DOUGLAS IS DOING ABOUT IT



The "Service Meter" is the result of one of the more than 500 research programs under way at Douglas. Some relate to present programs like SATURN S-IVB, ZEUS, DELTA, DC-8F and SKYHAWK. Others are oriented on great aerospace developments of the future.



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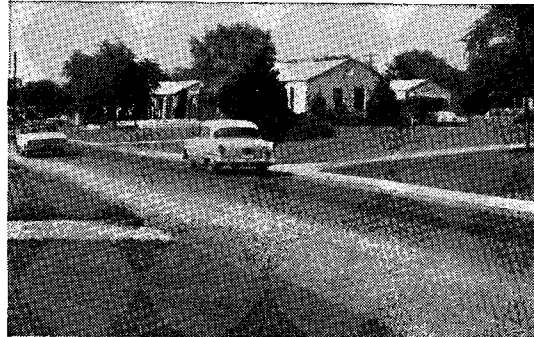
The success of soil-cement is due, in large measure, to the Research and Development Program of the Portland Cement Association. In 1935, PCA cooperated with the South Carolina Highway Department and the Bureau of Public Roads in the construction of a 1½-mile road. It was the first soil-cement road built to scientific standards and is still giving good service. Since then, engineers have analyzed and classified thousands of soil samples from every part of the country. Accurate test methods now assure cement-soil-water ratios to give maximum strength and durability.

This work is made possible by the 80 leading (and competing) cement companies who belong to and support the Portland Cement Association. Research findings and reports on the newest technology are freely given to all highway engineers to enable them to provide taxpayers the most efficient pavements for roads and streets of all classes.

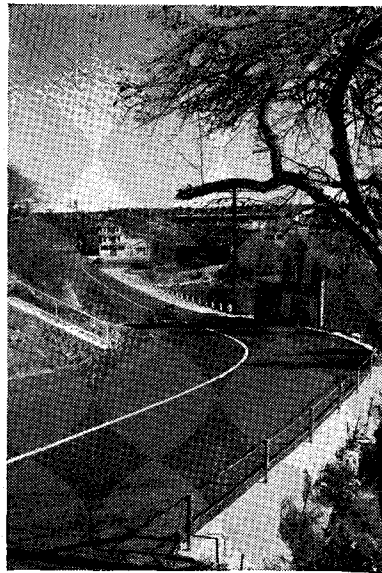
PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Headquarters: 33 West Grand Ave., Chicago 10, Illinois

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete



Oklahoma



Maine

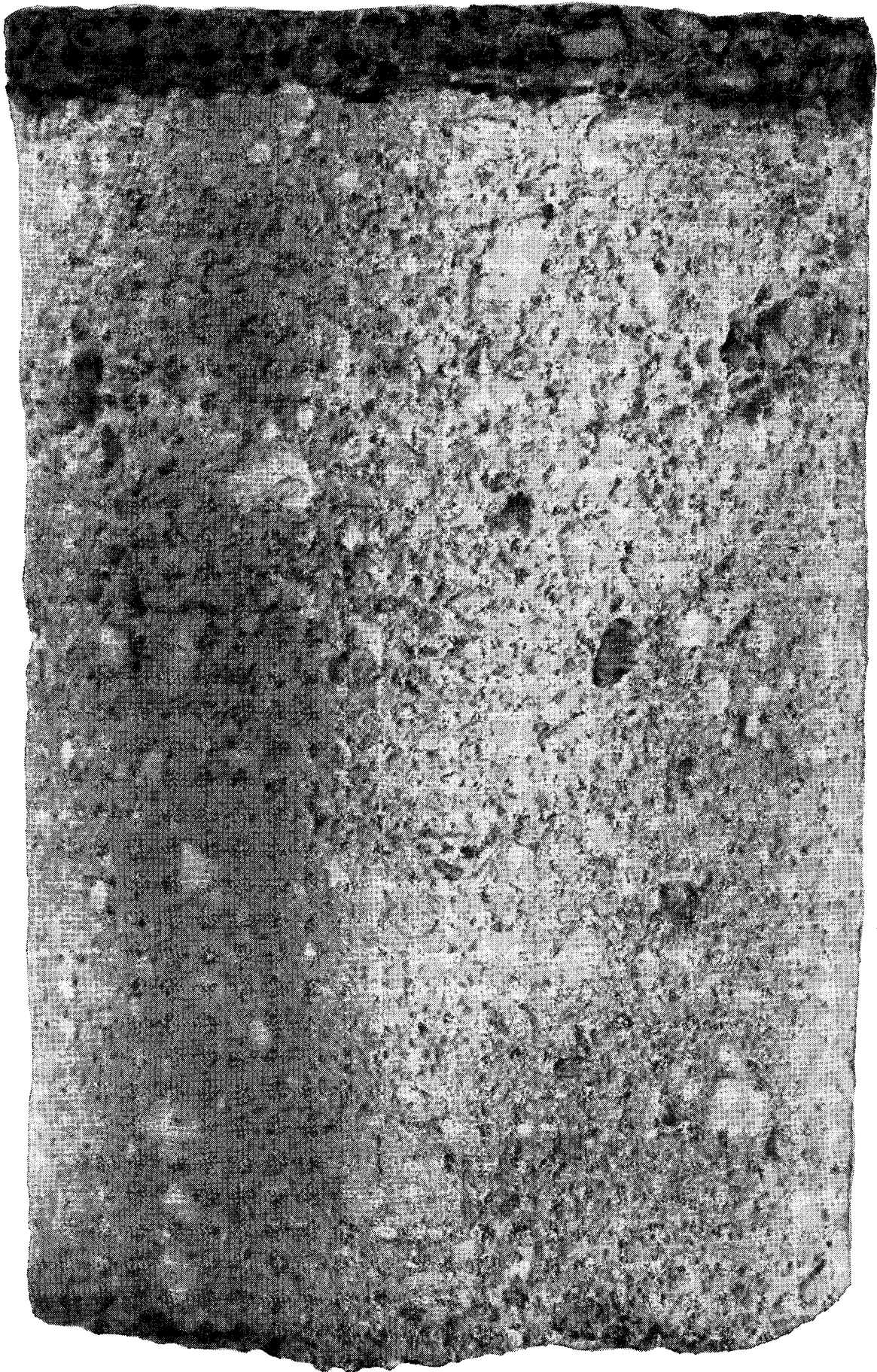


Mississippi



Wyoming

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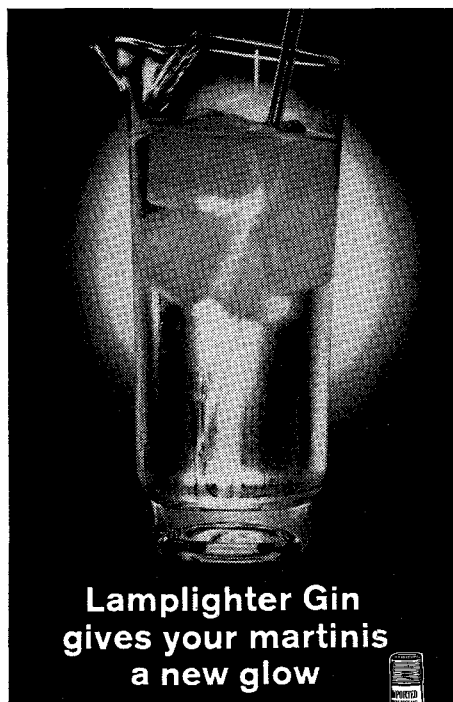
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NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94 PROOF. IMPORTED BY
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Report on Czechoslovakia

now placed in the automated Slo-
vanft oil refinery, which is under
construction near Bratislava (cap-
ital of the Slovak region) and which,
when completed in 1965, will process
oil from the Soviet Union's Ural-
Volga region some 3300 miles away.
Crude oil has already started arriv-
ing through the Soviet-laid pipeline.

The industrialization of the Slovak
region has a political purpose as
well. The people of this agricul-
tural region have a feeling of neglect
which sometimes takes the shape of
resentment. A Slovak mother work-
ing in a Prague government office
said she would not like to bring her
only son from Bratislava to Prague
because she felt her son's education
would suffer and he would lose
touch with the Slovak language and
culture. Another nationalist Slovak
complained that the Czechoslovak
leaders had put up in Prague the
world's biggest monument to Stalin
in a fit of exhibitionism, while the
Slovak monument to Stalin in Brat-
islava was a simple column. The
industrialization of Slovakia is ex-
pected to bring Bratislava closer to
Prague, mentally and materially.

Cars and shoes

Czechoslovak foreign trade is look-
ing eastward. Many Czechoslovak
government officials and technicians
have gone to India this year to
negotiate trade agreements and co-
operate with Indians in setting up
new industries. Increasing assistance
to socialist countries and to under-
developed areas is unpopular with
the Czechoslovak people, who as-
cribe consumer shortages to this as-
sistance, which among other things
has included the supplying of 850
complete industrial plants.

As long as there is more foreign
trade, domestic consumption must
suffer. Skoda plants make 200 cars
a day, but about three fourths of
these are for export. The only other
type of car manufactured in Czecho-
slovakia, the Tatra, is not normally
sold to private individuals. Internal
consumption is limited. After regis-
tration, one has to wait for eighteen
months or more to get a Skoda car.

The supply of consumer goods has
improved but has not caught up with

the ever-increasing demand of the
Czechoslovak people for such goods.
Summer clothes displayed in the
fashionable White Swan, the six-
story department store in Prague,
are attractive but expensive. A
Czechoslovak diplomat's wife who
returned to Prague from abroad
after a two-year absence was struck
by the fashions in women's dress, but
added with a sigh, "Prices are high."

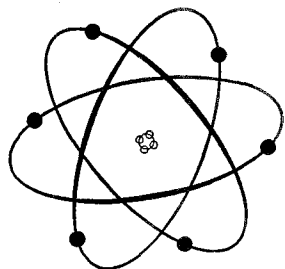
Last autumn the Czechoslovak
press carried frequent criticism of
shortcomings in production and dis-
tribution. Shoes for children up to
the age of about sixteen are a priority
item. The required number of chil-
dren's shoes were manufactured and
marketed at reasonable prices last
year. But reports in the Czecho-
slovak press complained of scarcity.
Upon investigation it was discovered
that adults, both male and female,
were purchasing and using teen-age
children's shoes. A good pair of
shoes costs 200 crowns, a good suit
915 crowns, and a shirt 40 crowns.
The average monthly industrial
wage of a worker is 1483 crowns.
(At the official rate a crown is worth
about fifteen cents, but unofficially
the exchange is twenty to the dollar.)

Agricultural production is low,
causing serious concern and neces-
sitating larger food imports this year.
There is no rationing, but some
kinds of foodstuffs are hard to get.
Onions were scarce last winter.
Meat was very costly. The Czecho-
slovaks complained that the weather
was the culprit, and said, "Spring
came too late and summer stayed
too long."

In search of socialist man

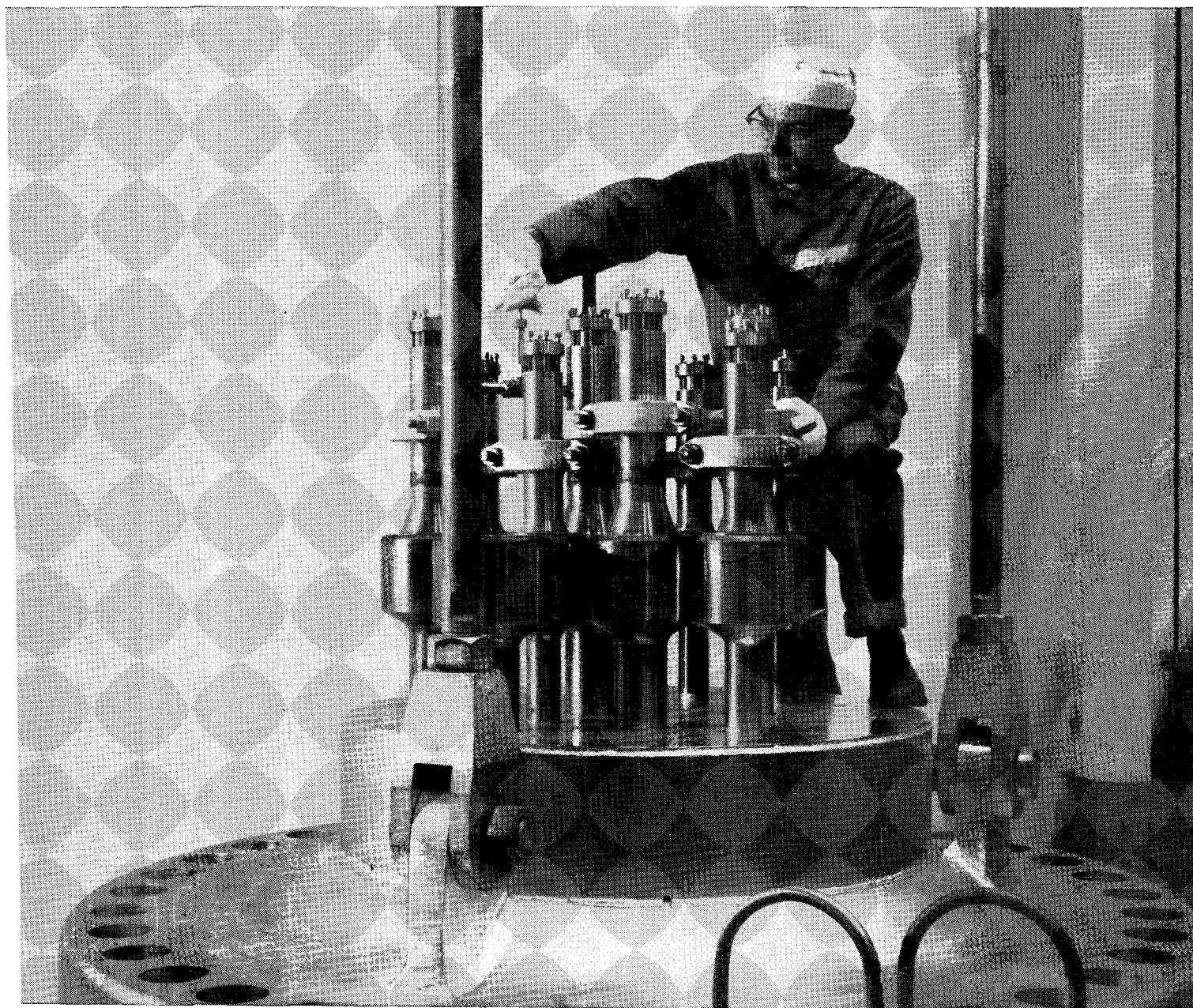
Despite the economic squeeze and
political problems, Czechoslovaks
have been making the best use of the
rather relaxed atmosphere in the
literary and art world. Czecho-
slovak writers have begun to discuss
the possibility that there can be a
good German, a bad Communist,
and even a benevolent capitalist.
Ladislav Bublik's *Spine*, a novel
published this year, portrays the
seamy side of life as lived and seen
by a politically doubtful volunteer
worker in the wilds, where a metal-
lurgical works is being built.

An official of the Czechoslovak
writers' union said, "Our writers are
now interested more in psycho-



PROGRESS REPORT NUMBER 15 ON ATOMIC ELECTRIC POWER

An engineer at a new investor-owned atomic electric power plant checks out ports in the nuclear reactor head.



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Report on Czechoslovakia

logical, moral, and ethical rather than political problems. We do not feel any necessity to discuss the question: socialism — yes or no? Economic mentality is more easy to change, but not the psychology of man. Our writers were at one time concerned with the creation of socialist society. Now they are interested in finding the socialist man."

For a time there was an upsurge of free thinking and free writing in Czechoslovakia. But last winter the Communist Party again cracked the whip of socialist realism, with a view toward curbing the too liberal tendencies of the writers. After the second congress of writers four years ago, the Party had applied controls, and *Nový Život* (*New Life*), the literary review published by the writers' union, was closed down. This journal used to print 7000 copies and sell only 3000. The new literary review *Plamen* (*Flame*), in its fourth year of existence, is brighter and bigger and prints 25,000 copies. Liberal ideas also invaded the field of entertainment. Jazz is popular, despite the fact that officials frown on it.

Experienced observers feel that one good way to judge the tightness of restrictions on cultural life is to find out how many Western plays are being staged in Prague. A recent count gives the following breakdown: Czech plays, 42; English, 22; Russian, 21; French, 18; German, 6; and others, 6.

Among Western authors whose works were staged during the month were Arthur Miller, Eugene O'Neill, William Gibson, Molière, Victor Hugo, J. B. Priestley, Thornton Wilder, Noel Coward, Agatha Christie, and Shakespeare. Sholokhov's *Virgin Soil Upturned* was performed in Prague's national theater last November to commemorate the Bolshevik Revolution.

The people of Czechoslovakia are happy about the guardedly relaxed atmosphere in their cultural life, in spite of the squeeze in the economic field and uncertainties in the political sphere. But there are now signs that even the cultural field is becoming more guarded.

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The population explosion: 3 billion of us now populate the earth. Some demographers say this number will double in the next 30 years! As population growth accelerates, look to Rand McNally for the demographic facts and figures so vital to commerce and industry—in the Rand McNally “Commercial Atlas and Marketing Guide” and in other Rand McNally atlases and geographical publications.

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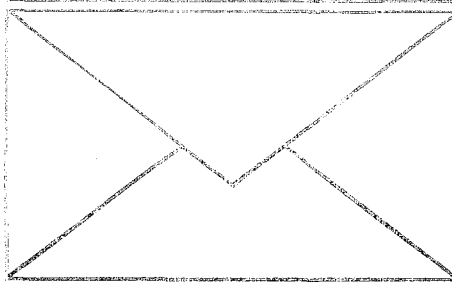
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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Managed news

SIR:

My hearty thanks and congratulations for the article "Managed News: Our Peacetime Censorship" by Hanson W. Baldwin, which appeared in your April issue.

It is refreshing and comforting to know that there are publications with conscience and courage to meet what I believe is a responsibility to the public, and I am also confident that the entire article by Mr. Baldwin is factual and well considered.

J. HERMAN REISS
Fresno, Calif.

SIR:

In an article carefully slanted to favor his own viewpoints, Mr. Baldwin condemns anyone else who attempts to do the same.

JOAN HOGE
Bayard, N. M.

SIR:

Mr. Baldwin seems to be of the opinion that Pentagon officers have the right to speak freely with newsmen about their differences with the Administration, barring only security information. I strongly dissent.

News leaks, often critical of the Administration, are serious breaches of military discipline. None of the Pentagon general officers would brook the slightest public criticism by a junior. As a matter of fact, complaints lodged other than through the chain of command constitute court-martial offenses.

No matter what his rank, an officer is still subject to the same discipline he enforces among his subordinates, and any leaks not cleared with the

President should result in disciplinary action. The Truman-MacArthur episode comes readily to mind.

Should an officer desire to air his opinion to the press, he has but to resign, as General Walker did.

JAMES R. RUMBAUGH
Chicago, Ill.

The South has many faces

SIR:

I congratulate you for making available to your readers "The South Has Many Faces" by Ralph McGill (April *Atlantic*). The article is both moving and enlightening in its impact. The spirit of Christian charity and understanding which the author possesses, together with his intimate knowledge of the area and people of whom he writes, makes this a significant contribution to an understanding of the South.

There would be far less need for police dogs and federal troops in the South today if there were more faces and voices like Mr. McGill's in the area. Atlanta — and Georgia — is indeed fortunate in having the intelligent counsel of this man. Think what a difference it would make if we had a half-dozen Ralph McGills in the South; if we had one in Birmingham, in Jackson, in New Orleans, in Richmond, in Charleston, and at the University of Mississippi. It seems to be one of the region's tragedies that throughout its history it has produced more faces that resemble some of the people about whom Mr. McGill writes than it has men like the author.

W. HARRISON DANIEL
Richmond, Va.

Special issue on children

SIR:

I cannot refrain from telling you that to my mind the article by Alastair Reid, "A Poet's View of Childhood," is the best of all the articles in your Special Supplement on Children (March *Atlantic*).

Somehow, when we are pressed upon by skyscrapers and noise and the rush of daily life, we lose — not forget — the feeling of what childhood was like, and it is hard to get it back. In fact, one only gets it back through children, and just at the moment of perfect clarity, the telephone rings and there we are, projected at once into our workaday world. There should be some sort of insulation against that for workaday mothers and fathers, some delightfully insulated retreat into which we could enter, forgetting the everyday things. While we read to our children and listen to them, we could recover the magic and fantasy of our own childhood.

Our generation is so absolutely crushed under the burden of materialism that it is most refreshing to read an article like this — which I doubt all the computers in the United States could produce.

MRS. E. S. CHASE
Ferrisburg, Vt.

SIR:

I want to register a mild protest against Sidney Peterson's article "You Can't Pet a Chicken." It seems to me that this is pure nonsense from start to finish. Only the words and certain of the names used have a reality of their own, and this tricks one into thinking that perhaps there is a thread of meaning somewhere. But, I ask you sincerely, is there?

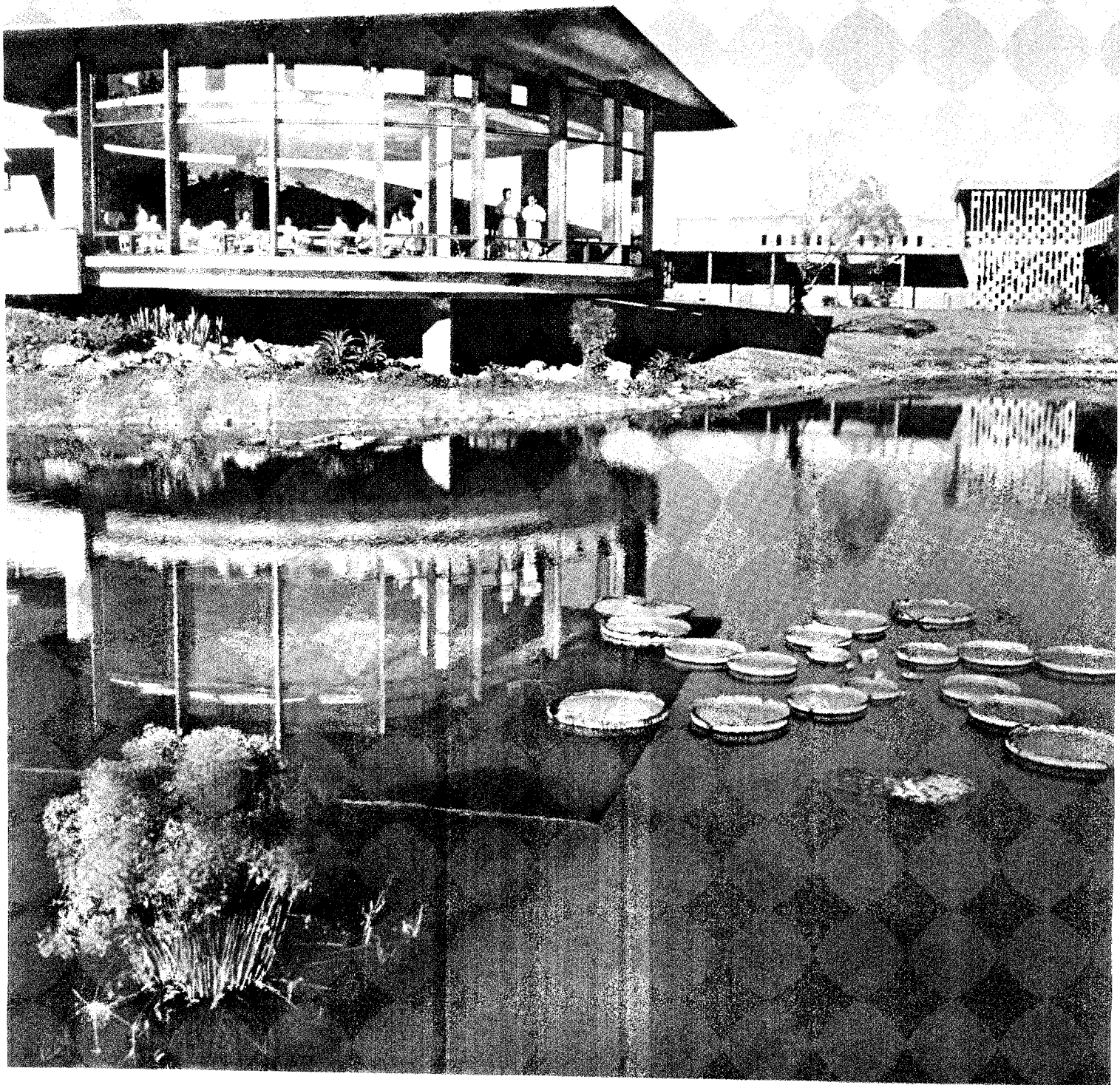
The rest of the issue is fine. I got it all.

SYBIL MOORE
North Surrey, B. C., Canada

SIR:

I have just been reading the article by Martha Bacon on "Dotty Dimple and the Fiction Award." How that takes me back! I not only read all the Dotty Dimple books, but also the Little Prudy books. We got them all from our Sunday school library. I read and reread until my mother called a halt, saying I should read books more fitting to my age!

RUTH E. BARLOW
Wassaic, N. Y.



Photograph by Tom Hollyman

Parke-Davis in Puerto Rico: antibiotics and contented executives

SEND an executive to run a new plant in Puerto Rico and he may never want to come home again.

Our photograph gives you some idea of Puerto Rico's magnetism. You wouldn't think this glorious place was a factory, but it is. This is the island's new Parke-Davis plant. It serves markets in Puerto Rico and Latin America.

Step inside and you will be impressed by what you see. The plant is bright,

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“Send me a man who reads!”

International Paper interviews first skipper to sail under Pole

Captain William Anderson, who took the atomic-powered Nautilus under the Polar ice cap, tells I-P why the Nautilus carried over 2,000 books on her historic voyage.

On August 3, 1958, the USS Nautilus became the first submarine ever to cross through the treacherous currents and ice floes beneath the North Pole. The trip took 19 days in all. They were days filled with constant danger.

“The secret of the crew’s good morale under pressure was relaxing off duty,” says Anderson. “For one thing, they did a lot of reading.”

What kind of reading? All kinds. From manuals on atomic power and arctic navigation to a full-scale popular library. The Nautilus even carried a librarian. (You need one to keep track of over two hundred feet of bookshelves.)

20 books for every man

“Wherever our designers found an extra cubic foot of space they gave us another book locker,” says Anderson, “even in the torpedo room. The Nautilus carried over 2,000 volumes in all. That’s nearly twenty books for every man on board!”

The crew of the Nautilus used the books. Eight

men who were studying for advanced courses received certificates of completion at the very moment the Nautilus passed under the Pole.

Reading habits of the captain

During the 8,000 mile voyage, Anderson managed to keep up with his reading too, even though much of his extra time was devoted to writing a personal log. This log later became the basis for his first book, “Nautilus 90 North.” When he’s ashore, Anderson spends three to four hours a day on newspapers, magazines and books.

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International Paper has learned how important reading is to the young men who are making today’s great discoveries. As Anderson himself puts it, “For me, reading has always been a kind of exploration.”

William Anderson’s story is added evidence that *men who read more achieve more.*

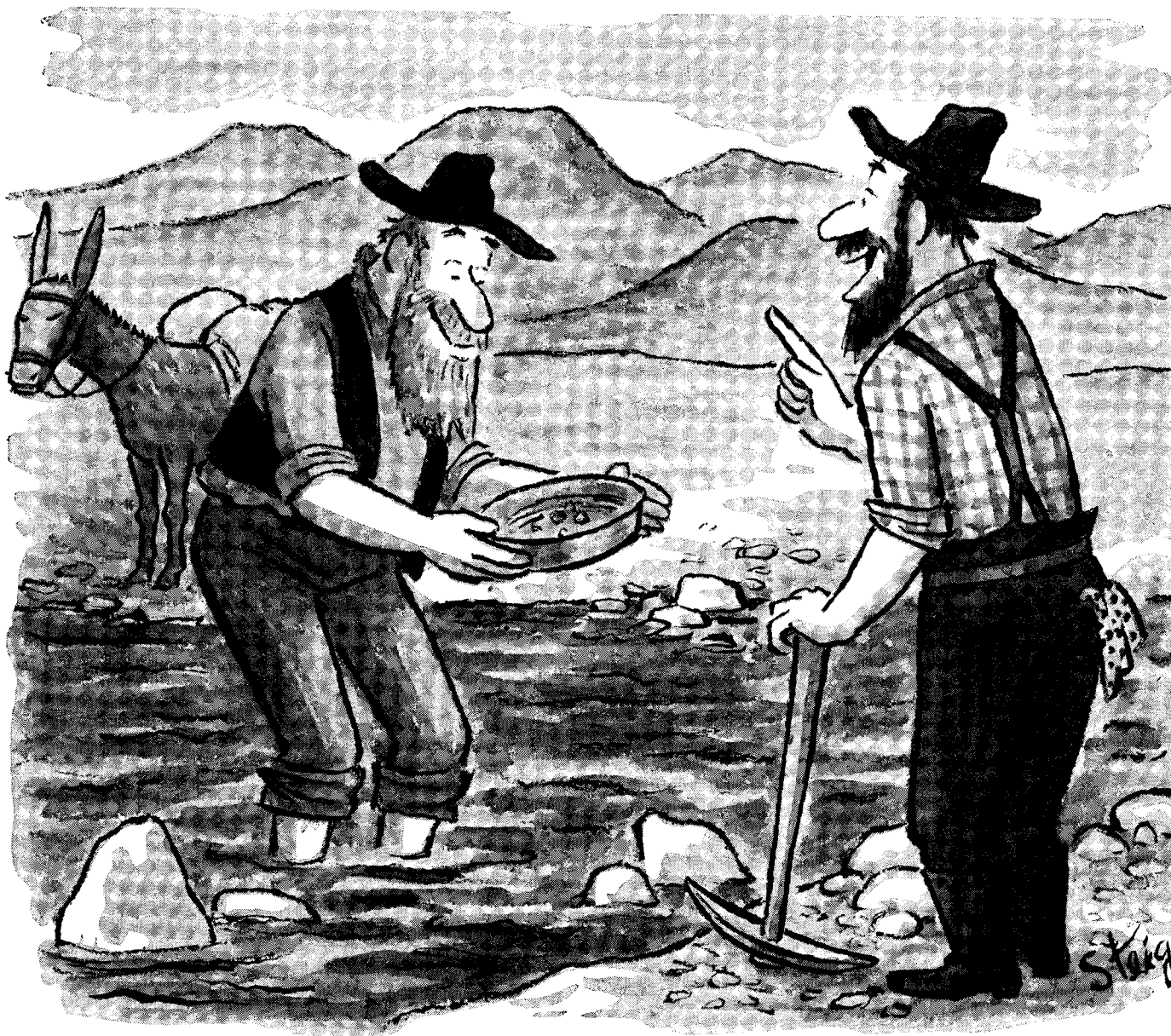
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ALBANIA: THE LAST MARXIST PARADISE

BY JAMES CAMERON

Born in Scotland, educated in France and England, JAMES CAMERON has been a reporter for more than twenty-five years. As chief foreign correspondent for the London NEWS CHRONICLE, he was one of the first Western observers to travel freely in Red China, and his account of what was going on inside this Communist country was set forth in his book MANDARIN RED, published in 1955. Now he tells us how he managed to infiltrate Albania.

FOR years, long before the explosion of rancor between the Albanian republic and the Soviet Union split the Eastern world and made this small Communist enclave the political phenomenon of the times, I had nourished an erratic ambition to get into Albania. The impulse, I readily admit, was not wholly academic; there must have been involved a sort of collector's curiosity. It happens that I have worked in, or at least been to, almost every country in the world; it was my trade to travel. But although I had moved through all the Communist states, including China, Albania was the one that seemed impenetrable. From time to time I made representations at Albanian missions and consulates in Paris, Rome, Ankara, Sofia — remote legations in obscure streets. Invariably I encountered either a total refusal to discuss the matter or, more frequently, the blank wooden face of some closed door with a dusty card explaining that the official was out for lunch. In any case, I had long ago written off Albania. And then suddenly I was there.

Some months before, an advertisement for a travel agency in Cologne appeared in a West German paper announcing an eighteen-day tour group through Albania. There was nothing in it to suggest that it was addressed only to Communists. Consequently, on the principle of trying

anything once, I sent in an application to join this tour group, in the virtual certainty that it would be rejected or, more probably, ignored. To my surprise it was promptly acknowledged, with a batch of forms to be filled in, a demand for a deposit of one hundred pounds, and the request that my passport be sent to Germany to be fitted out with an Albanian visa. This would presumably take place in East Berlin.

I felt in no way persuaded to send my passport, on which I depend for the pursuit of my living as a workman his tools or a doctor his degree, into some unspecified German limbo. These matters are, however, more manageable now than they used to be. A short consultation in the right quarters produced another passport, which was sent on its way.

For weeks thereafter nothing happened. I put the matter out of my mind. Then, with the kind of maniac suddenness that seems to characterize most things that happen to me, an urgent message arrived: the tour was on after all, the group was ready. It seemed there was an inaugural flight by the Dutch line to Tirana. Would I, said the agency, make my way at once to Munich, where the tourist group would rendezvous at the airport and where I would collect my passport and my Albanian visa?

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It seemed to me that there must be something either very naïve or very devious about an agency that could cheerfully propose that a man travel from one country to another to *collect* his passport. However, I obeyed; if they were disposed to ask no questions, so was I. Thus I came to Munich, and there it was that the pantomime began.

I admit that it had crossed my mind that, while my stratagem for infiltrating Albania as part of a tourist group had been ingenious, it was not necessarily exclusive. I was prepared to find that some other writer, journalist, or kindred tradesman had latched on to this body of innocent visitors. I welcomed the possibility of a colleague, and I prepared to detect him if I could.

What I had not expected to find at our Munich rendezvous was this: among the seventeen of us was not so much as one who could claim to be, in any sense, a tourist. This discovery required no great talent, since, so far from dissembling their purposes, the entire party except myself were most palpably laden with technical gear, 35-millimeter cameras, tripods, sound equipment, lights and lenses, wires and cables, and television machinery of great weight and complexity, and were standing around with the wearily watchful demeanor of those who live with such affairs.

Thus, when our tourist group eventually touched down in Tirana some hours later, it resembled not so much the wide-eyed arrival of those on pleasure bent as the annual outing of some wild and capricious press club.

This manifestly took the Albanians somewhat aback, though with great composure they refrained from comment. You are, they said, as the passports vanished one by one into a black leather bag, tourists? Everyone nodded urgently, fiddling with exposure meters. Very well, said the official in level tones: Welcome; and we climbed out of the aircraft into Albania.

I do not know what I had expected. Most airports of Eastern republics are much the same in my experience. They have a common quality of charmless austerity, are always at the end of long straight roads, and are ceaselessly preoccupied with the reception of fraternal delegations. Tirana proposed every kind of difference. Here in the evening light was a scene of haunting loveliness: a backcloth of erratically sculptured mountains, a purple frieze against the darkening blue, a long broad valley between the climbing olive slopes, a block of low buildings that could only by courtesy be called an airport, yet bordered and embowered in a profusion of roses. On the far side of the perimeter I could see what appeared to be about two

squadrons of MIGs of the first design, much dated now; between them and the runway an old man in a loose turban tended a flock of sheep.

The frontier examination was of the usual People's Democratic pattern, conducted with impassive civility, but most surprisingly interrupted by a shirt-sleeved waiter with a tray of minute brandies. The woman customs inspector accepted all the television technology calmly enough, and the owners, on whom there had settled a kind of depressed embarrassment, began minimally to cheer up. As it turned out, this was premature. The Albanians had not the slightest intention of allowing the cameras to be used; on the contrary, they had devised an inspirational technique of discipline. Instead of impounding the equipment, they sealed it and insisted on its owners taking it with them, tottering around under the weight of gadgetry that served no purpose whatever but to remind them, if this were ever necessary, who was boss.

My own condition was very different, and my attitude tended (again, with fatuous optimism) to smugness. Alone among this bogus company, it seemed, I had gone to some lengths to resemble a tourist, at least in having nothing in particular with me — no typewriter, not even a notebook. Yet it was my ostentatiously innocent valise that most absorbed the customs lady, because, as it happened, it contained half a dozen paperback editions of assorted books — a novel or two, a book of essays, and *Tristram Shandy*, which I have been dragging around the world for years and years against the day when I should be driven to such desperation of idleness that I would actually read it. The customs lady had them out on the counter like a shot, and studied them with the resentful doubt of a scoutmistress uncertain if she has been landed with Henry Miller in a Bulgarian translation. By and by she took them into a back room, where she was joined by two more officials, and for a while I saw their heads together in baffled disapproval. When the customs lady returned and closed my valise, the books were not in it, nor did I ever see them again.

We climbed into a bus and drove into Tirana through the gathering twilight. All around us the physical grandeur of the country faded into the dusk, and the creaking of the cicadas was dying in the trees. Along the potholed road we passed one group after another of soldiers; youngsters in the shabby secondhand Soviet Army uniforms that were part of Russia's aid — rather ungenerous, it seemed to me — in the days when the two countries were talking to each other. On that first evening it seemed that Albania was wholly populated by young crop-headed soldiers in gray smocks and soft high boots. That impression was

soon to change; nevertheless, this little nation was manifestly the most over-armed I think I have ever seen.

There was nothing surprising in this; all Albania's recorded past has been one of almost uninterrupted tumult and violence, a history of conquests and tyrannies, oppressions and insurrection, occupations and liberations, bitter exploitation and recurrent revolution. Here was a country steeped in the tribal memories of endless war; add to that fact — since the population of Albania is still largely Muslim — the exclusivity and withdrawal of Islam; superimpose the new suspicions and disciplines of twentieth-century Communism: no wonder I felt, as the dim lights of Tirana drew nearer, that Albania is a tough place in which to feel at home.

THE Albanians are among the most ancient peoples of Europe, the Illyrian tribesmen who somehow maintained their identity under the Greeks for six centuries B.C., who contrived to survive five hundred years of Roman occupation and another five hundred under the Byzantines, who chose these impossible highlands as their battlefield against the kingdom of Bulgaria. Albania was the bridgehead for the repeated eastward incursions of Europe — the Normans in the eleventh century, the Venetians in the thirteenth. Even after the great Turkish conquest in 1478, the Albanians refused to settle down as good colonials and continued to be the biggest nuisance in the Ottoman Empire for four hundred and fifty years more.

When the Austro-Hungarians, the French, and the Italians had fought themselves to a standstill over Albania in the First World War, there came the curious interlude of the tribal chieftain Zog, who declared himself first President, then King, in the 1920s, and who vanished with the wind in Mussolini's Italian invasion at Easter, 1939.

In the inevitable progression of the times, the First World War produced fascism, the Second produced Communism. Licking the terrible wounds of the years of guerrilla fighting and counting their losses — 28,000 dead, 43,000 deportees in the concentration camps, 60,000 homes destroyed — the Partisans of the Albanian hills proclaimed their People's Republic in 1946, under the protective arm of the Soviet Union. So went the honeymoon for fifteen years. And then had come the great divorce. Once again the featherweight nation with the massive and furious pride was on its own.

The hotel in Tirana stood off the main boulevard behind a belt of evergreens. It was unexpectedly grand. Like almost everything else of any pretension in town, it had clearly been built by

the Italians in an expansive mood, but it had long ago acquired the colorless antiseptic cheerlessness of all Popular Democratic hotels. This is very difficult to define; it has something to do with a dim economy of underpowered electric bulbs, an immobility of elevators, a dusty emptiness of showcases, a grayness of table linen, an absence of servants, and a superfluity of unidentifiable shadowy functionaries who are clearly neither staff nor guests. These characteristics are, in my experience, shared by all hotels in the Communist economy, and are explicable in the simple fact that, as befits their function in societies where people circulate only on specific instructions, they have long since changed from hotels to institutions.

However, the Daiti Hotel in Tirana put on as fair a show of hospitality as was permitted by its manifest lack of practice. To deny by implication the travelers' tales that Albania is a country of unexampled filthiness, the place reeked of floor polish and germicide. I was given a large, dispiriting, but spotless room with a most elaborate bathroom, complete with bidet, most certainly a memento of the Italian occupation. The profusion of taps and faucets emitted a series of hollow clanks and groans, but no water. Of the set of five wall switches, one alone was operational, producing a thin subaqueous light.

It was unfair to carp. To blame Albania, of all places, for an inadequacy with tourists — even tourists as spurious as we — was absurd. And yet the peculiar fact was that Albania really did affect to believe that it *was* a tourist center. The bleak lobby of the hotel was littered with leaflets and brochures extolling the virtues of its *richesses archéologiques*, its *culture artistique*, its *vie sociale*, its *traditions ethnographiques*. Some of them looked as though they had been there for centuries; others were obviously new. They were printed in several languages — German, French, Russian, Italian. To produce an English version was presumably pointless. Americans are neither sought nor, indeed, permitted, and there have been no relations whatever with Britain since 1946, when Albania inconsiderately mined a couple of British destroyers in the Corfu Channel.

What was the purpose of canvassing for visitors while simultaneously making it virtually impossible for anyone to get into the country? For now, of course, there were not even any Russians. The great schism between Albania and the Soviet Union may have been one of the weirder phenomena of recent times, expressing as it did doctrinal differences of an importance far transcending Tirana, but there was no mistaking its visible effect on Albania. Albania was a tributary dammed from its river, and most evidently drying up.

The quarrel between Nikita Khrushchev and the

Albanian boss, General Enver Hoxha, had been brewing slowly since 1959 and came to a boil in the summer of 1961. That, in fact, the whole row was a development of the growing rift between Russia and China, with Albania playing the role of a political shuttlecock, is now a fairly self-evident fact; thus did tiny Albania suddenly find itself upholding the banner of pure Marxist-Leninism against the corrupting tide of "Soviet revisionism" and "Tito imperialism." It is said that the row began when Khrushchev, on his official visit to Enver Hoxha, became aware for the first time of Albania's singular and, indeed, striking backwardness, even by Balkan standards, and thereupon advised General Hoxha in a paternal way to abandon his wild and ambitious plans for industrialization. Albania is an incurably peasant community, Khrushchev is said to have observed; let it stick to growing tomatoes and olives, and never mind the steel mills and fertilizer factories. One can readily imagine Khrushchev's saying this; it is also understandable that his celebrated homely nudges and rustic aphorisms cut no ice with the furious General Hoxha.

Anyhow, the storm broke; Khrushchev denounced Albania at the 20th Party Congress, stopped all Soviet aid, withdrew all credits, recalled all technicians, and cut Albania dead. The large and opulent new Soviet embassy in Tirana was stopped abuilding halfway up, and remains to this day exactly as the workmen left it, without a roof.

The blow to Albania's economy, such as it is, was of course appalling, but far worse was the jolt to its pride. Having no economic cards whatever up its own sleeve with which to counterattack, Albania could take its revenge only in a manner that still seems somewhat comical: it recanonized Stalin. In Moscow and Prague and Sofia and Bucharest the statues of Stalin were carted away; in Tirana, on the contrary, the massive concrete images of the great man were not only rooted to the ground but garlanded with flowers. It was the perfect, the textbook case of human bloody-mindedness adopted as a national principle. There was something almost admirable about its senseless arrogance.

However, all this left Albania without a friend in the world — except the Chinese. The new diplomatic togetherness between China and Albania has deeply perplexed everyone, since it would be hardly possible to envisage two nations for whom an exclusive alliance could be more improbable temperamentally and more difficult physically. The largest nation on earth and one of the smallest; a vast Oriental country of 650 million and a Balkan province of 1.6 million, separated not just by seven thousand miles but by every con-

ceivable human, traditional, racial, and linguistic difference — how did they even communicate? Accepting that the relationship was, in fact, a political cover story, that Albania existed to be denounced by Russia and exalted by China, nevertheless, the Chinese must do something about it, and if so, what? The Chinese had, it seemed, produced a credit of \$140 million. But what about the *présence Chinoise* in Albania — where were they all?

It was hardly to be expected that the streets of Tirana would now echo to the cries of ricksha boys and Mandarin-speaking cadres in blue boiler suits. Yet I had just heard that two new plane-loads of Chinese technicians had recently been flown into the country — to do what? Could Chinese advise Albanians on the harvesting of olives?

The fact was that several hundred Chinese in Albania were behaving there just as the Russians used to behave in China eight years ago: strictly keeping their heads down and remaining out of sight. Only once, on my second day in Tirana, did I blunder by chance into the wrong section of the restaurant, and there they were, some two dozen Chinese, dining in discreet segregation. They looked up in a very startled way, and I backed out in embarrassment.

FOR two days, then, before I made my irremediable gaffe, I had the freedom of Tirana, and a beguiling town it was. This was due more to the old than the new. The new was banal indeed: a pattern of broad, even stately avenues, lined with Party buildings in the Italianate style, with a carriageway wide enough to take several lines of traffic that was, for 80 percent of the day, totally empty.

The desolation of the streets was eerie. At each intersection stood a smart white-uniformed traffic policeman, rigidly poised to direct a press of vehicles that never came. Once every five minutes, perhaps, an old green truck, hugely numbered on its flanks in the Russian manner, would appear clanking and grunting up the street; the traffic cop would spring to attention as it appeared on the horizon and wave it on with great panache, against no opposition whatever. At even rarer intervals would appear a dark Zim saloon, heavily curtained, on some mysterious official errand. In all Albania today there exists, as I was formally told, not one single private automobile.

Down past New Albania Boulevard, down past Scanderbeg Square, where the vast statue of Stalin brooded over the spinney of banners demanding long life for the workers' state, Tirana petered out

gently into a tangle of wayward little streets and lanes of unmistakable poverty and increasing charm. There, where the tinsmiths beat out their gimcrack plates and jugs, there strolled the sort of Albanians one would not have thought ever to see outside a *fête folklorique*. Half the people wore the drab serge of a normal urban proletariat, but the other half, without any kind of self-consciousness at all, swaggered around in the white Macedonian tarboosh, the embroidered *xhublete*, and the enormous baggy pantaloons of the Muslim highlander. Albania must be one of the few countries left where what is known as peasant costume is in fact worn by peasants. It gave the back streets of Tirana a wonderfully rakish air.

These splendid wild men had one unexpectedly charming custom: that of carrying flowers in their mouths, as other people wear boutonnières. Scores of times one would come across some swarthy brigand of most ferocious mien, darkly mustachioed, from whose scornful lips drooped a rose or a spray of honeysuckle. It gave an odd suggestion of Ferdinand the Bull. Even the drab and tattered soldiers redeemed their surliness with this insouciant habit. Once, outside Tirana, I saw a morose sentry at a wired stockade who had thrust a nose-gay of field flowers into the barrel of his carbine.

The first and very serious problem I ran into was that of communication. The Albanians speak a language of, it seemed to me, insuperable difficulty; a sort of tormented Turkish with heavy Slavic complications, by no means to be picked up overnight. It has, for one thing, an alphabet of thirty-six letters, with seven vowels and twenty-nine consonants. The words for "yes" and "no" are *po* and *yo*, but that should lead no one to underestimate its intricacy. I very soon discovered, for example, that Albania does not, in its own tongue, call itself Albania at all, but "Shqipëri," which somehow struck me as unreasonable.

Baffling though Albanian may be, few people appeared to speak much else. Since our tourist group had originated in Germany (and was, for that matter, largely German), the interpreter provided spoke German, which was unhelpful to me, as my German is none too good. I met nobody who spoke a word of English. When my own contretemps came to pass, involving some rather fierce and complicated discussion, it was translated in committee — from Albanian to Russian, from Russian to German, and from German into French.

THIS little local difficulty had better be recounted now, as it completely changed the character of an already somewhat shapeless expedition. I could see that the Albanian authorities (which, in effect,

means everyone with whom we came in contact) had been dismayed by the transparently professional nature of our tourist group, though it seemed to me that their reactions had been unexpectedly civil, considering. On the day after our arrival, therefore, I sent a very short telegram to the newspaper in London to which I was contributing. I sent it in the ordinary way, through the hotel desk, and while its main purpose was simply to give my address, I thought it could do no special harm if it were couched in terms of which the People's Republic could not disapprove. There was, after all, a certain news value in the arrival of Western foreigners in Albania, and this was my starting point. "This small, proud, isolated Republic, which has gallantly challenged both east and west," I wrote, "has opened its doors," et cetera, et cetera. If I had any doubts about the phrasing, it was that it was conciliatory to the point of being fulsome; it might well earn the derision of any Albanian censor of taste.

What I had not foreseen was the extraordinary reaction. By and by I was sought out by a small group of very tight-lipped functionaries, clearly in a markedly hostile frame of mind. After a great deal of bamboozling multilingual sparring, I was given to understand that my telegram had been considered unpleasant, unfriendly, contemptuous, that it had fascist undertones and was an intolerable breach of my status as a visitor.

I found this so astonishing that I deduced some incomprehensible misunderstanding. What, exactly, did they object to? The terms describing the republic of Albania, of course, the offensive adjectives. But, I protested with some incredulity, the words I used were not generally held to be hostile — "gallant," "small," "proud," "isolated. . . ." That's it, they cried, "isolated!" Who but a Western lackey would use a word so bitter, so inaccurate! Feeling by now deep down in Alice in Wonderland country, I protested that "isolated" was not a term of reproach. Why, I said, not so many years ago, during the early days of the war, we in Britain used to *brag* about being isolated. Right, they shouted, and so you were; so you probably still are, but Albania isn't! The term is atrocious.

By this time the conversation was verging on the preposterous. All right, I said crossly, so I take it you've stopped the message. Not at all, replied the committee; all that happened was that the post office workers who read the telegram found their loyalty so outraged by its tenor that they refused to transmit it. Moreover, they had better not catch me trying to send any more telegrams, good or bad. And furthermore, come to think of it, they had put an exit visa in my passport and they did not care how soon I used it.

At this point, however, there arose what, from their point of view, was a very awkward and embarrassing snag. It is all very well to make the big gesture, fling open the front door, and say *Begone*, but the climax loses something of its drama when it turns out that there is nowhere to be gone to. Tirana is far from being the traffic crossroads of Eastern Europe. Its airport dispatches about two planes every fifteen days. The frontier roads were cut, and the railroad did not work. Short of flinging me over the end of the pier, there was no practical way of getting rid of me for at least ten days. The officials seemed to appreciate this rather belatedly, and departed, after some cold and courteous handshaking all around, to consider the situation.

Thus I was left alone for another day while the People's Republic reflected on the next step. I found my situation far from irksome. To begin with, I asked if our tourist group could have a look around the University of Tirana, and this was agreed on with surprising readiness. The university was, in fact, by far the most imposing building in town and was described with some pride as a monument to the new Popular Democracy. It was actually, like most substantial real estate in Tirana, a monument to the reverse, having been built some twenty years ago by Mussolini as the Casa Fascista of the occupation forces. Still, it was a handsome affair, and the students were a robust and likable crowd. They drifted and sidled into our group with a sort of watchful curiosity; to me it was like being in Moscow fifteen years ago. Indeed, there was much of Albania that was like the Russia of the immediate post-war years, before the Geneva spirit unlocked so many tongues and turned controlled frankness and bonhomie into a civic virtue. It was like China had been seven years before, when I had found in the schools and universities communities of youth consumed with the impulse to communicate, yet totally inexperienced in the technique of doing so.

The main problem in these circumstances — apart from the language, the permanent presence of interpreters — is that the only questions that come to mind are the awkward ones. In a kind of Franco-German *lingua franca* I began, minimally, to break through. Why do you personally feel this revulsion toward the Soviet government? It was a poser, but — well, it seemed that Khrushchev had somehow or other promised the Greeks to support their claim for the northern Epirus, which to them was south Albania. He had deceitfully agreed to sustain Tito, and everyone knew what *he* was. When Khrushchev had visited Albania in 1959 he had been unsufferably patronizing and called Albania a “market garden.” Mr. Khrushchev, they said, had betrayed the basic spirit of Marxist-

Leninism by scorning the national right of free Albania to become a proper power. Further than that, no one seemed able to go. As for now being virtually alone in the world — by no means; were they not indissolubly allied to the greatest nation on earth, the Chinese?

But, I questioned, while the Chinese were a great and potent people, were they not inconveniently far away? No, they were not. Was it not possible, then, in the somewhat larger and more complicated differences between Moscow and Peiping that Albania was being used as a marionette, even a fall guy? No, it was not. Was it not inevitable that sooner or later this indomitable little nation would have to come to terms with someone, if only to survive? No, it was not. The debate was without much mutual give and take, and soon it flagged.

The next day they put us all in a bus, drove us down to the seaport of Durres, and left us there. I was not to see Tirana anymore.

DURRES, the Durazzo of Italian days, is one of the really ancient places of Europe. It was the Epidamnus of the Greeks, the Dyrrachium of the Romans. It had been the capital of the Illyrian dynasty of the Talantines; it had been the very landfall from which the Romans colonized Eastern Europe, the gateway to the Balkans. Almost every kind of foreign hand had seized Durres, developed, sacked it, left it — the Bulgars, the Serbs, the Ostrogoths, the Spaniards, the Venetians, the Turks, the Italians. Now it looked as though nobody had ever wanted to be bothered with it.

As it turned out, I was to see little of Durres. For an hour or two we paused on the way through and drank an ouzo in a curbside café and strolled to the massive overgrown walls of the old Byzantine fortress. A long crocodile of tiny girls trotted up the street on the way to school, all identically dressed in rose-pink smocks, each child firmly holding the hem of the one ahead. The shops were inexpressibly dreary, offering for sale little but Leninist pamphlets and dusty flyblown sweetmeats. Almost all food seemed to be sold in the MAPO, the Albanian equivalent of the Russian chain store Gastronom; it seemed to consist mostly of fruit and canned fish.

Only two things were surprising. As the conductor urged us back into the bus I heard a faint airborne wail, a chant like that of a muezzin, and when I looked up, it *was* a muezzin; high on the minaret of the big mosque of Durres he was calling the faithful to prayer in the seven names of God. It was clear that here, at least, as in the Muslim Soviet Republics, Communism had come to terms

with Islam. (I discovered later that both in Durrës and Tirana the Orthodox and the Roman Catholic churches remain open and collect fair congregations, and the *papas* and the priests are tolerated, if not encouraged.)

The other momentary shock was to glance in a dark and somber shop window and see, by chance, there among the postal cards of Hoxha and Lenin and Stalin and all the other minor members of the Eastern pantheon, the familiar sulky face, the only too well known tumbled hair of what was needlessly labeled "Brixhid Bardo."

About five miles outside Durrës stood the new beach hotel called the Adriatika. It was one of several hotels that faced the sea in various conditions of half-completion. They had all clearly been erected by the Russians for their use as a resort, and when the rift came they had been abandoned, exactly as the embassy had been abandoned. Only the Adriatika was operational, and of its three hundred rooms the only ones in occupation were ours.

It had been designed in what might be called the Soviet Black Sea taste — that is to say, the layout was of an elaboration and grandeur that could only be justified by its fulfillment in costly and sumptuous materials. It had, however, been run up in a hurry and on a shoestring; instead of fine timbers and rich marbles there was plasterboard and gritty cement; in the spacious hall the evergreen plants grew out of oil drums painted green. In my bedroom the divan was so placed that in order to go to bed one had to move the wardrobe, and to open the wardrobe it was necessary to move the bed. The overall effect was exasperating.

Below the terrace of the hotel was the beach which I was to come to know so well. By the standards of beaches anywhere, the Durrës strand was beautiful, stretching wide arms north and south along the tranquil Adriatic. It was the kind of beach made to be photographed in color for a holiday brochure, gay with umbrellas, littered with decorative girls in minimal costumes, alive with waiters gaily bearing trays of sparkling drinks. Today the beach was deserted, as uninhabited a stretch of sand as I have ever seen outside the remoter stretches of West Africa. No gay umbrellas broke that flat expanse of ocher, no girls in bikinis lounged on the searing hot steel chairs of the terrace. The one waiter spent much of his time hiding in the shadowy interior, emerging only after emissaries had been sent to pry him from his meditations. For miles and miles, it seemed, there was no one to be seen but the handful of fretful tourists and the occasional policemen, plodding moodily along the sand, sweating and chafing in their heavy serge under the powerful sun.

For anyone with no greater ambition than the

acquisition of a roasting suntan and a sea-numbered brain, there was, I suppose, little wrong with the beach at Durrës, but for anyone who asked however little more from the Albanian experience, it was anesthetically dull. On each side of our hotel stretched the other establishments — smaller hotels, villas, rest homes, vacation bases for the syndicates and government departments, and every one of them totally empty. New as they were — some, indeed, were barely completed, with unglazed windows and unplastered walls — somehow they had already acquired a mournful air of neglect and rejection. The seventeen of us in the Adriatika echoed and rattled around its emptiness like dried peas in a can. Every day the waiters philosophically set the restaurant tables for three hundred diners; every day they served the same seventeen customers.

The food was almost, if not quite, indescribably terrible. I am no gastronome at the best; moreover, I have, over the years, eaten in so many unpropitious circumstances and from so many truly awful kitchens that I have come to consider myself almost as much a connoisseur of bad food as other men are of good. But here in Durrës was something that transcended anything I can remember. It is very hard to define its nature, other than to say that it was Balkan food taken to its final and desperate conclusion: pasta that had been cooked, or apparently so, many days before, then passed through some compressing process; vague and improbable cuts of antique meat subjected to brief and inadequate heat; hollow tomatoes filled with a kind of herbal sawdust. It puzzled me that there should be no fish at all, until the explanation dawned: there were no fishermen. There were no fishermen because there were no boats. With Italy only fifty miles away across the Adriatic, who would let a fisherman over the horizon, since he would most assuredly never come back?

So, for my stay in Durrës I lived almost exclusively on bread, which was extremely good, and apricots, which were capital, and *konjak*, which was better than nothing. One crushing disappointment clouded the week: here was the first place in the whole world where I found one totally undrinkable wine — which is not said lightly, since I can drink almost anything.

DURING all our activities, if that is the word, we were attended by, and conscious of, quite effective numbers of what in such societies as this are inaccurately called "secret police." They sat around in corners, they brooded in pairs at the ends of bars, they lurked about the lobbies in a

fashion almost ostentatiously furtive. They were always to be found grouped around tables in those inhospitable and drafty parts of hotel foyers where no normal guest ever lingers, and whenever one caught their eyes, which happened extremely rarely, they dropped their gaze to the tabletop. They were by any standards the most conspicuous secret policemen I have ever observed in a fairly long experience of their craft. They were dressed always in shirts and suits only marginally less worn and frayed than everyone else's, and they were only just detectably better shaved. The one thing they had in common was their footwear — leather shoes presumably of government issue, so constructed that they gave out a harsh and penetrating creak with every step.

These individuals had several names; they were called "Sigurini," or sometimes "spooks." All societies conducted on this system invent euphemisms for their watchdogs; for some reason, in Albania they had come to be called "Historians." It was not a bad name, combining respect, distaste, and a loose kind of accuracy.

The Historians rarely ventured into the dazzling light of the seashore, preferring to sit together in their mysterious silent communion indoors. I therefore spent most of the time in the sea or on the beach. In one direction lay a small pier, or jetty; in the other direction you had only a couple of hundred yards to walk before you came to the soldiers. They lounged around a concrete blockhouse, cradling their machine guns and spitting cherrystones. Beyond that point we might not go, "because," I was told, "we have not yet cleared up the minefields from the war." It seemed a curious reason. After dusk a battery of floodlights broke out from a cliffside across the sea. Somewhere along that coast had been the location of the submarine pens built years ago by the Soviet Navy. The Russians had pulled out months ago, but, according to legend, not before the Albanians had managed to sequester two of the subs. But that was miles away to the south. A couple of hundred yards was the limit of my investigations, and being in disgrace already, I was not disposed to push my luck.

Opposite the hotel, in the sea-roads outside Durres Harbor, an occasional ship moved in or out. One ship never moved, because it was half-sunk and rested at an angle on the seabed. Not long before our arrival the inevitable had happened: one of these infrequent visitors to an almost deserted port had chosen by some incalculable mischance to cross the path of another, and against all the imaginable odds they had collided. The wreck lay there all the time I was at Durres; it is doubtless there still.

Nevertheless, Durres was the lifeline. Last year

the Albanians had managed to import a cargo of grain; it had been bought by the Chinese from Canada, paid for in clearing rubles, shipped across the Atlantic in West German ships. Such was the link with the outside world, as complicated as it was tenuous.

By now I was aware of the grave disability I had been subconsciously dreading since the hour of my arrival in Tirana: I had nothing whatever to read. This was not, as so often happens, bad management; by confiscating my books at the customs, Albania had deprived me of all my resources. There was nothing to read in the hotel, nothing whatever, of any kind or in any language; the art of conveying thought by the written word might never have been invented; Caxton had lived in vain. I might have filled in an hour or so by trying to worry a word here and there out of the local newspaper, the *Zëri i Popullit*, but, mad as it sounds, I was not allowed to have one. Carrying incredibility even further, when I asked our guide-cicerone to translate one or two of the headlines for me, he said that this, too, was not possible. Since it passes human belief that he could have feared that anything other than the Ark of the Covenant had slipped into a publication as heavily censored as *Zëri i Popullit*, I could only assume darkly that this was part of my punishment for that unforgivable "isolated." If so, it was effective; I took to gnawing my nails for want of something to read. What I wouldn't have given even for *Tristram Shandy*.

Therefore, I was immeasurably relieved when the authorities suddenly told us that we could go on an expedition. They would take us to Kruja, a hill township of great historical importance, some twenty miles up in the Central Mountains. We must stick together, they said, and not stravage about the place, and if all went well, we should be back by evening. The trip to Kruja seemed like liberation after the days spent marooned on the Durres beach.

WE WERE all packed into a very old Ikarus bus that seemed rather less than usually decrepit (it had two new tires, I noticed, a Barum from Czechoslovakia and a New China) but would nevertheless, I am sure, have passed no test known to the Western world. I observed with some alarm that the play on the steering wheel was so immense that the driver appeared to steer the bus as if it were an ocean liner, whirling the wheel around and around on every curve. For the first time I was able to see that the country road behind the hotel was arched across every hundred yards or so with banners, calling down blessings on the several objects of official approval. The Albanian

word for "Vive" or "Long live" is "*Rroshte*," and very onomatopoeic it looked with those two golden r's on the scarlet cloth. "*Rroshte Partija e Punës Shqibereje!*" the banners said, meaning "Long live the Albanian Party of Labor" (which the Party might well do, there being no other), and "*Rroshte Marksizem-Leninizmit!*" and "*Rroshte Choka Enver Hoxha!*" (Another oddity of the Albanian tongue is this word *Choka*, meaning "Comrade"; it was pronounced "Shocker" and gave an extremely fanciful sound to every greeting: "Good morning, Shocker!" "In the words of our great leader, Shocker Hoxha. . . .")

The drive to Kruja was about the most electric experience I had known for some time. The road, which was narrow, rugged, and covered with loose stones, wound in hairpin bends upward through scenery of the most breathtaking loveliness, which could be appreciated by nobody, so riveted with anxiety was everyone's gaze on the fearsome precipices around which we roared and slithered. Something of our dread must have communicated itself to the driver, a wild-eyed mountaineer of unbounded gaiety and confidence; as he wrenched the creaking bus around the bends he would sing: "*Hup-la! Hup-la!*", and at moments of acute and petrifying peril he would turn around to the passengers with a demoniac grin of reassurance. I was genuinely glad when we soared up through the last terraces of olive trees and acacias and pulled up with a screech in the main square of Kruja.

Kruja was indeed impressive, a strange and wandering little town clinging by its eyebrows to the slopes of a majestic mountain; all red tiles and whitewash, rosebushes and open drains, streets of enormous, cart-defying cobbles, and at the summit the remains of a most looming and dramatic fifteenth-century castle. Kruja has a special place in the Albanian memories of historical pride, because it was for years the home and fortress and headquarters of the incomparable national hero, Scanderbeg. The great Scanderbeg made the Kruja fastness the enduring center of Albanian resistance against the Ottomans in the 1450s. He had been one of the sultan's most celebrated generals, until he abruptly rejoined his own people against his old master. For thirty-five years, then, his "eagle's nest," as it was called, of Kruja held out against the Turks, defied four sieges by 120,000 of the sultan's men. In the end it was conquered only by famine, and after Scanderbeg's death.

Even now, five centuries later, the place looked impregnable. From every corner of the township the view extended across miles of savage mountains — ridges like saws, valleys like scars.

We were given an hour to kill. It was so hot, and the opportunities for any conceivable sort of

mischievous-making so slight, that the Historians gathered in the shade of a tree and smoked beneficently. I walked up and down the precipitous main street of the town and wondered at the extravagant number of barbershops, always full: did these heirs of the bandits ever do anything except get their hair cut?

By and by I came to a place like a café. It was marked in large letters outside: "Klub." Reckoning that the conditions of membership were unlikely to be onerous, I went in and asked the neat little waitress for an ouzo, not because I particularly dote on Albanian ouzo (which, unlike the Greek kind, turns with water into a threatening shade of green) but because I found it the least ambiguous thing to order, and because it cost just eight leks — about five cents.

The Klub was full of silent whiskery men, also drinking ouzo and grouped about in attitudes of studied abandon suggesting that at any moment they might rise and sing some operatic Robbers' Chorus. There was the reaction to which I had become accustomed: every eye in the room swiveled simultaneously to fasten on me for one long reflective stare; then swiveled back and never returned.

It seemed remarkable, in this land of Labor Above All, what an immensity of time the citizens appeared to have for the simple occupation of sitting around. Every little coffeehouse, at almost any hour of the day, had its half-dozen baggy-trousered workers dozing over a minute drink. When, one wondered, did they fulfill their norms — or were norms in Albanian society pitched at a level that allowed for unlimited leisure? Or was it, as I came to feel, that at least a proportion of every group anywhere were Historians?

At this point I found that I had run out of matches, and I pantomimed my neighbor at the next table to beg a light. He produced a box, which with the friendliest of smiles he urged me to keep. He could have given me nothing to divert me more. Up to this time I had seen but one variety of matches, a brand called Jumbo, made in Poland, but whose label announced itself most mysteriously as coming from an Indian firm of distributors in, of all places on earth, Mauritius. This had seemed rum enough, but my new variety was even more extraordinary, since it was called (also in English) the "Channel Island Match," and its label bore an unmistakable map of Jersey and Guernsey, the most improbable sources of matches in the world.

As I pondered this, a uniformed policeman walked into the Klub, his top boots creaking like rusty gates, and sat down at a table. At once the silence became in some curious way more silent. Without anything perceptible having taken place,

one was aware of a different kind of immobility. Moreover, in some manner impossible to explain, it became instantly clear just which of the customers in the Klub at that moment were Historians and which were not.

The policeman ordered nothing, and very soon he walked out, and within a few minutes I heard the bus in the square klaxoning for our return.

WE WENT back to the beach at Durres, and life returned to normal with one variant of electric excitement: on that Saturday we had visitors. Albania, it seemed, had *un weekend* too, and for an hour or two our desolate playground took on a small but encouraging semblance of controlled festivity. Up and down the strand there were little parties of Albanians with the day off, drinking in the sun, feeding their babies, knocking rubber balls around. On our exclusive hotel terrace appeared the VIPs — a party of bronzed and confident Czechs who produced a hamper of food and ordered a round of *limonados*. Then there arrived a party of a dozen or so Chinese who established themselves at the extreme end of the terrace in a tight enclave, which the hotel staff isolated even more by removing the intervening chairs. And finally, without any ostentatious greeting, a quiet and civil man in a bathrobe said with a smile: “*J’ai le plaisir de vous dire bonjour.*”

In the People’s Republic of Albania today only three Western missions remain: the French, the Italian, and the Turkish. They are the vestigial diplomatic corps, the Robinson Crusoes of foreign affairs. Their establishments — a trio of small villas in Tirana — are exiguous, their movements narrowly restricted, their housekeeping problems fearsome. One of them was our visitor on the Durres beach. He had heard of our presence; he had had the consummate and excellent considerate civility, for which I pray one day he will be rewarded with the highest possible preferment, to bring down a bottle of diplomatic whiskey.

Before he left, the lonely diplomatist sighed a little and said, “Life could be worse for the three of us, but it would be untruthful to conceal that it is dull. Indeed, deadly. There is no possibility of an American recognition. One wonders, idly, if the British might make some accommodation, someday. I am not passionately exercised over the politics. But it would be wonderful to have, at last, a fourth for bridge.”

The next day the authorities came for me in

their bus to take me to Tirana. At last there was a plane — for Bari, and on to Rome.

One final argument remained. Since my return ticket to Amsterdam was useless now, it was necessary to pay for a new one, and, said they in a tone at the same time somehow tense and careless, in United States dollars. In dollars, I said, reprovingly, surely not for *you*? It is the custom, they replied impatiently. Fifty dollars and sixty cents.

Now, it so happened that I am permitted to wear dollars on my person; moreover, I had in my possession the precise sum. At this they demurred; they were not, they said, allowed to accept coins. How, then, I asked, do I produce fifty dollars and sixty cents without the use of coins? You give us, said they, the next piece of paper money.

My only remaining piece of United States paper money was a five-dollar bill. From this, I asked, I get change? Certainly, they answered. In what? Why, they said, beginning to lose patience, in leks. I have to give you five dollars, so I get four dollars, forty cents back in leks? And what do I do with those leks? Well, they replied testily, there is this difficulty that you are not permitted to export leks. So, said I, by no means composed, you propose to confiscate my change and chisel me out of four and a half dollars; I’ll be damned on that for a deal. It is the rules, they shouted — but already the bus was hooting, the Historians were making urgent signals, we were late. They snatched my fifty dollars and crossly gave me my ticket, but they stuck to their point: they didn’t take coins. Albania owes Great Britain three million pounds for those mined destroyers; I owe Albania sixty cents.

I was taken back through Durres, through the outskirts of Tirana, past the plodding lines of the people I had never known, the people who looked and acted as their fathers had looked under Mussolini, under Zog, under the endless succession of sultans and kings and doges who had ruled and exploited them; all the dominations they had overthrown, to fall into yet another. They may never have been free men, but they looked like free men. They had the highest birthrate in all Europe, and their children were clearly loved. There they lived, and not, perhaps, obsessed with the curiosities of inter-Marxist schism. When I smiled, they smiled back momentarily.

When I reached the airport the plane was waiting. A Historian took me swiftly aside — the first I had spoken to. He said in bad French, “I should have offered you a *konjak*. I am sorry about the books.”

HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE 21ST CENTURY

BY ALVIN C. EURICH

As we approach the twenty-first century, it is important that a qualified observer, Dr. ALVIN C. EURICH of the Fund for the Advancement of Education in the Ford Foundation, should recapitulate some of the enormous advances which have been achieved during the last half of the twentieth century. Dr. Eurich was the first president of the State University in New York and academic vice president of Stanford University during his earlier years.

As we turn into the new century we find a world very different from what our parents knew in the 1960s. Travel time to Europe has shrunk to only an hour or so. Television and radio are on a world-wide basis; computers translate languages automatically and instantaneously; satellites give us very accurate weather predictions; and we are on the verge of controlling typhoons and hurricanes.

We continue to avoid a Third World War. In the 1960s, when Russia and the United States were the two major world powers, we twice came precariously close to a nuclear holocaust, once when that atomic bomb was accidentally detonated in the Sahara. Fortunately there were few casualties, and fateful retaliation was avoided. The crater still stands as a tourist attraction and a warning.

Our population has expanded far beyond the optimistic estimates of forty years ago, when we numbered only 186 million people. Today we are approaching 350 million. Our rapid population growth forced many changes. During the first half of the twentieth century we established universal elementary and secondary education. During the second half we made education compulsory through the age of twenty. We needed the additional skills, and we had to protect the labor market, which no longer had jobs for untrained young people. In the process we rebuilt the structure of our

educational system. Many of our former liberal arts colleges — there were once sixty-two in the state of Pennsylvania alone — were unable to solve their financial problems. Since their facilities were urgently needed, local communities transformed them into junior colleges. The result is that a two-year college within commuting distance from home is now available for every young man and woman.

These colleges prepare some students for more advanced college and university work; they also train most of the technicians essential to the professions. Half a century ago the Rochester Institute of Technology, under Mark Ellingson's presidency, set the pace. In the late 1960s the institute moved to a new \$53 million campus. Now, after several periods of expansion, it enrolls more than 50,000 students. Its graduates have played important roles in developing the photographic computer systems which translate written messages. The institute's cooperative work-study program was, with Antioch's, among the first in the nation.

During the quarter century following World War II, teachers colleges disappeared completely from the American scene. Their place has been taken by multipurpose institutions which, together with the strong liberal arts colleges and the universities, have discontinued the first two years of higher education, since these now come almost wholly within the

province of the junior colleges. The transition was accomplished with surprising smoothness. California and Florida took the lead, and, in the East, one remembers the pioneering of the University of Pittsburgh under Chancellor Litchfield.

The new multipurpose institutions, following the pattern set by Florida Atlantic University under its first president, Kenneth R. Williams, now admit qualified graduates from the junior colleges and offer three-year programs, culminating in the master's degree. During the last quarter of the century, there were heated debates at meetings of the Association of American Colleges on the question of whether the baccalaureate degree should be granted at the end of junior college work. The traditionalists won; the junior colleges continued to award the Associate of Arts or Associate of Science degree, while the baccalaureate of arts or science fell into disuse because students going beyond junior college pursued a program leading directly to the master's degree or a professional degree.

The largest universities, with their clusters of professional and graduate schools and research institutions, have now become virtually self-contained cities. Some, like New York University, enroll more than 200,000 students. We continue to wonder whether these institutions are getting too big.

During the past half century, the content of education at all levels was profoundly strengthened in two ways: we became much clearer about the objectives of education; and leading university scholars from various disciplines became so alarmed about our soft education that they produced, in cooperation with schoolteachers and administrators, new curricula extending from the kindergarten through the graduate and professional schools.

Our economy of abundance and a better system of distribution have made us less concerned with the strictly professional or vocational aims of education. Even in the sixties students were ceasing to value a college degree by the additional earning power it conferred. We now minimize the time spent on acquiring practical skills and factual knowledge. Instead, we place more emphasis on developing wisdom about major ideas, as in the course on great issues which President Dickey inaugurated in his first years at Dartmouth. Our employment of knowledge, as of leisure, is more satisfying than it was in the early days of the affluent society, when men were consumed, to the point of boredom, with strictly materialistic pleasures. We recognize the truth expressed by Mark Van Doren fifty years ago: "Freedom to use the mind is the greatest happiness."

THE revival of philosophy and of the humanities emerged gradually. By the late sixties it had become

clear that a spiritual malaise afflicted American life. Studies of the national character seemed to indicate that America had "run out of gas"; individuals felt dominated by the vastness of their own social institutions and by a national style of conformity also referred to as "other-directedness." Conservatism gripped the nation, and the question arose whether America had "any more great business to conduct." People of all ages had difficulty adjusting themselves to the twenty-four-hour work week, and they began to question if the zealous accumulation of creature comforts had not reached a point of diminishing returns.

College students became impatient with vocational preparation and a general smattering of culture. Through such organizations as the "Challenge" symposia and the various groups concerned with civil rights, the movement gathered strength for the redesign of higher education. Graduate students rebelled against the sterile but exhausting competition for degrees; it was they who forced a revival of humanistic thought, so that even our great technical institutions, led by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, sought a better balance in their curriculum through a renewed emphasis on the humanities.

Scientists, furthermore, had succeeded in creating life, so that human evolution need no longer be left to chance. This discovery intensified the philosophical search for better answers to the age-old question about the ultimate destiny of man.

We are just now beginning to take seriously Ortega y Gasset's insight set down years ago in his *Mission of the University*: "The need to create sound syntheses and systematization of knowledge, to be taught in the 'Faculty of Culture,' will call out a kind of scientific genius which hitherto has existed only as an aberration, the genius for integration." At Brown University, President Barnaby Keeney was one of the first to initiate an Institute for the Synthesis of Knowledge.

The most radical difference between today's colleges and those of fifty years ago, however, is not in the curriculum but in the use of learning resources. The use of television as an educational medium in colleges developed swiftly after it was introduced in the 1950s. Educators resisted, but demonstration after demonstration, such as those carried on at Pennsylvania State University, established the truth that televised instruction was educationally effective and economically feasible. In 1962 some 30,000 courses were given over television in the United States. But more years were to elapse before colleges recognized that television had made the standard lecture obsolete and the conventional laboratory demonstration inadequate and costly.

The objections to the use of television were es-

entially the same as those raised at Oxford and Cambridge in the latter part of the nineteenth century when the "university lectures" were proposed. At that time the Oxbridge dons predicted that the innovation would reduce the separate colleges to mere appendages. What actually happened was that the colleges became far more vital when professors were relieved of the responsibility for lecturing and could devote themselves to probing the minds of the students, individually or in small groups. The students, of course, were enabled to hear only the very best lecturers in each field.

So, too, with television. The first glimmer of this came in 1958–1959 when a basic college physics course was offered over a national network under the direction of Professor Harvey E. White of the University of California, one of the nation's best physics teachers. During the year, seven Nobel Prize winners — Brattain, Kusch, Rabi, Block, Seaborg, Anderson, and McMillan — and other distinguished scientists helped to teach the course. They represented an array of talent that no single university could possibly have afforded. The following year, a chemistry course was similarly offered, by Professor John Baxter of the University of Florida, an outstanding teacher. He, too, was aided by eminent chemists from academic, industrial, and governmental laboratories. Other courses in biology, government, economics, and the humanities followed in rapid succession, first on national networks and then, with the success of Telstar, across national boundaries.

Now, fortunately, lectures by some of the greatest scholars are available on electronic tapes. Because it was not until the middle of the 1960s that we began systematically to record the leading scholars of the world, we missed many great men who lived in the twentieth century, such as Enrico Fermi, Henri Bergson, and Sigmund Freud. Under our present system, the senior faculty members, having been spared the drudgery of repeating over and over the basic substance of their fields, are in fresher mind to work with students on advanced topics. Moreover, the students themselves have a firmer grasp of the subject matter, because they have studied the taped lectures at their own rate of comprehension, reviewing them on kinescopes as often as necessary. Television has, in short, provided us with the technology we needed to build a genuine system of mass education, one in which each student has an equal opportunity to learn, no matter where his college is located or what its resources are.

We have also made enormous strides in the teaching of the individual student. Here the most exciting developments have been in independent study, honors work, programmed learning, and language laboratories. Programmed learning, so common today, was hardly known fifty years ago. True,

Professor Sidney Pressey at Ohio State University invented the first teaching machine in the 1920s — a device which is now permanently on exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution. But it was not until the 1950s, when Professor Skinner developed another machine and carried on his experiments at Harvard, that programmed learning began to attract attention. After various experiments in the sixties at Harvard, Hamilton College, and numerous secondary schools had clearly demonstrated that students learned faster with programmed materials than with conventional texts and lectures, this scheme of instruction developed into one of the most effective resources for adjusting instruction to the individual student's rate of learning.

The resistance to programming was different from that which had confronted television. Educators knew what television was, but, perhaps because the commercial programming was so vulgar, they refused to grasp its pedagogical implications. In the case of programmed learning, though, most college teachers and administrators did not even know what the new technique was; they only knew that, because of its unfortunate linkage with teaching machines, they did not like it.

As we can now see so clearly, television and programmed learning, both introduced into education in the 1950s, defined the limits of a spectrum of instructional resources. Television provided the medium for mass instruction; programmed learning provided the ultimate in individualized instruction. Within this range, including other devices and procedures, such as motion pictures, filmstrips, language laboratories, and increased scope for independent study, a new diversity was added to the educator's repertoire. These resources enabled us to break the ancient framework that for so long had held college education in a rigid pattern. No longer do we have to divide the school day into fixed fifty-minute periods; no longer do we measure a student's progress by the number of credit hours he has banked; no longer do we march all students through the same series of lectures and classes.

Today, flexibility and adjustment to individual differences are axiomatic. Each student progresses at his own rate. Much of the time he studies on his own, or with fellow students, but always with instant access to the complete range of learning resources: taped lectures, programmed course materials, language audio-tapes, bibliographies, and original documents on microfilm.

COOPERATIVE arrangements among colleges and universities provided another means of bringing the most competent faculty members and learning resources to more students. This, too, developed slow-

ly at first. In the 1930s President Lotus D. Coffman of the University of Minnesota urged the Midwestern universities to share their library resources, but it took a full half century before institutions of higher learning saw the folly of competing with each other by trying to build up *all* academic disciplines. Dr. Coffman urged uniqueness and strength rather than standardization and mediocrity. The University of Minnesota, he rightly observed, was distinguished in Scandinavian literature. Why should other universities try to be equally strong in this area? Within its W. L. Clements Library, the University of Michigan possessed a rare collection of books and documents in American history. Why not send advanced students to Michigan rather than try to duplicate this resource? Some years after Coffman's death, his dream was partly realized with the construction in Chicago of the Midwest Inter-Library Center.

Seeing the major advantages of pooling library resources, the Midwestern universities moved forward quickly and cooperatively in other areas. Their Committee on Institutional Cooperation gave graduate students the opportunity to move freely from one institution to another on a short-term basis to take advantage of special opportunities — Purdue's bionucleonic laboratory, or star scholars, such as those in Egyptology at Chicago. Under the leadership of presidents Herman Wells of Indiana and Frederick Hovde of Purdue, a cooperative instructional program was further extended over a closed-circuit television system tying together the campuses at Lafayette and Bloomington and including the centers in Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, and Evansville. With the success of the Midwest Airborne television instruction of over five million school-children and the invention of multichannel electronic tapes for broadcasting, basic courses in the sciences and humanities were offered to students in all the major universities in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Ontario. These courses supplemented the instructional program offered over Telstar on an international basis.

The universities also recognized the economy of combining their purchasing power. An Inter-University Authority now purchases and distributes supplies and equipment required on the various campuses. The need for such an operation was obvious in the 1970s, when very expensive computer systems for all types of activities became essential on every campus.

The smaller colleges were profoundly affected by all these cooperative arrangements. Their own initial efforts included groupings such as the Claremont Colleges, the Richmond (Virginia) Center, and the Connecticut Valley Colleges, involving Amherst, Mt. Holyoke, Smith, and the University of

Massachusetts. For a long time, such simple matters as not having a common academic calendar prevented students from crossing campus lines in their programs of courses. But during the latter part of the twentieth century the colleges found that they were still competing too much and duplicating their instruction. Renewed efforts were made until there was hardly a college left that was not a member of a cluster of institutions sharing facilities and programs. Each group is affiliated with one or more universities, an arrangement which first became dramatically visible in 1963, when seven faculty members from the University of Chicago personally offered a course on Civilizations from South Asia to a hundred students from Swarthmore, Bryn Mawr, and Haverford colleges, with one of these faculty members flying to Philadelphia each week. This is another way by which students gained access to the educational resources of a widespread academic community instead of being limited to the offerings of a small institution. In the process, too, the advantages of a smaller group have been preserved.

Even more drastic are the changes in our libraries. As a result of research carried on not only in the United States but also in Japan, India, Belgium, Holland, France, and England, we have revolutionized the techniques of storing and transmitting information. Most of our documents are now reduced to pinpoint size and stored on film. We have established the National Research Library, which, as John Kemeny of the Dartmouth mathematics department predicted some years ago, has reached more than 300 million volumes in miniaturized form. Through a multichannel cable, we can instantly transmit information from these volumes to reading units on campuses throughout the country. The space previously used for storing books has been freed for faculty study, reading rooms, and independent work.

Even the architecture of our campuses reflects the innovations in teaching techniques. Iowa State University, the University of Miami in Florida, with its visual communication building, and Stephens College, with its comprehensive learning center, pioneered in constructing academic facilities that make the maximum use of diverse learning aids. For the lectures over television, students now quite generally listen to portable television sets in their own rooms. These lectures are followed by small group discussions in dormitories, patterned after the "House Plan" first tried out some years ago by Stephens College. The programmed learning laboratories are open twenty-four hours every day, and students may study whenever they desire to do so.

Along with the clarification of objectives, the upgrading and updating of the curriculum, the use

of a variety of devices and procedures for learning, and the new library system, we have also vastly improved the process by which students are admitted to the colleges and universities, and the way in which they progress through the course of study. Questions like these inspired reforms:

If students learn at different rates of speed, couldn't some of them achieve the goal in three years, or two, while others worked at it for five or six? Would it not be wise to tell the student what is expected of him, what the end result of his liberal education should be, and then let the student decide, with such guidance as John Finley used to give his students at Eliot House, Harvard, how he can best make use of the university's resources?

To answer these questions, the colleges had to define more precisely the goals they were striving for in the liberal education of students. Whereas under the old system the administration could lean heavily on the accumulation of credit hours as evidence that the student was acquiring an education, the new system required the colleges to devise adequate measures of achievement.

The important point was that students began to progress with complete flexibility. The principles of early admission and admission with advanced standing, which did so much to facilitate the transition from high school to college fifty years ago, were applied as well to the transition from college to graduate work. Standard measures of achievement in each basic subject were devised. But students could meet these standards at their own rate of learning and in a variety of ways.

The system which emerged was pioneered in California under a plan initially worked out by a commission headed by President Arthur Coons of Occidental and strongly supported by President Clark Kerr of the University of California. Virtually all California students progressed at their own rate from high school to a junior college. The top third of these students, plus some who entered advanced vocational programs, went on to college. From college, approximately the top 12 percent advanced to the university.

During the latter half of the century we also made great strides in the use of the educational plant and facilities. With the crowding of students on the campuses there was neither time nor money enough to build the necessary classrooms, laboratories, and dormitories. In the 1960s the idea of using the campus on a year-round basis caught on, and administrators discovered that existing facilities could accommodate at least 25 percent more students. Now it would be unthinkable to permit buildings to remain idle for three summer months.

Nor do we any longer tolerate such luxurious use

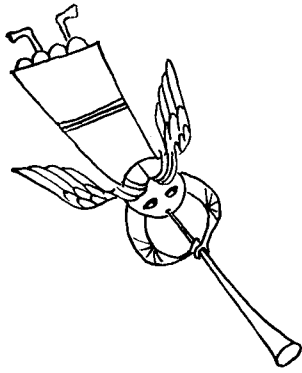
of academic facilities as we did during the academic years of the first half of the twentieth century. Then, except for a very few metropolitan universities, we occupied our classrooms primarily in the morning and our laboratories in the afternoon. With the large federal student-aid program for veterans following World War II, some universities changed their practices. Stanford University, for example, was among the first to do so. Dr. Donald B. Tresidder, who was then president, appointed a director of planning — the first position of this kind to be created in any university. An analysis of plant use during the last pre-war year showed that with better use of available space the enrollment could be doubled.

To make maximum use of land, President Tresidder planned an industrial park. And to attract to the area industries whose research interests related to a university, he created the Stanford Research Institute. During the last half of the century, this compound of a first-rate university, the Research Institute, industries with broad research interests, and government projects such as the two-mile-long linear accelerator has set a pattern followed in most university centers of the country.

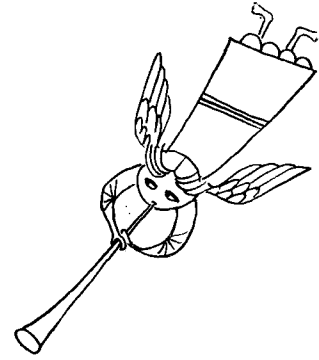
As we look back over the progress of higher education in recent decades, we may wonder when the major changes began to develop. It is difficult to fix an exact date, but I believe a turning point occurred in the mid-1950s and 1960s. First we were spurred by Sputnik; then, in the years 1964, 1965, and 1966, the colleges felt most keenly the increase in the demand for higher education. The college population nearly trebled during the sixties and seventies, with the most acute increases taking place in the mid-sixties.

It was this tremendous increase, I think, which galvanized the leading colleges and universities into action. Through such relatively simple reforms as year-round operation, control over proliferating courses, and better use of independent study, many colleges found they could enroll up to one third more students without any significant increase in costs.

Now, here we stand in the year 2000, at the dawn of another century. During the past forty years colleges and universities, like society itself, have moved farther and faster than in all previous history. But as Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "The great thing in the world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving." We are a long way from a system of higher education that cultivates the full potentialities of man, regardless of race, color, creed, or economic status. But an orderly world of rationally free men can settle for no less.



THE UNDERTAKERS' RACKET



by
Jessica Mitford

JESSICA MITFORD's curiosity about undertakers "was whetted by the funeral trade magazines which opened up for me the bizarre world of the 'average' American funeral, far more curious than the death customs of ancient days or remote tribes. Further investigation convinced me that the full implications of the funeral industry are undreamt of by the average American, even in his nightmares." Her book, *THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH*, will be published this summer by Simon & Schuster.

IN 1960, Americans spent, according to the only available government estimate, \$1.6 billion on funerals, setting thereby a new national and world record. The \$1.6 billion is, as we shall see, only a portion of what was actually spent on what the death industry calls "the care and memorialization of the dead." Even this partial figure, if averaged out among the number of deaths, would amount to the astonishing sum of \$942 for the funeral of every man, woman, child, and still-born babe who died in the United States in 1960. This is a record unmatched in any previous age or civilization.

The \$1.6 billion figure that is given for our national burial bill is furnished by the U.S. Department of Commerce census of business under the heading "personal expenditure for death expense." Since it includes personal expenditures only, it does not include burial expenditures by cities and counties and by private and public institutions for the burial of indigents, welfare recipients, and persons confined in public institutions, nor does it include burial expenditures by the armed forces for military personnel. How much do these public expenditures amount to annually? Nobody knows, for there is no centrally maintained source of information. The burial of indigents, for example, is a matter of city or county concern. There is a wildly disparate variation in costs and procedures. Some counties

contract with funeral directors for casket, service, and burial for as little as \$70; some pay as much as \$300 for casket and service alone.

Another substantial item of funeral expense which is not included in the Department of Commerce figure is the cost of shipping the dead by train or plane. These charges must be considerable; one in ten of all the dead is shipped elsewhere for burial. Train fare for a corpse is double the cost of a single first-class ticket for a live passenger. The standard rate for air shipment of human remains is two and one half times the rate for other air freight; the average transcontinental fare for a dead body is \$255.78.

Funeral flowers are not included in the Department of Commerce figures. These account for a good bit more than half of the dollar volume of all sales by retail florists in the United States.

Last, the Department of Commerce statistics leave out of account entirely the very considerable amounts spent each year by Americans who in increasing numbers buy graves and mausoleum crypts for future occupancy. This mushrooming business, running into hundreds of millions of dollars annually, is known in cemetery parlance as "pre-need" selling.

It would be a conservative guess that these extras, if added to the Commerce Department's base figure of \$1.6 billion, would bring the nation's burial bill to well over \$2 billion. A little over

three fourths of all funerals are what the industry calls "regular adult funerals." The remainder are limited-service funerals for infants and limited-fee funerals for indigents and servicemen, handled by contract with government agencies. The Department of Commerce figure averages out to \$1160 for each regular adult funeral. The more realistic figure of \$2 billion yields a nationwide average of \$1450 for the disposition of the mortal remains of an adult American.

Funeral people, confronted with the charge that they are responsible for the staggering cost of dying, loudly protest their innocence; how can it be their fault, if fault it be, they say. It is up to the individual family to decide how much to spend on a funeral, and if more is spent by Americans on death than is spent for conservation of natural resources, for fire or police protection; if funeral expenditures exceed personal expenditures for higher education, that's only because funeral buyers are exercising their inalienable right to spend their money as they choose.

"How much should a funeral cost?" says Wilbur Krieger, managing director of the National Selected Morticians. "That's like asking how much should I pay for a house or how much for a car. You can buy at all prices." Most funeral advertising stresses the same thought: "The decision of how much to spend for a funeral always rests with the family."

Very occasionally, somebody within the industry will spill the beans. Such a one was W. W. Chambers, self-styled "slab-happy" mortician of Washington, D. C., who has built up a million-dollar mortuary empire. "It's the most highly specialized racket in the world," he declared, testifying before a congressional committee in 1947. "It has no standard prices; whatever can be charged and gotten away with is the guiding rule. My competitors don't like my habit of advertising prices in black and white, because they'd rather keep the right to charge six different prices for the same funeral to six different people, according to what they can pay. Why, some of these bums charge a family \$90 to bury a poor little baby in a casket that costs only \$4.50." Scoffing at the suggestion that an undertaker is a "professional man," Chambers said any good plumber could learn how to embalm in sixty days. He added that he could embalm a human body for forty cents and an elephant for \$1.50.

Foreigners are astonished to learn that almost all Americans are embalmed and publicly displayed after death. The practice is unheard of outside the United States and Canada. As Alfred Fellows, an English jurist, wrote in *The Law of Burial*, "A public exhibition of an embalmed body, as that of Lenin in Moscow, would pre-

sumably be dealt with as a revolting spectacle and therefore a public nuisance."

I asked a London undertaker if he had ever conducted an open-casket funeral, in which the mourners file by to look at the embalmed corpse. He answered that such a thing would be considered so absolutely weird, so contrary to good taste and proper behavior, so shocking to the sensibilities of all concerned that he thinks it could never become a practice in England. The overwhelming majority of English of all classes, he said, settle for a simple wooden coffin and a small gathering (six or seven is average) of the immediate family at the funeral service. Cremation is sharply on the increase there, and in 90 percent of cases the ashes do not wind up in an elaborate urn housed in a niche in some columbarium, but are scattered over the countryside or in a garden.

Why has embalming become a routine feature of American funerals, and how has it been sold to the American public?

SOME rather solid-sounding justifications for the procedure have been advanced, above and beyond the fact that embalming is good business for the undertaker because it helps him to sell more expensive caskets.

The two most common grounds chosen by the undertaking trade for defense of embalming embrace two objectives near and dear to the hearts of Americans: hygiene and mental health. The theory that embalming is an essential hygienic measure has long been put forward by the funeral industry. A much newer concept, that embalming and restoring the deceased are necessary for the mental well-being of the survivors, is just now being developed by industry leaders. The observer who looks closely will discover a myth in the making here. "Grief Therapy" is the official name bestowed by the undertakers on this new aspect of their work.

Still, the primary purpose of embalming, all funeral men will tell you, is a sanitary one, the disinfecting of the body so that it is no longer a health menace. Several writers for the trade, soaring to wonderful heights of fantasy, have gone so far as to attribute the falling death rate in this century to the practice of embalming (which, if true, would seem a little shortsighted on the part of the practitioners): "It is a significant fact that when embalming was in its infancy, the death rate was 21 to every 1,000 persons per year, and today it has been reduced to 10 to every 1,000 per year." The writer magnanimously bestows "a great deal of credit" for this on the medical

profession, adding that funeral directors are responsible for "about 50 percent of this wonderful work of sanitation which has so materially lowered the death rate."

When embalmers get together to talk among themselves, they are more realistic about the wonderful work of sanitation. In a panel discussion reported in the *National Funeral Service Journal* of April, 1959, Dr. I. M. Feinberg, an instructor at the Worsham College of Mortuary Science, said: "Sanitation is probably the farthest thing from the mind of the modern embalmer. . . . We must realize that the motives for embalming at the present time are economic and sentimental, with a slight religious overtone."

WHETHER or not the undertakers themselves actually believe that embalming fulfills an important health function (and there is evidence that most of them really do believe it), they have been extraordinarily successful in convincing the public that it does. Outside of medical circles, people who are otherwise reasonably knowledgeable and sophisticated take for granted not only that embalming is done for reasons of sanitation but that it is required by law.

In an effort to sift fact from fiction and to get an objective opinion on the matter, I sought out Dr. Jesse Carr, chief of pathology at the San Francisco General Hospital and professor of pathology at the University of California Medical School. I wanted to know specifically how, and to what extent, and under what circumstances an unembalmed cadaver poses a health threat to the living.

To my question, "Are undertakers, in their capacity of embalmers, guardians of the public health?", Dr. Carr's answer was short and to the point: "They are not guardians of anything except their pocketbooks. Public-health virtues of embalming? You can write it off as inapplicable to our present-day conditions." Discussing possible injury to health caused by the presence of a dead body, Dr. Carr explained that in cases of communicable disease a dead body is considerably less of a hazard than a live one. "There are several advantages to being dead," he said cheerfully. "You don't excrete, inhale, exhale, or perspire." The body of a person who has died of a noncommunicable illness, such as heart disease or cancer, presents no hazard whatsoever, he explained. In the case of death from typhoid, cholera, plague, or other enteric infections, epidemics have been caused in the past by spread of infection by rodents and seepage from graves into the city water supply. The old-time cemeteries

and churchyards were particularly dangerous breeding grounds for these scourges. The solution, however, lies in city planning, engineering, and sanitation, rather than in embalming, for the organisms which cause disease live in the organs, the blood, and the bowel, and cannot all be killed by the embalming process. Thus was toppled, for me at least, the last stronghold of the embalmers; for until then I had confidently believed that their work had value in the rare cases where death is caused by such diseases.

A body will keep, under normal conditions, for twenty-four hours unless it has been opened. Floaters, explained Dr. Carr in his commonsense way, are another matter; the hospital staff used to burn gunpowder in the morgue when floaters were brought in, to mask the smell, but now they put them in the deepfreeze, and after about four hours the odor stops (because the outside of the body is frozen) and the autopsy can be performed. "A good undertaker would do his cosmetology and then freeze," said Dr. Carr thoughtfully. "Freezing is modern and sensible."

Anxious that we should not drift back to the subject of the floaters, I asked about the efficacy of embalming as a means of preservation. Even if it is very well done, he said, few cadavers embalmed for the funeral (as distinct from those embalmed for research purposes) are actually preserved. "An exhumed embalmed body is a repugnant, moldy, foul-looking object," said Dr. Carr emphatically. "It's not the image of one who has been loved. You might use the quotation, 'John Brown's Body Lies A-Mouldering in the Grave'; that really sums it up."

The caskets, he said, even the solid mahogany ones that cost thousands of dollars, just disintegrate. He spoke of a case where a man was exhumed two and a half months after burial: "The casket fell apart and the body was covered with mold, long whiskers of penicillin—he looked ghastly. I'd rather be nice and rotten than covered with those whiskers of mold, although the penicillin is a pretty good preservative: Better, in fact, than embalming fluid."

Will an embalmed corpse fare better in a sealed metal casket? Far from it. "If you seal up a casket so it is more or less airtight, you seal in the anaerobic bacteria—the kind that thrive in an airless atmosphere, you see. These are the putrefactive bacteria, and the results of their growth are pretty horrible." He proceeded to describe them rather vividly, and added, "You're a lot better off to be buried in an aerobic atmosphere; otherwise the putrefactive bacteria take over. In fact, you're really better off with a shroud and no casket at all."

Like many another pathologist, Dr. Carr has

had his run-ins with funeral directors who urge their clients to refuse to consent to postmortem medical examinations. The funeral men hate autopsies; for one thing, it does make embalming more difficult, and also they find it harder to sell the family an expensive casket if the decedent has been autopsied. Dr. Carr said, "It's generally the badly trained or avaricious undertaker who is resistant to the autopsy procedure. They all tip the hospital morgue men who help them, but the resistant ones are obstructive, unskilled, and can be nasty to the point of viciousness. They lie to the family, citing all sorts of horrible things that can happen to the deceased, and while they're usually very soft-spoken with the family, they are inordinately profane with hospital superintendents and pathologists."

In a symposium in *Mortuary Management* of November, 1959, on funeral directors' attitudes toward autopsies, some of this hostility to doctors erupts into print. One undertaker writes, "The trouble with doctors is that they think they are little tin Gods, and anything they want, we should bow to, without question. My feeling is that the business of the funeral director is to serve the family in the best way he knows how, and if the funeral director knows that an autopsy is going to work a hardship, and result in a body that would be difficult to show, or that couldn't be shown at all, then I think the funeral director has not only the right, but the duty, to advise the family against permitting an autopsy." Another, defending the pathologists ("After all, the medical profession as a whole is reasonably intelligent"), describes himself as a "renegade embalmer where the matter of autopsies is concerned." He points to medical discoveries which have resulted from postmortem examination; but he evidently feels he is in a minority, for he says: "Most funeral directors are still 'horse and buggy undertakers' in their thinking and it shows up glaringly in their moronic attitude towards autopsies."

THE seller of funerals has, one gathers, a preconceived, stereotyped view of his customers. To him, the bereaved person who enters his establishment is a bundle of guilt feelings, a snob, and a status seeker. The undertaker feels that by steering his customer to the top-priced casket, he is giving him his first dose of grief therapy, for, according to a trade magazine, "the focus of the buyer's interest must be the casket, vault, clothing, funeral cars, etc. — the only tangible evidence of how much has been invested in the funeral — the only real status symbol associated with a funeral service."

Whether or not one agrees with this rather unflattering appraisal of the average person who has suffered a death in the family, it is nevertheless true that the funeral transaction is generally influenced by a combination of circumstances which bear upon the buyer as in no other type of business dealing: the disorientation caused by bereavement, the lack of standards by which to judge the value of the commodity offered by the seller, the need to make an on-the-spot decision, general ignorance of the law as it affects disposal of the dead, and the ready availability of insurance money to finance the transaction. These are worth analyzing because they predetermine to a large extent the outcome of the transaction.

The buyer's frame of mind will vary, obviously, according to the circumstances which led him to the funeral establishment. The great majority of funeral buyers, as they are led through their paces at the mortuary — whether shaken and grief-stricken or merely looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to the reading of the will — are assailed by many a nagging question: What is the right thing to do? I am arranging this funeral, but surely this is no time to indulge my own preferences in taste and style. What will her family and friends expect? How can I avoid criticism for inadvertently doing the wrong thing? And, above all, it should be a nice, decent funeral — but what is a nice, decent funeral?

Which leads us to the second unusual aspect of the funeral transaction: the buyer's almost total ignorance of what to expect when he enters the undertaker's parlor. What to look for, what to avoid, how much to spend. The funeral industry estimates that the average individual has to arrange for a funeral only once in fifteen years. The cost of the funeral is the third largest expenditure, after a house and a car, in the life of an ordinary American family. Yet even in the case of an old relative whose death may have been fully expected and even welcomed, it is most unlikely that the buyer will have discussed the funeral with anybody in advance.

Because of the nature of funerals, the buyer is in a quite different position from one who is, for example, in the market for a car. Visualize the approach. The man of prudence and common sense who is about to buy a car consults a consumer's research bulletin or seeks the advice of his friends; he knows in advance the dangers of rushing into a deal blindly. In the funeral home, the man of prudence is completely at sea without a recognizable landmark or bearing to guide him. It would be an unusual person who would examine the various offerings and then inquire around about the relative advantages of the Monaco casket by Merit and the Valley Forge by Boyer-

town. In the matter of cost, a like difference is manifest. The funeral buyer is generally not in the mood to compare prices here, examine and appraise quality there.

The third factor which confronts the buyer is the need to make an on-the-spot decision. Impulse buying, which should ordinarily be avoided, is here a built-in necessity. The convenient equivocations of commerce — “I’ll look around a little, and let you know,” “Maybe, I’ll call you in a couple of weeks if I decide to take it” — simply do not apply in this situation.

POPULAR ignorance about the law as it relates to the disposal of the dead is a factor that sometimes affects the funeral transaction. People are often astonished to learn that in no state is embalming required by law except in certain special circumstances, such as when the body is to be shipped by common carrier.

The funeral men foster these misconceptions, sometimes by coolly misstating the law to the funeral buyer and sometimes by inferentially investing with the authority of law certain trade practices which they find convenient or profitable to follow. This free and easy attitude toward the law is even to be found in those institutes of higher learning, the colleges of mortuary science, where the fledgling undertaker receives his training. For example, it is the law in most states that when a decedent bequeaths his body for use in medical research, his survivors are bound to carry out his directions. Nonetheless, an embalming textbook disposes of the whole distasteful subject in a few misleading words: “Q: Will the provisions in the will of a decedent that his body be given to a medical college for dissection be upheld over his widow? A: No . . . No-one owns or controls his own body to the extent that he may dispose of the same in a manner which would bring humiliation and grief to the immediate members of his family.”

I had been told so often that funeral men tend to invent the law as they go along (for there is a fat financial reward at stake) that I decided to investigate this situation at firsthand. Armed with a copy of the California code, I telephoned a leading undertaker in my community with a concocted story: my aged aunt, living in my home, was seriously ill — not expected to live more than a few days. Her daughter was coming here directly; but I felt I ought to have some suggestions, some arrangements to propose in the event that — Sympathetic monosyllables from my interlocutor. The family would want something very simple, I went on, just cremation. Of course,

we can arrange all that, I was assured. And since we want only cremation, and there will be no service, we should prefer not to buy a coffin. The undertaker’s voice at the other end of the phone was now alert, although smooth. He told me, calmly and authoritatively, that it would be “illegal” for him to enter into such an arrangement. “You mean it would be against the law?” I asked. Yes, indeed. I took a deep breath and pressed on: “In that case, perhaps we could take the body straight to the crematorium in our station wagon?” A shocked silence, followed by an explosive outburst: “Madam, the average lady has neither the facilities nor the inclination to be hauling dead bodies around!” (Which was actually a good point, I thought.)

I tried two more funeral establishments and was told substantially the same thing: cremation of an uncoffined body is prohibited under California law. This was said, in all three cases, with such a ring of conviction that I began to doubt the evidence before my eyes in the state code. I reread the sections on cremation, on health requirements; finally I read the whole thing from cover to cover. Finding no reference to an uncoffined body, I checked with an officer of the Board of Health, who told me there is no law in California requiring that a coffin be used when a body is cremated.

It is, however, true that most privately owned crematoria have their own privately established rule that they will not cremate without a coffin. After all, why not? Many are in the casket-selling business themselves, and those that are not depend for their livelihood on the goodwill of undertakers who are.

Cemetery salesmen are also prone to confuse fact with fiction to their own advantage in discussing the law. Cemeteries derive a substantial income from the sale of vaults. The vault, a cement enclosure for the casket, is not only a money-maker; it facilitates upkeep of the cemetery by preventing the eventual subsidence of the grave as the casket disintegrates. In response to my inquiry, a cemetery salesman (identified on his card as a “memorial counsellor”) called at my house to sell me what he was pleased to call a “pre-need memorial estate” — in other words, a grave. After he had quoted the prices of the various graves, the salesman explained that a minimum of \$120 must be added for a vault, which, he said, is “required by law.” Why is it required by law? To prevent the ground from caving in. But suppose I should be buried in one of those eternal caskets made of solid bronze? Those things are not as solid as they look; you’d be surprised how soon they fall apart. Are you *sure* it is required by law? I’ve been in this business fifteen years, I should know. Then would you be

willing to sign this? (I had been writing on a sheet of paper, "California State Law requires a vault for ground burial.") The memorial counsellor swept up his colored photographs of memorial estates, backed out the door, and fled down the street.

The fifth unusual factor present in the funeral transaction is the availability to the buyer of relatively large sums of cash. The family accustomed to buying every major item on time — car, television set, furniture — and to spending to the limit of the weekly paycheck suddenly finds itself in possession of insurance funds and death-benefit payments, often from a number of sources. It is usually unnecessary for the undertaker to resort to crude means to ascertain the extent of insurance coverage. A few simple and perfectly natural questions put to the family while he is completing the vital-statistics forms will serve to elicit all he needs to know. For example, "Occupation of the deceased?" "Shall we bill the insurance company directly?"

The undertaker knows, better than a schoolboy knows the standings of the major league baseball teams, the death-benefit payments of every trade union in the community, the social security and workmen's compensation scale of death benefits, the veterans' and servicemen's death benefits.

At the lowest end of the scale is the old-age pensioner, most of whose savings have long since been spent. He is among the poorest of the poor. Nevertheless, most state and county welfare agencies permit him to have up to \$1000 in cash; in some states he may own a modest home as well, without jeopardizing his pension. The undertaker knows that under the law of virtually every state the funeral bill is entitled to preference in payment as the first charge against the estate. (Efforts in some states to pass legislation limiting the amount of the priority for burial costs to, say, \$500 have been frustrated by the funeral lobby.) There is every likelihood that the poor old chap will be sent out in high style unless his widow is a very knowledgeable customer.

THERE WAS a time when the undertaker's tasks were clear-cut and rather obvious, and when he billed his patrons accordingly. Typical late-nineteenth-century charges, in addition to the price of merchandise, are shown on bills of the period as: "Services at the house (placing corpse in the coffin), \$1.25," "Preserving remains on ice, \$10," "Getting Permit, \$1.50." It was customary for the undertaker to add a few dollars to his bill for being "in attendance," which seems only fair and right. As historians of the trade

have pointed out, "The undertaker had as yet to conceive of the value of personal services offered professionally for a fee, legitimately claimed." Well, he has now so conceived with a vengeance.

When discussing "service" as it is rendered today, spokesmen for the funeral industry tend to become so carried away by their own enthusiasm, so positively lyrical and copious in their declarations, that the outsider may have a little trouble understanding it all. There are indeed contradictions. Thus, a member of the Preferred Funeral Directors International (and also of the select Order of the Golden Rule) tells us, "The American public receive the services of employees and proprietor alike, nine and one half days of labor for every funeral handled, they receive the use of automobiles and hearses, a building including a chapel and other rooms which require building maintenance, insurance, taxes and licenses, and depreciation, as well as heat in the winter, cooling in the summer and light and water." He goes on to say that, while the process of embalming takes only about three hours, yet, "it would be necessary for one man to work two forty-hour weeks to complete a funeral service. This is coupled with an additional forty hours service required by members of other local allied professions, including the work of the cemeteries, newspapers, and of course, the most important of all, the service of your clergyman. These some 120 hours of labor are the basic value on which the cost of funerals rests."

Our informant has lumped a lot of things together here. To start with "the most important of all, the service of your clergyman," the average religious funeral service lasts no more than twenty-five minutes. Furthermore, it is not, of course, paid for by the funeral director. The "work of the cemeteries" presumably means the opening and closing of a grave. This now mechanized operation, which takes fifteen to twenty minutes, is likewise not billed as part of the funeral director's costs. The work of newspapers? This is a puzzler. Presumably, reference is made here to the publication of an obituary notice on the vital-statistics page. It is, incidentally, surprising to learn that newspaper work is considered an "allied profession."

Just how insurance, taxes, licenses, and depreciation are figured in as part of the 120 man-hours of service is hard to tell. The writer does mention that his operation features "65 items of service." In general, the funeral salesman is inclined to chuck in everything he does under the heading of "service." For example, in a typical list of "services" he will include items like: "Securing statistical data" (in other words, completing the death certificate and finding out how

much insurance was left by the deceased), "the arrangements conference" (in which the sale of the funeral to the survivors is made), and the "keeping of records," by which he means his own bookkeeping work. Evidently there is some confusion here between items that properly belong in a cost-accounting system and items of actual service rendered in any given funeral.

Having decreed what sort of funeral is right, proper, and nice, and having gradually appropriated to himself all of the functions connected with it, the funeral director has become responsible for a multitude of tasks beyond the obvious one of "placing corpse in the coffin" recorded in our nineteenth-century funeral bill. He has relieved the family of every detail, he has revamped the corpse to look like a living doll, he has arranged for it to nap for a few days in a slumber room, he has put on a well-oiled performance in which the concept of death has played no part whatsoever — unless it was inconsiderately mentioned by the clergyman who conducted the religious service. He has done everything in his power to make the funeral a real pleasure for everybody concerned. He and his team have given their all to score an upset victory over death.

The funeral men have managed to delete the word "death" and all its associations from their vocabulary. They have published lists of In and Out words and phrases to be used in connection with the final return of dust to dust.

"The use of improper terminology by anyone affiliated with a mortuary should be strictly forbidden," declares Edward A. Martin. He suggests a rather thorough overhauling of the language: "Mr., Mrs., Miss Blank, not corpse or body; preparation room, not morgue; casket, not coffin; funeral director or mortician, not undertaker; reposing room or slumber room, not laying-out room; display room, not showroom; baby or infant, not stillborn; deceased, not dead; autopsy or post-mortem, not post; casket coach, not hearse; shipping case, not shipping box; flower car, not flower truck; cremains or cremated remains, not ashes; clothing, dress, suit, etc., not shroud; drawing room, not parlor."

This rather basic list was refined in 1956 by Victor Landig in his *Basic Principles of Funeral Service*. He enjoins the reader to avoid using the word "death" as much as possible; even sometimes when such avoidance may seem impossible; for example, a death certificate should be referred to as a "vital statistics form." One should speak not of the job but rather of the *call*. We do not haul a dead person, we *transfer* or *remove* him — and we do this in a *service car*, not a body car. We *open and close* his grave rather than dig and fill it, and in it we *inter* rather than bury him.

This is done, not in a graveyard or cemetery, but rather in a *memorial park*. The deceased is beautified, not with makeup but with *cosmetics*. Anyway, he didn't die, he *expired*. An important error to guard against, cautions Mr. Landig, is referring to "cost of the casket." The phrase "amount of investment in the service" is a wiser usage here.

As for the Loved One, poor fellow, he wanders like a sad ghost through the funeral men's pronouncements. No provision seems to have been made for the burial of a Heartily Disliked One, although the necessity for such must arise in the course of human events.

WHAT hope is there for the person who would like to forgo the ministrations awaiting him in the preparation room, to avoid being cosmetized, casketed, and transferred to repose in the slumber room? What can he do to protect his survivors from being victimized in the name of sentiment and sanitation?

At the moment the best solution would seem to be offered by the Funeral Societies (or Memorial Associations) which have sprung up over the last few years in many parts of the United States and Canada. Last year these groups convened the first national meeting on funeral reform ever held in America and established a headquarters in Chicago which furnishes information about the societies.

Some of the societies function as educational organizations and limit themselves to advocacy of "rationally pre-planned final arrangements." Most, however, have gone a step further and through collective bargaining have secured contracts with one or more funeral establishments to supply simple, dignified funerals for their members at an agreed-on sum, generally around \$100. There is some diversity of outlook in the societies: some emphasize cremation; others are more interested in educational programs advocating bequeathal of bodies to medical schools; still others stress freedom of choice in the matter of burials as their main concern.

The societies are for the most part organized by Unitarian churches, Quakers, and other Protestant church groups, and are open to everybody. They tend to flourish best in the quiet backwaters of university towns, drawing their active membership from the ministry, the academic community, professional groups. These mild folk might be dismayed at the way they are described in the funeral trade press: "Burial beatniks of America," "Weasels sucking away at the life blood of our basic economy," "Alien to every principle of the American way of life."

POEMS BY OSIP MANDELSTAM

Translated by Robert Lowell

Osip Mandelstam was born in 1891 and spent his childhood and youth in St. Petersburg. A victim of Stalinist repression, he died in 1938 in transit to a remote Siberian concentration camp. Mandelstam was one of the great Russian poets of this century, a member of the gifted generation which included Vladimir Mayakovsky, Marina Tsvetayeva, and Boris Pasternak.

In his youth Mandelstam was linked with the Acmeists, a group of poets dedicated to freeing Russian verse from the strictures of Victorian rhetoric. Working at approximately the same time as the Imagists in England and America, the Acmeists endeavored, in Mandelstam's words, to reinstate "the power of the word itself" because "each word is a psyche, a live soul freely choosing its own sweet body." Mandelstam's early verse is neoclassic, hermetic, and yet of crystalline clarity. Unlike Pasternak's power, which is in the sweep of the whole poem, Mandelstam's incantatory magic is felt at the level of the word.

From the late twenties on, Mandelstam was a foe of Stalinism. Of all the writers in those years it was perhaps he, a hypersensitive, delicate man, who resisted Stalinist intimidation most courageously. Each year life was made increasingly unbearable for him and his wife. They lived in Moscow, then were exiled for a time in the provincial town of Voronezh. Progressively, Mandelstam's verse lost its luminosity; it remained elliptic but took on somber overtones. With the exception of the first poem in this selection (which already contains intimations of disaster), dated 1916, the verse presented here belongs to Mandelstam's later period.

Some of these poems were recited to me last year by a poet of what is known as the "younger war generation" in the U.S.S.R., a man of forty. This was on a warm afternoon at Eastertime during a visit to the Novodevetchy monastery on the outskirts of Moscow. The intensity with which the poet recited Mandelstam's lines as we strolled amid the crowd filling the flamboyant monastery, all cupolas and arabesques, stressed for me the deep involvement of this poetry with Russian experience.

A selection of Mandelstam's work has been prepared for publication in Moscow, the first since the early thirties. But his poetry is already an important part of Russian literature; today's young Soviet poets often know Mandelstam's poems by heart, and many worship his memory.

Mr. Lowell's adaptations are based on close prose translations which I worked out for him. Mr. Lowell has departed from the meter used by Mandelstam. He has made free with the syntax and recreated some of the imagery; the result is new poems, astonishingly true to the tone and content of the original ones.

— OLGA ANDREYEV CARLISLE

MOSCOW (1916)

Somehow we got through the miles of Moscow,
left the Sparrow Hills, and found the small, familiar church.
Our open sled was filled with straw, and roughly hooded
with coarse, frozen cloth that hurt us.

Then in Uglitch the children played knucklebones.
When we drove through it, I reached for my lost hat,
the air smelled like bread left in the oven,
three candles were melting in the chapel.

They were not three candles but three meetings —
one of them had been blessed by the Lord Himself.
There couldn't be a fourth — Rome was so far away,
and the Lord had never really been Himself there.

Our sled stuck in a black rut,
and people shuffled by us to stare.
The men were all bones, the women were crows.
They gossiped and wasted time by the door.

Birds blackened the damp distance with spots —
his tied hands were icy. The Czarevitch's
body was like a frozen sack when they drove him in,
and set fire to the reddish straw.

THE CENTURY OF THE WOLF (1932?)

In the name of the higher tribes of the future,
in the name of their foreboding nobility,
I have had to give up my drinking cup at the family feast,
my joy too and my honor.

This cutthroat wolf century has jumped on my shoulders,
but I don't wear the hide of a wolf —
no, tuck me like a cap in the sleeve
of a sheepskin shipped to the steppes.

I do not want to eat the small dirt of the coward,
or wait for the bones to crack on the wheel.
I want to run with the shiny blue foxes
moving like dancers in the night.

There the Siberian river is glass,
there the fir tree touches a star,
because I don't have the hide of a wolf
or slaver in the wolf trap's steel jaw.

LENINGRAD (1931)

I spoke with a child's gibberish to authority,
I was afraid to eat oysters,
I looked at the guardsmen out of the corner of my eye.

Everyone tortured me about this,
but how could I sulk in the foolish beaver miter of a bishop
by the Egyptian porticoes of the banks?

No gypsy girl ever danced for me
under the crackle of hundred-ruble bills
in a café high over the lemon-yellow Neva.

Far from the sirens and the ominous crush of events,
I shivered at the oncoming wave of murders,
and fled to the nymphs of the Black Sea.

I had to put up with much pain and anguish
from the famous beauties of the day,
those delicate, continental ladies.

Why then does this city move me like an old Mass,
when its fires and ice storms only make it
more arrogant, self-loving, empty and youthful?

Is it because I saw the naked, red-haired
Lady Godiva in some old picture book?
Lady Godiva, I do not remember. Lady Godiva.

FRAGMENTS (1930-1932)

Now that I have learned to be discreet,
now that I am brown and brittle for my harvest,
shall I go on forgetting
death was much closer to my childhood?

The children still grow drowsy with apprehension,
and hurt all over when they are forced to eat;
but I have lost my taste for sulking,
I am alone no matter where I look.

I look at sky and fields, sky and fields.
What more do I want? Suddenly I am squinting
like a nearsighted sultan at his turquoise ring.
The earth is just another book — so bookish.

I too am earth, this dear, dear earth
that tortures me like talk or music.
My God, help me to live through this night.
I fear for my life, my life, your slave. . . .

Living in Petersburg is to sleep in a coffin.
But I am no longer a child!
The grave mustn't try to teach
the cripple to be quiet.

Look, my lips cake
and crack like pink clay.
I am everyone speaking
for the sky to remain sky.

VERSES TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER (1937)

I.

Let this air here be a witness
to his distant, pounding heart
out in the trenches — all-seeing, hungry air,
an ocean without a window, matter.

Those stars — how inquisitive
their looks at all times — but why inquire
into the downfall of the judge and witness,
into an ocean without a window, matter?

The heavy-booted sower aches in his joints
for the rain, his nameless manna,
for the forest of crosses dotting
the ocean like a suicide battalion.

The thin, cold people will kill,
or they will starve, or they will freeze to the wires.
The unknown soldier expatiates on his rest
in the celebrated grave.

Oh thin, little swallow who has all
but forgotten how to fly, teach me
how to handle this airy grave,
without wings, without a rudder.

Ah, Michael Lermontov killed for sport!
I'll give you a strict accounting,
tell how huddled flesh is broken in by the grave,
by an ocean without a window, matter.

II.

These worlds go on proscribing us,
as they rustle their frost-killed vineyards,
as they hover like a mirage of golden, stolen Meccas,
tale-telling children,
dry, poisonous berries,
crashing pavilions or stars —
like the golden fat of the stars.

III.

Through the ether measured in decimals,
light-time congeals to one beam,
the numbers grow transparent with pain,
a mothlike addition of zeros.

Beyond this battlefield, a field, then fields —
like a triangular flight of cranes,
the news flies ahead on its lighted beam of dust.
Everything is lit by yesterday's casualties.

Napoleon, the small star of Austerlitz,
has wizened in his black oystershell;
the Mediterranean swallow squints,
the infected sand of Egypt sinks back to mud.

The news flies ahead on its lighted beam of dust,
says, "I am not Waterloo, Leipzig,
the Battle of the Nations.
I am something novel that will light up the world."

IV.

The Arabian fireworks flutter like mixed horse food,
light-time congeals to one beam,
a single bayonet pushed by oblique footsteps,
stuck like a hair on my retina.

A million men killed at knockdown prices
have serviced the trail to nothingness —
good night to them, my best wishes
from these mass graves of mammoth molehills.

The sky over these trenches is the incorruptible
Robespierre fed on important deaths;
my lips kiss nothingness. . . .
Out of you, after you, O high-priced sky!

Over the shell holes, the earth masses, and the trenches
where the unknown soldier lagged a little in the dark,
hunches the genius of nothingness,
frowning, infected, humiliated.

V.

How beautifully the butchered infantry sings,
how beautifully the night choirs,
over the bashed smile of Good Soldier Schweik,
over Don Quixote's frail bird leg of a lance,
over the birdlike rushes of the robber barons.
The cripple makes friends with the runner,
both will have work enough on their hands,
and the crutches beat with the dry clatter
of rain against the century's caterpillar wheels —
this is friendship . . . all over the world.

VI.

Is this why the skull develops
such an imposing dome — a handbreadth and a handbreadth?
Are the beloved eyes opened
as a breakthrough for the battalions?
The skull grows pompous with life —
a handbreadth and another handbreadth.
Its suture is as neat as a zipper.
It rises like Santa Sophia, all-knowing,
rounded with thought, the self of its dream,
arabesqued with stars,
the cup of cups, the homeland of homelands,
the cap of joy, bald Shakespeare's father.

VII.

Clarity and its possibility of outline
are pricked with red. Things run home,
and the sky swarms with their disappearance
whitening with lazy afterlight.

The only shell hole ahead of us is miscalculation,
only the superfluous is close to us.
We fight for the everyday air,
this glory should not serve as an example.

We hold our consciousness in reserve,
day-by-day life is half dead —
is it really me finishing this drink,
eating my own head toasting on the grill?

The dress shirt of joy is starched on dead space,
the stars are dabbed with red.
Night, stepmother of those herds of stars,
hear what is, what will be!

VIII.

The windpipes fill with blood,
and a dull grumble rises from the ranks:
"I was born in ninety-four."
"I was born in ninety-two."
Along with the others I too crumple
the used-up year of my birth in my fist.
My blood leaves my throat dry.
I murmur, "I was born on a January night
in the year 1902,
unenviable year, unenviable century,
my barbed wire of fire."

MARY PRIDE

BY SUE KAUFMAN

A graduate of Vassar and the mother of a small son, SUE KAUFMAN is married to a doctor and lives in New York City. She is the author of two novels, THE HAPPY SUMMER DAYS and GREEN HOLLY, and is now working on short stories. The ATLANTIC published her story "The Pride of the Morning" in February of this year.



HE HAD been dressed and waiting for twenty minutes, and was sitting on the end of his carefully remade bed in the darkness, thinking that the whole thing was really quite funny, like a cartoon about an elopement, when the whistle finally came. Round, low, warble-pure on the first note, it lightly switched to a clean bobwhite cutoff—a startling sound for a girl to make, especially that one. He picked up the little canvas airline bag that held his swimming trunks and a towel, quickly stole down the uncarpeted stairs, and went out the door, managing to close it behind him without so much as a click. She stood under the street-light, straddling a boy's bicycle, her brother's, he supposed. With one long look at her, dressed in worn jeans, a shirt, sneakers, a bandanna around her head, he stopped thinking there was anything funny. She wouldn't look that way for anyone else, he thought angrily, irrationally, and padded noiselessly up the driveway to the garage.

Blindly entering the gassy darkness, he groped past rusted garden furniture, a lawn mower, a stack of old M.D. license plates until his fingers closed over the cold handlebars. Carefully he edged the bike out past the coupe's left fender and wheeled it to the front of the house. As he came up, she reached into a brown paper shopping bag hanging off her handlebars and took out a lumpy towel. "It keeps smacking my knees when I pedal," she explained loudly, ignoring the fact

that it was just a little past five in the morning and everyone on the block was sleeping. "Can I put it in your basket?" He nodded, then inexplicably dropped the towel; it exploded on the damp sidewalk, a red bathing suit, a cap of pudgy red rubber flowers, a container of *Toujours Moi* talcum rolling out. She dropped her bike with a tinny clatter and stooped to pick up her swimming things, flipping them all back into the towel, jelly-roll fashion, then jamming it into his basket atop the canvas bag. "We'll use my shopping bags for the flowers. I brought four," she said, louder than ever, and went and remounted the boy's bicycle with movements that made him blink.

"Where are we going?" he asked, doggedly whispering.

"The bay. Dodie Finch and Greely Smith are meeting us there," she called, and set off. As he followed, David glanced uneasily up and down the block of ugly-tidy houses, certain that curious eyes were peeping from behind the pulled shades and billowing curtains, and equally certain she had intentionally, perversely wished to draw them. She's really crazy, he thought, knowing very well she had insisted on picking him up because she was ashamed of her own street, her own house; too dumb not to guess that he, just like every other boy in the three top grades of Willett High School, knew exactly where she lived. In fact he, like many others, often purposely used that rundown

Woodcut by Calvin Burnett. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

little street on his way into the village to run an errand for his mother, just to be able to pass the dingy stucco house where she lived with her mother, younger brother, and hopeless drunk of a father, and to let his mind, for soothing seconds, make the plunge from glaring daylight to suave soft dark.

AS THEY turned onto the deserted boulevard, the sky above the streetlamps seemed a lighter gray. It was five fifteen on what promised to be a fine clear day in June, ground mist aside. Which meant the bunting-trimmed tables could be set up on the school lawn, under the dipping willows, and mothers in straw and flower hats, fathers in light suits could pleasantly mill about, drinking orange punch out of paper cups and exchanging mutual congratulations.

It was the dawn of Willett's graduation day, the day on which he, David Thorne, and by some miracle she, Mary Pride, would graduate from Willett High School. Though no one quite knew why or when they had originated, an elaborate set of traditions had become attached to the events of this day. Always, for as long as anyone could remember, an escutcheon had stood on the auditorium platform where the graduating class sat trembling and perspiring in their white dresses and dark suits, a shield fashioned from flowers, bearing a blue *W* and the class numerals in corn-flowers on a white ground of daisies. Strangely enough, it was the particular job of the graduating class to rise before dawn (on this one day they ought to have been allowed the sleep of the just) and, on bicycles (cars were taboo), to forage in the empty fields and back lots of Willett for the flowers used in the shield.

Since hundreds of flowers were needed, the absolute minimum was one bag of flowers per senior; two were hoped for. Once found, the flowers were carried back to the school and dumped on the grass in back of the gymnasium, a place where the more artistic members of the junior class sat waiting, ready to begin weaving them into a wire frame. Released, the seniors slowly convened at Jim's Diner in the village. After eating a large breakfast, and after waiting out a short token interval for digestion, they proceeded to a small bathing beach on the inlet. There, in lockers still dank with winter, they changed into bathing suits; giggling, covered with goose bumps, they then ventured out onto the dock, and after much shoving and hanging back, plunged shrieking and howling into the still chilly waters of the bay, unwillingly performing the ritual which had become a sort of baptism for the graduation that afternoon.

David, who had decided long in advance that the whole set of customs was stupid and childish, was now angrily certain of it as he cycled down an asphalt road slick as tar from mist and dew. Though for the first time in his life he was alone with Mary Pride — a situation he had efficiently dealt with many times in his imagination — he couldn't think of anything but how cold he was without a sweater, how queasy he felt without breakfast, and how frightened he suddenly was; riding along, he found he couldn't remember one word of the valedictory address he had to give that afternoon. At the moment it would have soothed him to see the work of a practical joker in his being given Mary Pride as a partner, but he knew very well that poor old Mr. Buckley had done the pairing, and knew, better than anyone, that even had one of his classmates done it, there was just no joke. True, Mary Pride was what she was, and true, he was the valedictorian, one of the most brilliant students Willett High School had seen in many years, but he was not by a long shot the classic grind, the pimply bespectacled scapegoat who is terrified of girls and is the constant butt of his schoolmates' jokes. He didn't have pimples, he didn't wear glasses. He was tall, went out for sports, and was attractive enough to have always had all the friends and girls he could want. If he didn't want many, if he carefully limited the number of these, it was not out of any bookish sense of superiority but out of an almost neurotic hypersensitivity about his father. Oh, he was the doctor's son all right, but with a difference. Like Mary Pride's father, his father drank, but unlike Mary Pride's father, who had started out as a bartender, his father had destroyed a practice which had once encompassed five counties, had disgraced a noble profession, to say nothing of what he had done to his wife, his son. Yet, strangely, David could not hate him. He was just horribly ashamed, in a coldly intellectualized way, of such massive human failure, and now, as he rode along behind Mary Pride, he could not help being struck by the irony of it all, bitterly thinking: If nothing else, we have *them* in common.

With a sudden mechanical click the streetlights went off, leaving the morning hanging shades lighter about them. Everything was coated with moisture; there was a steady *drip-a-drip* from the thick tangles of foliage clumped on either side of the road and from the tall old maples and elms that branched out over the street. His English bike was well over six years old, but David had taken care of it, just as he took care of all the personal possessions that so rarely came his way, and it was good as new. He rode easily, almost effortlessly, while up ahead Mary Pride was almost doubled over with the job of pedaling her brother's

old balloon-tire bike. He had seen she was grimly determined to stay in the lead, and he let her, accepting the fact that she resented being paired off with him and didn't even want to ride alongside him. This was not because there was someone else she would rather have been with, or ought to have been with — a girl like that didn't have steady boyfriends; no one wanted the doubtful honor of it — but simply because she disliked him intensely, having mistaken his reluctance to venture even a casual "hi" or "good morning" for pure priggish snobbery.

IF SHE only knew, thought David, suddenly relaxed enough to let his mind drift in this direction. As he had ridden along, his speech had completely come back to him, and he was so relieved he almost began to enjoy the predawn dampness, the strangeness of being out at that unlikely hour. Against his will he found himself staring at Mary Pride's back, unable to keep from noticing the way the thin strained shirting clearly outlined the straps and band of her brassiere, the suggestive way the worn brown leather seat fitted her full bottom. And then, in spite of everything — the hour, the surroundings — he felt it all beginning, the sludgy thickening of throat and tongue, the tensing of muscles in calves and forearms, the strange fummy lechery rising, burning in his chest. Like many sluttish girls — or, at least, girls with sluttish reputations — she roused frighteningly powerful and conflicting emotions: a pure, almost uncontainable lust, along with the brutal need to inflict humiliation, pain. It was this that had kept David away from her, had kept him from making his try like the others. Though, like the others, he despised her, it was just because he despised her that he could not take advantage of what she was. Concerned for her, he was even more concerned for himself; he just didn't think he'd be able to handle the crushing load of self-loathing that was bound to come later, when he had finished with her, in whatever way.

As a result, he steered clear of her in the flesh and let himself meet her only in his mind, constructing lurid little daydreams from what he had heard stated as facts. For the stories about the poor girl were endless, and though David doubted that they were all true, they had the same powerful ability to goad and rouse that her person did, and just by saying some of them over to oneself one could experience a certain intense pleasure — without guilt. And so David let himself go now as he bicycled along in the raw morning air, let his mind swarm and fill with violent images while he softly repeated, like some profane litany, key

phrases and words from the things he had heard.

Suddenly, without warning, Mary Pride pulled over to the side of the road, and he shot past her, braking his bike with a grinding squeak. When he turned he saw that she had already left her bicycle on the curbstone and had started on tiptoe across someone's lawn, her target a large flower bed which began on the left side of the house's front steps and ended against a tall privet hedge. Like the rule which forbade the use of cars, another stated that no one, under any circumstances, was to pick flowers from the private gardens in the town. Honor-bound honor student that he was, David smoldered with disgust and hatred as he watched her trample through the bed and greedily pick the flowers, and he began to glance almost hopefully up at the lead-framed windows where the blinds remained tightly closed. She finally came to dump the wet blue flowers into his wicker bicycle basket and smiled up into his furious face. He blushed, almost choking on his anger, and said hoarsely, "There are laws against trespassing."

"Oh, laws," she said with a scornful little laugh, and, her pale eyes full of contempt for all the laws she had knowingly, willfully, gladly broken, she went and remounted her bicycle.

Murder in his heart, David fell in behind her once again. Soon, with an abrupt turnoff, they left the main boulevard, and, passing through an open wooden gate, entered the intricate network of back roads that eventually led, like a maze, to the bay. Here asphalt gave way to dirt; trees arched and tangled in thick meshes overhead; houses, larger, statelier, sat far back on gently graded slopes, half hidden by tall ivy-covered walls or high hedges, reached by long winding gravel drives. As he followed her sure lead, David smiled to himself, taking a sanctimonious pleasure in noting the way she knew each devious turnoff, each new rutted road, until they suddenly passed an ugly yellow stucco wall, higher than the rest, topped with crude iron spikes, and his nasty smile vanished. In fact, he almost squirmed on his bicycle seat as he remembered being parked against that wall, remembered the glare of the flashlight that had thrust through the rolled-down window of his father's coupe and mercilessly exposed him, lipstick-smirched, struggling upward on the seat (the unbuttoned girl wisely stayed down), while a harsh Scottish-caretaker voice ordered him to get a move on before the cops were called. With a roar of the motor and a scrunch of tires on loose dirt, he *had* gotten a move on and had not been back in the two months since. But now, forced to let up on Mary Pride, unable to take cover in self-righteous deceit, David began to use her, found he could not keep from wondering what it would be like when she was beside one in

a car parked under fragrant maples, the *tick-a-crick* of leaves, the soft chirrup of crickets, and the slow turning of bodies the only sounds in the dark.

Under a dazzling impact of red-gold light his mind stopped short. Dead ahead the sun was rising over the water, a red ball which burned through thinning mists; to the left and right of the road low grassy hills rolled away and glistened, covered with such a profusion of buttercups, daisies, dandelions, and cornflowers that David's heart began to race. The sun cast a heavy orange-yellow glaze on everything, thickly coating the crude little shacks that stood down near the water, ugly lean-tos which the fishermen used for their equipment. Between the shacks, rowboats lay on their sides in the sand, looking like big exhausted fish washed up by the tide. Not another living soul was about.

MARY PRIDE had already pulled her bike up into the grass on the right side of the road and sat in the roadbed unlacing her red sneakers. She set them carefully by the bicycle, rose, and without so much as a glance back at him, slipped the shopping bags off the handlebars and waded barefoot into the deep tangled grasses. When she got as far as a large oak halfway up the slope, she unceremoniously sat down on the grassless patch under its boughs, took a pack of cigarettes from her shirt pocket, and lit one. To his great annoyance, her utter indifference stung him, made him feel foolish. He left his bike on the grass near hers and resentfully plunged into the high wet grass, hating the way the bottoms of his khaki pants immediately became drenched and stuck to his ankles. When he reached the place where she sat, lordly as Robin Hood, under the spreading tree, she turned up her pale-blue eyes and for an unnerving moment just stared at him. Then, wordlessly, she held out the pack of cigarettes, with a book of matches neatly tucked down into the cellophane wrapper. After he lit one, he awkwardly dropped down into the dirt at her side. For several minutes they sat in almost hostile silence while twin elastic threads of smoke rose tautly to the boughs overhead, then broke into curly tangles when they hit the leaves. "Why'nt you roll up your pants?" she said suddenly. "And take off your sneakers. They'll only get all wet and sloshy."

Shrugging (but also maddeningly flushing), he rolled the soggy pants halfway up his calves but left his sneakers on; he had always been secretly ashamed of his long, bony, bumpy-toed feet. "Where do you suppose the others are?" he asked, not because he cared, but because he knew she did.

To his surprise she looked bored. "The easiest way to get here is from around the other side," she said, irritating him by her assumption that he would not know this part of town. She stood up. "I think we each ought to get one of a kind," she said as she handed him two paper bags. "One daisy and one cornflower apiece — don't you?"

He nodded and swallowed hard, forced to look away from the face suspended above him: several yellow snails of pinned-flat curls had worked their way out of the edges of her Paisley scarf; without its usual frame of carefully streaked hair, without the color lent by lipstick and powder, her face seemed strange — larger, pale, almost plain — and yet a blunted look of honesty and health and cleanliness shone out of those flat freckled planes, a look that took him unawares and deeply moved him, coming from where it did. Confused, he watched her stride purposefully away up the slope, then suddenly stop and begin to snatch at daisies, and he wondered if it was the cigarette that made him feel so light-headed. He reluctantly rose and ambled out onto the hill. He veered off at an angle to the place where she worked and kept his distance from clumps of shiny three-pronged leaves he thought might be poison ivy. The thatchy abundance of flowers excited him, and soon he was wholly absorbed in the mechanics of picking the white flowers with furry gold centers, liking the way the hollow tubes of stems broke cleanly between his fingers, even liking the sticky milky substance they left. Methodically, as rhythmically as a field hand, he bent and picked, bent and picked, and he slowly filled one of the bags, astonished when he finally found himself on the crown of the hill, the sun suddenly hot and strong on his back and hands.

"Hey. How're you doing?" she called from somewhere close in back of him. He turned and found her less than twenty feet away, her face red and perspired, her ankles and wrists stuck with bits of wet leaves and grasses. For a long minute they stared warily at each other above the heads of the flowers. Then, simultaneously, they burst into laughter. "Both mine are filled," she said, coming to peer into the one bag he had almost finished. "Lord, but you're slow. I'll help you do the cornflowers. It's getting too hot."

Side by side, they slowly worked their way back down the hill, filling his second bag with the last of the cornflowers. Their grasping hands made rippy-plucky sounds as they closed quickly, almost in unison, over the brittle stems of the blue-starred flowers, which had a faint iodoform smell that David liked. By the time they were near the bicycles the bag was brimming. Mary Pride was left with a fistful of flowers and no place to put them. "Use my bicycle basket," David began,

then stopped, perplexed by the look of horror that was slowly puckering her face. Holding her hand straight out in front of her, she slowly uncurled her fingers one by one; together they looked into the glistening, leaf-stained palm, where, mangled amongst the tangled stems, a large furry yellow and black bumblebee writhed and buzzed in agony. "Oh, no," she whispered, with a sharp little insuck of breath. "Please," she begged, and dropped the contents of her hand into the dirt at the side of the road. "Please," she repeated, turning her back. "*You* step on it, David. I'm bare-foot." For the span of a second, David listened to the tortured buzzing. Then he took one heavy step forward and savagely ground his rubber heel into the dirt. He felt sick to his stomach. "OK," he said.

She turned back, paler than ever. "I didn't mean to," she said like a child.

"It could have stung you," he said stupidly, feeling something terrible happening in his chest.

"No. I don't think bumbles do."

He didn't correct her. He just stood there, all hands and feet and neck, suddenly helplessly in love with her. "My sneakers are sloshy," he finally said.

"Take them off," she said simply.

Without a thought for his bumpy bony feet, he did. Setting the sneakers at the roadside to dry out in the sun, he looked at his wristwatch. It was six thirty, and though there was still no sign of the others, he was reluctant even to mention them. "How would you like to take a ride in one of those boats?"

"Do you think we could?"

"I don't see why not," said he, the observer of rules, the guardian of private property. "Nobody's around. And it's not as if we were stealing it —"

Though she saw their earlier roles reversed, she permitted herself only a faint mischievous smile. She held out her hand, and he took it, pleased by the innocent way her fingers lightly curled in his, by the feeling of sun-warmed dirt under his bare soles. As they drew near the water, a gummy salt smell, thick as broth, rose from the broken shells littering the sand. The sun, climbing rapidly, had burned away the mist. When they walked out onto the sand, a big gull flapped from behind one of the weathered shacks and lit on the still water without a ripple.

Unable to bear the heat, David stripped off his damp shirt and laid it out on one of the boats, completely unselfconscious until he turned and saw that Mary Pride was staring at him, frankly curious — and surprised. He almost laughed aloud. Instead, acutely aware of himself, proud of his flat-muscle hairless chest, he quietly asked her

to give him a hand with one of the boats. Together they easily turned and lifted one of the old shells, carrying it down and setting it in the shallow water, leaving one corner still resting on the sand. David picked up the oars that had fallen out and, fitting them into the rusted locks, handed her in. When she was seated, he shoved them off with a thrust of one long leg, and the boat slid out along the glassy top of the water. He decided to let it glide by itself, and drew in the oars, folding them across each other in back of him like big wooden grasshopper wings. The sun, shining directly down and reflecting off the slick water top, blinded them. But slowly, as though to oblige them, the boat eased around all by itself, and the sun was no longer in their eyes. It was then that they saw them — six of them — scattered across a grassy rise a quarter of a mile down the curving shore; on the road just below, the hood of a blue sedan iridescently glittered.

Going cold, David dully stared at the car, which belonged to Greely Smith's father, and he wondered about his own tenacity — stupidity, really: everyone else broke rules and got away with it; why did he feel so compelled to obey them?

He did not want to look directly at Mary Pride, did not want to see her reaction. But suddenly one of the figures on the hill straightened up, and after staring intently out at them began waving, calling, "— ary? — ary?", and David had to look at her. She sat very still, neat nostrils flaring. When the call came again she swore softly, and, turning away, reached into her shirt pocket for the pack of cigarettes. Wordlessly shaking out two, she lit one for David and handed it to him. He put it, warm and moist from her pale mouth, into his own, but nothing in him stirred; like the mists, all his dank thoughts had burned away, dried up in the sun. Shifting so that he could no longer see the others on the shore, he stared at her. Her kerchief had come so loose she had finally snatched it off; she sat peacefully, unvain, faintly squinting, almost ugly with the light harshly striking her face and Medusa curls snaking all over her head.

"Are you happy about college? About getting in where you wanted?" she asked, breaking the long silence, shyly turning away to trail a finger in the water.

"Yes," he said flatly.

"Are you going to be a doctor too?" she went on innocently, but all the same he blushed, feeling the deep touchy ache that any mention, direct or indirect, of his father brought.

"No. Not a doctor."

"Well, what then?" she persisted clumsily.

"I don't know," he said, sounding curt and irritable, but actually just wanting to end this con-

versation which could only lead them to her own plans, to her future without college, which at best would contain a job in some village store and a marriage, if she was lucky, to some local fireman or policeman or gas-station attendant.

"I'm going to secretarial school," she announced, as though having read his mind. She looked almost angry, her face red, lips primly compressed. "A good one. In New York."

"That's fine," he said, too loudly. "Good secretarial jobs can lead to all sorts of things. You start that way — and who knows?"

"Yes. Who knows?" she said, her eyes like blue enamel buttons. Then, with a teasing smile, she gripped the gunwale to her right and slipped agilely over the side of the boat, leaving it gently drumming from side to side. She had somehow managed to do this without wetting her head. She laughed up at him as he peered down with stupefaction; then turned and gave several plop-plop paddle strokes which carried her a few feet away. "What d'you think you're doing? You crazy?" he demanded, but, ignoring him, she splashed about in a listless circle, finally coming back to the boat. "'S cold," she gasped breathlessly, laughing still.

"What did you expect?" he muttered, furious at her for making him furious. Stonily he watched while she gave a sudden puzzled grimace and went under, then swore aloud. She was willing to play games even at the expense of her hair, carefully washed and put up for the graduation and the dance that night. Almost beginning to hate her all over again, he watched her head break through the stirred-up water. "'S a cramp," she spluttered, rolling forward like a seal, and through the clear green water he could see her, right under the surface, frantically doing something to one of her legs. For an eternal moment David, a fair swimmer, sat and unwillingly considered the lucid, icy water. Then he sprang to life, dropping prayerfully to his knees in the center of the boat. When she surfaced he leaned far out, grabbing hold of a cold and slippery wrist, and the boat gave a violent tipping lurch. "Steady," he said, more to the boat than to her, and drawing her in close, got hold of the other arm. Locked in a chill and vise-like embrace, limbs working together, as synchronized as lovers', they slowly, between them, managed to ease her into the boat.

Eyes closed, she sank back into the bow of the boat. David stared disbelievingly at her heaving chest, quickly, guiltily looking away as she opened her eyes. "Felt like tangled rubber bands," she explained between breaths and experimentally moved her right leg. "Thank you."

Remembering his reluctance to jump into the water after her, he couldn't speak.

"I said, thank you, David," she repeated, louder now that her breathing was less labored, and sitting up straight, stared challengingly into his eyes.

"For what?" he mumbled, hot-faced, and reached around in back of him to fit the oars into the locks.

When the boat gritted into the sandy shore the others were waiting. For a moment they just stood there, the girls tittering and shifting, the boys silent, tensely staring; the wet shirt clung to Mary Pride's torso, defining her deep breasts as explicitly as classic drapery in a museum. Incurious eyes flickered over David, helping her out; someone finally came forward with a shielding towel. At once, like nubile handmaidens, the girls closed ranks about Mary Pride, making hushing little gull sounds. From the boys there came low rumblings: "Bike on the car —" "Scratch the hood —" "I'll ride it to her house —" Dazed, David beached the boat, helped by Greely Smith, whom he heartily loathed, and who softly said, "Hey," winking as David buttoned his shirt back on over his bare chest.

The boys dispersed, one heading for Mary Pride's bicycle, the other two starting toward the shiny blue car. The girls were leading Mary Pride toward the road when she suddenly stopped in her tracks and, shaking herself free of them, turned. "David?" she called clearly, imperiously, "David Thorne!"

He blushed as he paused in the roadbed.

"You all right?" she asked; behind her, two of the girls exchanged a poking nudge.

"Sure," he said.

"I am too," she said, softer, as though they were suddenly alone. "I'm only going home to change into dry clothes. I'll be at the diner. Will you?"

Blinking, but not from the sunlight, David stared. For in her eyes was the whole summer ahead, the summer before he left for school, the last summer he ever intended to spend in this town. A summer of leaf-scented lanes, warm night sands, soft damp grasses, a glad and limitless giving of which he couldn't partake. He stared, appalled, at his future, at himself, met much too soon, longing to cry out and protest at what he saw. Oh, what kind of cripple *was* a person, so bound by honor and tied by self-esteem they could not move, could neither take in hatred nor love since each asked too high a price.

"David?" she said, uncertain, growing hurt, the girls behind her grinning now.

"Sure, I'll be there," he said lightly, committed. "Hurry and change — I'll save you a seat."



ENDURE THE NIGHT by Loren Eiseley

A leading anthropologist, who has managed to combine distinguished academic and literary careers, LOREN EISELEY has been provost of the University of Pennsylvania since 1959. In this article he discusses the thoughts and fears which besiege him in the sleepless solitude of the night.

THERE is always a soft radiance beyond the bedroom door from a night-light behind my chair. I have lived this way for many years now. I sleep or I do not sleep, and the light makes no difference except if I wake. Then, as I awaken, the dim forms of objects sustain my grip on reality. The familiar chair, the walls of the book-lined study reassert my own existence.

I do not lie and toss with doubt any longer, as I did in earlier years. I get up and write, as I am writing now, or I read in the old chair that is as worn as I am. I read philosophy, metaphysics, difficult works that sometime, soon or late, draw a veil over my eyes so that I drowse in my chair.

It is not that I fail to learn from these midnight examinations of the world. It is merely that I choose that examination to remain as remote and abstruse as possible. Even so, I cannot always prophesy the result. An obscure line may whirl me into a wide-awake, ferocious concentration in which ideas like animals leap at me out of the dark, in which sudden odd trains of thought drive me inexorably to my desk and paper. I am, in short, a victim of insomnia — sporadic, wearing, violent, and melancholic. In the words of Shakespeare, for me the world “does murder sleep.” It has been so since my twentieth year.

In that year my father died — a man well loved, the mainstay of a small afflicted family. He died slowly in severe bodily torture. My mother was “*L'Homme*,” by Odilon Redon.

stone-deaf. I, his son, saw and heard him die. We lived in a place and time not free with the pain-alleviating drugs of later decades. When this episode of many weeks' duration was over, a curious thing happened: I could no longer bear the ticking of the alarm clock in my own bedroom.

At first I smothered it with an extra blanket in a box beside my cot, but the ticking persisted as though it came from my own head. I used to lie for hours staring into the dark of the sleeping house, feeling the loneliness that only the sleepless know when the queer feeling comes that it is the sleeping who are alive and that those awake are disembodied ghosts. Finally, in desperation, I gave up the attempt to sleep and turned to reading, though it was difficult to concentrate.

It was then that human help appeared. My grandmother saw the light burning through the curtains of my door and came to sit with me. A few years later, when I touched her hair in farewell at the beginning of a journey from which I would not return to see her alive, I knew she had saved my sanity. Into that lonely room at midnight she had come, abandoning her own sleep, in order to sit with one in trouble. We had not talked much, but we had sat together by the lamp, reasserting our common humanity before the great empty dark that is the universe.

It did not matter that she knew nothing of psychiatry. She had not re-established my sleep

patterns, but she had done something more important. She had brought me out of a dark room and retied my thread of life to the living world. Henceforward, by night or day, though I have been subject to the moods of depression or gaiety which are a part of the lives of all of us, I have been able not merely to endure but to make the best of what many regard as an unbearable affliction.

IT is true that as an educational administrator I can occasionally be caught nodding in lengthy committee meetings, but so, I have observed, can men who come from sound nights on their pillows. Strangely, I, who frequently grow round-eyed and alert as an owl at the stroke of midnight, find it pleasant to nap in daylight among friends. I can roll up on a couch and sleep peacefully while my wife and chatting friends who know my peculiarities keep the daytime universe safely under control. Or so it seems. For, deep-seated in my subconscious is perhaps the idea that the black bedroom door is the gateway to the tomb.

I try in that bedroom to sleep high on two pillows, to have ears and eyes alert. Something shadowy has to be held in place and controlled. At night one has to sustain reality without help. One has to hear lest hearing be lost, see lest sight not return to follow moonbeams across the floor, touch lest the sense of objects vanish. Oh, sleeping, soundlessly sleeping ones, do you ever think who knits your universe together safely from one day's memory to the next? It is the insomniac, not the night policeman on his beat.

Many will challenge this point of view. They will say that electric power does the trick, that many a roisterer stumbles down the long street at dawn, after having served his purpose of holding the links of the gay world together. There are parts of the nighttime world, men say to me, that it is just as well I do not know. Go home and sleep, man. Others will keep your giddy world together. Let the thief pass quickly in the shadow, he is awake. Let the juvenile gangs which sidle like bands of evil crabs up from the dark waters of poverty into prosperous streets pass without finding you at midnight.

The advice is good, but in the city or the country, small things important to our lives have no reporter except as he who does not sleep may observe them. And that man must be disencumbered of reality. He must have no commitments to the dark, as do the murderer and thief. Only he must see, though what he sees may come from the night side of the planet that no man knows well. For even in the early dawn, while men lie unstirring in their sleep or stumble sleepy-eyed

to work, some single episode may turn the whole world for a moment into the place of marvel that it is, but that we grow too day-worn to accept.

For example, I call the place where I am writing now the bay of broken things. In the February storms, spume wraiths climb the hundred-foot cliff to fight and fall like bitter rain in the moonlight upon the cabin roof. The earth shakes from the drum roll of the surf. I lie awake and watch through the window beyond my bed. This is no ticking in my brain; this is the elemental night of chaos. This is the sea chewing its million-year way into the heart of the continent.

The caves beneath the cliff resound with thunder. Again those warring wraiths shoot high over the house. Impelled as though I were a part of all those leaping ghosts, I dress in the dark and come forth. With my back against the door, like an ancient necromancer, I hurl my mind into the white spray and try to summon back, among those leaping forms, the faces and features of the dead I know. The shapes rise endlessly, but pass inland before the wind, indifferent to my mortal voice.

I walk a half mile to a pathway that descends upon a little beach. Below me is a stretch of white sand. No shell is ever found unbroken, even on quiet days upon that shore. Everything comes over the rocks to seaward. Wood is riven into splinters; the bones of seamen and of sea lions are pounded equally into white and shining sand. Throughout the night the long black rollers, like lines of frothing cavalry, form ranks, drum tower-ing forward, and fall, fall till the mind is dizzy with the spume that fills it. I wait in the shelter of a rock for daybreak. At last the sea eases a trifle. The tide is going out.

I stroll shivering along the shore, and there, exposed in inescapable nakedness, I see the elemental cruelty of the natural world. A broken-winged gull, hurled by the wind against the cliff, runs before me wearily along the beach. It will starve or, mercifully, the dogs will find it. I try not to hurry it, and walk on. A little later in a quieter bend of the shore, I see ahead of me a bleeding, bedraggled blot on the edge of the white surf. As I approach, it starts warily to its feet. We look at each other. It is a wild duck, also with a shattered wing. It does not run ahead of me like the longer-limbed gull. Before I can cut off its retreat it waddles painfully from its brief refuge into the water.

The sea continues to fall heavily. The duck dives awkwardly, but with long knowledge and instinctive skill, under the fall of the first two inshore waves. I see its head working seaward. A long green roller, far taller than my head, rises and crashes forward. The black head of the water-logged duck disappears. This is the way wild

things die, without question, without knowledge of mercy in the universe, knowing only themselves and their own pathway to the end. I wonder, walking further up the beach, if the man who shot that bird will die as well.

WE SAY that this is the old chaos before man came, before sages imbued with pity walked the earth. Indeed it is true, and in my faraway study my hands have often touched with affection the backs of the volumes which line my shelves. Nevertheless, I have endured the nights and mornings of the city. I have seen old homeless men who have slept for hours sitting upright on ledges along the outer hallway of one of the great Eastern stations straighten stiffly in the dawn and limp away with feigned businesslike aloofness before the approach of the policeman on his rounds. I know that on these cold winter mornings sometimes a man, like the pigeons I have seen roosting as closely as possible over warm hotel air vents, will fall stiffly and not awaken. It is not that there are not shelters for the homeless; it is that some men, like their Ice Age forebears, prefer their independence to the end.

But the loneliness of the city was brought home to me one early sleepless morning, not by men like me tossing in lonely rooms, not by poverty and degradation, not by old men trying with desperate futility to be out among others in the great roaring hive, but by a single one of those same pigeons which I had seen from my hotel window, looking down at midnight upon the smoking air vents and chimneys.

The pigeon, *Columba livia*, is the city bird par excellence. He is a descendant of the rock pigeon that in the Old World lived among the cliffs and crevices above the caves that early man inhabited. He has been with us since our beginning and has adapted as readily as ourselves to the artificial cliffs of man's first cities. He has known the Roman palaces and the cities of Byzantium. His little flat feet, suited to high and precarious walking, have sauntered in the temples of vanished gods as readily as in New York's Pennsylvania Station. In my dim morning strolls, waiting for the restaurants to open, I have seen him march quickly into the back end of a delivery truck while the driver was inside a store engaged in his orders with the proprietor. Yet for all its apparent tolerance of these highly adapted and often comic birds, New York also has a beach of broken things more merciless than the reefs and rollers of the ocean shore.

One morning, strolling sleepless as usual toward early breakfast time in Manhattan, I saw a sick

pigeon huddled at an uncomfortable slant against a building wall on a street corner. I felt worry for the bird but I had no box, no instrument of help, and had learned long ago that pursuing wounded birds on city streets is a hopeless, dangerous activity. Pigeons, like men, die in scores every day in New York. As I hesitantly walked on, however, I wondered why the doomed bird was assuming such a desperately contorted position under the cornice that projected slightly over it.

At this moment I grew aware of something I had heard more loudly in European streets as the factory whistles blew, but never in such intensity as here, even though American shoes are built of softer materials. All around me the march of people was intensifying. It was New York on the way to work. Space was shrinking before my eyes. The tread of innumerable feet from an echo passed to the steady murmuring of a stream, then to a drumming. A dreadful robot rhythm began to rack my head, a sound like the boots of Nazis in their heyday of power. I was carried along in an irresistible surge of bodies.

A block away, jamming myself between a waste-disposal basket and a lightpost, I managed to look back. No one hesitated at that corner. The human tide pressed on, jostling and pushing. My bird had vanished under that crunching, multifooteed current as remorselessly as the wounded duck under the indifferent combers of the sea. I watched this human ocean, of which I was an unwilling droplet, rolling past, its individual faces like whitecaps passing on a night of storm, fixed, merciless, indifferent; man in the mass marching like the machinery of which he is already a replaceable part, toward desks, computers, missiles, and machines, marching like the waves toward his own death with a conscious ruthlessness no watery shore could ever duplicate. I have never returned to search in that particular street for the face of humanity. I prefer the endlessly rolling pebbles of the tide, the moonstones polished by the pulling moon.

And yet, plunged as I am in dire memories and midnight reading, I have said that it is the sufferer from insomnia who knits the torn edges of men's dreams together in the hour before dawn. It is he from his hidden, winter vantage point who sees the desperate high-hearted bird fly through the doorway of the grand hotel while the sleepy doorman nods, a deed equivalent in human terms to that of some starving wretch evading Peter at heaven's gate, and an act, I think, very likely to be forgiven.

It is a night more mystical, however, that haunts my memory. Around me I see again the parchment of old books and remember how, on one rare evening, I sat in the shadows while a firefly flew

from volume to volume lighting its small flame, as if in literate curiosity, on the backs of my books. Picking up the last volume whose title it had illuminated, I came immediately upon these words from St. Paul: "Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." In this final episode I shall ask you to bear with me and also to believe.

I sat, once more in the late hours of darkness, in the airport of a foreign city. I was tired as only both the sufferer from insomnia and the traveler can be tired. I had missed a plane and had almost a whole night's wait before me. I could not sleep. The long corridor was deserted. Even the cleaning women had passed by.

In that white efficient glare I grew ever more depressed and weary. I was tired of the endless comings and goings of my profession; I was tired of customs officers and police. I was lonely for home. My eyes hurt. I was, unconsciously perhaps, looking for that warm stone, that hawthorn leaf where, in the words of the poet, man trades in at last his wife and friend. I had an ocean to cross; the effort seemed unbearable. I rested my aching head upon my hand.

Later, beginning at the far end of that desolate corridor, I saw a man moving slowly toward me. In a small corner of my eye I merely noted him. He limped, painfully and grotesquely, upon a heavy cane. He was far away, and it was no matter to me. I shifted the unpleasant mote out of my eye.

But, after a time, I could still feel him approaching, and in one of those white moments of penetration which are so dreadful, my eyes were drawn back to him as he came on. With an anatomist's eye I saw this amazing conglomeration of sticks and broken, misshapen pulleys which make up the body of man. Here was an apt subject, and I flew to a raging mental dissection. How could anyone, I contended, trapped in this mechanical thing of joints and sliding wires expect the acts it performed to go other than awry?

The man limped on, relentlessly.

How, oh God, I entreated, did we become trapped within this substance out of which we stare so hopelessly upon our own eventual dissolution? How for a single minute could we dream or imagine that thought would save us, children deliver us from the body of this death? Not in time, my mind rang with my despair; not in mortal time, not in this place, not anywhere in the world would blood be stanching, or the dark wrong be forever righted, or the parted be re-joined. Not in this time, not mortal time. The substance was too gross, our utopias bought with too much pain.

The man was almost upon me, breathing heav-

ily, lunging and shuffling upon his cane. Though an odor emanated from him, I did not draw backward. I had lived with death too many years. And then this strange thing happened, which I do not mean physically, and cannot explain. The man entered me. From that moment I saw him no more. For a moment I was contorted within his shape, and then out of this body — those bodies, rather — there arose some inexplicable sweetness of union, some understanding between spirit and body which I had never before experienced. Was it I, the joints and pulleys only, who desired this peace so much?

I limped with growing age as I gathered up my luggage. Something of that terrible passer lingered in my bones, yet I was released, the very room had dilated. As I went toward my plane the words the firefly had found for me came automatically to my lips. "Beareth all things," believe, believe. It is thus that one day and the next are welded together, that one night's dying becomes tomorrow's birth. I, who do not sleep, can tell you this.

THE YOUNG MAN'S LAMENT

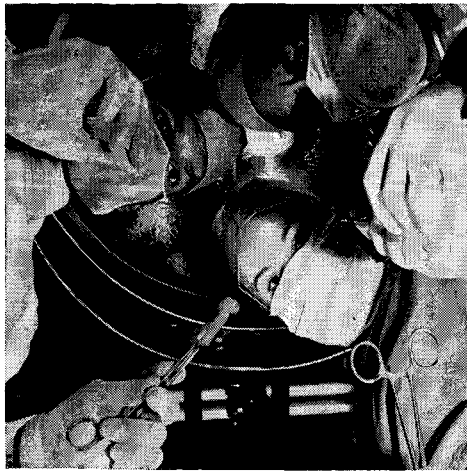
BY DEWITT BELL

Night was on the town, when I
Found the hydrangea wet and white.
— And those streets, those streets
I walk alone, the peace
like a maple tree —
Ah! blossom white, I look at you,
and sadness shines on me.

The streetlights fade in the maple leaves,
The hydrangea cool and bare;
The lantern-man the meadow lights,
And aloneness stalks the air.

O raven town I walk alone,
Where summer hangs like a bloom,
And the good girls sleep
in their linen beds,
And I alone in my room.

Ah! lantern-man, I curse your light,
and the night that follows you there —
Alone is my love in her linen bed
Like hydrangea
white and bare.



MEDICAL CARE AFTER SIXTY-FIVE

How to Pay the Hospital

by Marion B. Folsom

MARION B. FOLSOM, *Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare in the Eisenhower Administration, has served in all four federal administrations since he helped to draft the Social Security Act of 1935. He is a director and former treasurer of the Eastman Kodak Company and was Undersecretary of the Treasury from 1953 to 1955.*

MEDICAL care for older people will be a lively legislative issue again this year. Actually, there is little or no opposition to assisting older people with their heavy medical expenses. The point of contention is how that assistance should be given.

A dramatic situation, such as the Depression of the thirties, which brought about the Social Security Act, is not needed to highlight the growing urgency of some kind of plan for helping older people to pay their medical bills. About 9 percent of all Americans — some seventeen million individuals — are over sixty-five years of age. Both the percentage and the number are increasing. Their need is pressing because of these factors:

1. The rate of long and serious illness is higher among older people than among those under sixty-five.

2. The cost of medical care is going up. Between 1948 and 1962, the increase was 65 percent. During this same period, hospital daily service charges went up 155 percent.

3. Upon retirement, the individual usually suffers a substantial reduction in income.

Thus, more and more people are experiencing increased medical costs at the very time when they are least prepared to meet added expenses.

It is true, of course, that people in retirement

Photograph by Ewing Galloway.

have more security now than in the past. Social Security benefits, growing payments from private pension plans, and greater personal savings generally enable the retired person to take care of himself in reasonable comfort — as long as he retains good health. But when serious illness strikes him or his wife, the high cost of medical care may quickly exhaust his savings and use up income needed to meet normal living expenses.

Medical expenses are not such a hazard to employed people. Most employers today pay benefits for absence due to sickness and provide group plans for insuring the wage earner and his dependents against hospital, surgical, and, in a growing number of cases, major medical expenses. Altogether, 130 million Americans now participate in hospital-insurance plans and almost as many in surgical-insurance plans. So complete is this coverage by voluntary plans that there has been little agitation for government health insurance to cover the entire population.

But the situation of retired people is far less favorable than that of the employed. Few group plans continue to cover a man after he retires, and often the higher premium rate under an individual policy is more than he can afford. A recent study by the Department of Health, Education, and

Welfare stated that "those with relatively low incomes are likely to have most difficulty in paying large bills and are least likely to have health insurance."

Some employers now provide medical insurance for their retired people, with the company paying part or all of the cost. But such plans are expensive and can be afforded only by well-established companies. So it may be many years before an appreciable number of retired employees will have such protection.

As Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, in 1955 I urged employers to include health-insurance benefits in their pension plans, with all or some part of the cost being paid by the employer. At the same time I also proposed to insurance companies that they establish a pool or underwriting group on a nationwide basis to experiment with lower-cost plans for covering the aged, but nothing came of the suggestion.

Last year in New York state several insurance companies did join in an underwriting arrangement to provide medical insurance for people over sixty-five. Premiums were reduced, but the cost is well above Blue Cross and Blue Shield rates.

The insurance companies naturally have to charge higher premiums for older people because of the higher incidence of long illness in this group. For the same reason, the growing number of older people covered at normal rates by Blue Cross has contributed to the rapid increase in Blue Cross rates. The Michigan Blue Cross lost \$18 million during 1962 in its program of caring for 255,000 people over 65. Had it not been for this older group, the organization would have shown a profit of \$12.5 million. It is now asking for a substantial increase in premiums from all subscribers.

The need, then, for some kind of nationwide action is generally acknowledged. The question is what kind of action?

THE choice is between the Kerr-Mills plan, a relief system enacted in 1960, or a federal contributory social-insurance plan. This is the same choice we had back in the thirties when the Social Security Administration was established. Those of us who were active in developing a federal system for providing financial assistance to the retired agreed that Old Age Assistance, a relief plan, was necessary to meet the temporary situation. But we also agreed that over the long run a social-insurance system, financed by contributions of the employee and employer and providing stated benefits as a matter of right, would be far better, for there are basic objections to Old Age Assistance.

To begin with, widespread dependence upon relief does not fit well into our American way of life. Furthermore, these relief benefits have not declined as expected. There are still more than two million people receiving assistance grants. This has been due in part to the exclusion of certain groups from the contributory system, but even more to the growing leniency of local welfare officials in determining need — especially as the federal government has paid a rising percentage of the relief grants. The federal share, originally set at 50 percent, now exceeds 75 percent in some states. For the country as a whole, the federal share averages 63 percent and amounts to \$1.2 billion a year. Once the formula is set, the federal government has no control.

Were it not for the benefits paid under Social Security, a great many more people would be receiving Old Age Assistance grants. In that case, an annual cost of perhaps \$5 billion would now be charged to general revenue, which is raised mainly by income taxes.

The Kerr-Mills Act set up a joint federal-state plan under Old Age Assistance. According to its terms, people who become indigent as a result of illness are eligible for medical relief payments. The qualification tests for the "medically indigent" are more liberal as to income, property ownership, and responsibility of relatives than the tests for those who now qualify for Old Age Assistance. Federal grants to the states cover from 50 to 80 percent of these payments, the poorer states receiving a higher percentage. The federal government, it will be observed, has no control over the total amount of these grants. In effect, it simply honors the welfare bills submitted by the states, paying them out of general revenue.

If complete reliance for medical care of the aged were placed upon the Kerr-Mills plan, we would probably have the same experience we have had with Old Age Assistance, as is already evident in states that have adopted the Kerr-Mills plan. The qualification tests would be liberalized, and the percentage of older people to qualify would rise steadily — especially in low-income states, which pay only 20 percent of the cost. On the other hand, wealthier states, which pay 50 percent, might tighten too much, leaving many people without the care they need.

As with Old Age Assistance, the federal share of the cost comes from general revenue. Before long, the result will be an extra burden of several billion dollars on federal income taxes.

Another factor to be considered, especially by the medical profession, is that as the cost of the states' share increases, especially in the states paying 50 percent of the cost, the difficulty of obtaining revenue will probably cause these states to

exercise close control over doctors' fees and hospital-room rates.

But of all the reasons why we should not depend exclusively upon the relief system, I believe the most compelling was eloquently expressed by the Right Reverend Monsignor John O'Grady, secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, when he wrote:

As a responsible, independent, self-respecting individual in intention, if not in fact, the ordinary citizen hopes government help, when necessary, will be available to him as a "right" for at least the more likely hazards he faces, without humiliating or demoralizing conditions such as the periodic investigation of his resources in order to balance them against his needs. . . . Our ordinary citizen also feels that where he contributes to the cost of his protection, or even if his employer contributes on his behalf, he has in some sense earned a "right" to the benefit. He wants to become a "partner" in the plan and not just its beneficiary.

SEVERAL plans have been proposed to finance medical care for the aged through the Social Security system. The compromise bipartisan proposal, the Anderson-Javits bill, received the support of almost half of the senators last year and is coming up for consideration again this year. Under its terms, any person receiving Social Security benefits would be entitled to certain payments covering hospital and nursing-home care. He would be entitled to ninety days of inpatient hospital care after having himself paid \$10 a day for the first nine days. Outpatient hospital diagnostic services would be paid after a deductible amount of \$20. The insurance would also cover skilled nursing-home services for 180 days following hospitalization, and would pay for 240 home visits by visiting nurses.

This plan would be financed by an additional Social Security tax on both the employer and employee of one quarter of one percent on the first \$5200 of annual income. The Social Security Administration, with its 612 offices and low cost of administration (2 percent of benefits), could handle the plan at a low cost.

The collections would be placed in a separate trust fund for the payment of benefits, with no adverse effect on the federal budget. The same committees in the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives would determine both the level of benefits and the tax rates. As has been the case in the Old Age Insurance plan, the committees would keep close check on the program.

Under the compromise proposal, however, groups or individuals would have the option to continue their coverage under Blue Cross or insur-

ance company plans after retirement, with the government paying the cost of the basic protection. Company group-hospitalization plans could be continued with only minor changes, and either the company or the insurance agency would be reimbursed by Social Security for the cost of the basic services. Thus, full advantage would be taken of private agencies.

The bill also provides for those over sixty-five who are not Social Security beneficiaries — at present about three and a half million people — with the cost to be borne by general revenue. However, over 92 percent of people now reaching retirement age are covered under Social Security or other governmental retirement systems, physicians being the only large group not under these systems. Thus, the uncovered group in the future would be very small.

In addition to its other advantages, the Social Security approach is the only proposal that would provide equal treatment for the increasing number of people who move from state to state, especially upon retirement. The relief approach would place a heavy burden on Florida, California, and other states which attract the retired. Also, most newcomers to a state are ineligible for welfare until after a certain period of residence.

There are few objections raised nowadays against Social Security. Yet there are numerous objections raised against financing a limited hospital-care program under the Social Security program. Let us examine these criticisms:

1. "It is socialized medicine and will affect the quality of medical care." There is little basis for this charge, as the only doctors affected will be the hospital resident staff — a very small percentage of the nation's physicians. The individual would have free choice of hospitals, and all accredited hospitals would be eligible. The program would not interfere with the quality of medical care any more than Blue Cross insurance has.

2. "It is a foot in the door to socialized medicine." There is no reason why active workers and their dependents cannot be adequately covered by private agencies. The proposal at hand would be limited to those over sixty-five — a group which will not exceed 10 percent of the population for many years. And even for this group, the provisions for hospitalization would cover only about 40 percent of their medical costs. Private agencies would be given full opportunity to cover the other services for the aged.

3. "It should cover all medical costs for the aged." The concept is to provide only what most persons consider basic coverage, as evidenced by the widespread sale of hospital insurance. It would be up to the individual or his previous employer to provide supplementary protection.

Basic coverage under a governmental plan would undoubtedly stimulate supplementary plans, just as Social Security has stimulated growth in private supplementary pension plans.

4. "Benefits should not be paid to individuals who can well afford to pay for their own medical care." This criticism would apply only to those now retired or soon to retire. It is the basic principle of social insurance that everyone should contribute and everyone should benefit.

5. "The program will result in overutilization of hospitals, and many new ones will have to be constructed." There is already overutilization of general acute hospitals, due in part to widespread sale of hospital insurance. The deductible feature in the proposed plan (which is not contained in Blue Cross plans) would serve as a check on unnecessary use. But if the situation should be aggravated by the governmental plan, our communities might then face up to the growing need for better nursing homes, for extended-care facilities, for rehabilitation units, and for more organized home-care plans — all to relieve the expensive general hospitals and to provide suitable care at a lower cost.

6. "I object to a compulsory plan." First, a payroll tax is no more compulsory than an income tax, which is necessary for the relief system. Second, a voluntary system would not solve the problem, because many people in the low-income group would probably not join the plan, and a disproportionate number of those who would join probably would be those in the poorest health. Insurance people call this "adverse selection."

7. "It will interfere with the private enterprise system — both profit and nonprofit insurance agencies." I firmly believe that, far from interfering, the proposed plan would prove a real boon to these agencies. I do not see how insurance companies can profitably cover older people for medical expense at normal rates. Blue Cross coverage of the aged at the usual rates tends to raise the cost for all other people. The Anderson-Javits proposal, by paying for the basic protection, would relieve these agencies of the most burdensome part of covering older people. The agencies could then offer attractive supplementary plans.

The financial soundness of the Social Security system has been questioned by its critics on many occasions. It is only natural that similar doubts should be expressed about the financing of a hospital-care plan for the aged to be tied in with Social Security. I think it is most important that misunderstandings on this point be removed.

As Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, I appointed an Advisory Council on Social Security Financing to study all financial aspects of the system. Included were the chief actuary of a

large insurance company, a bank president, a former bank superintendent of New York state, and other experts. In their unanimous report to Congress in 1958, they said, "The Council finds that the present method of financing the old age, survivors, and disability insurance program is sound, practical, and appropriate for this program."

Of other fears expressed in the thirties — that the Old Age Insurance plan could not be administered efficiently, that the benefits would get out of hand, that the system would interfere with the initiative to save, that insurance companies would be adversely affected — *none* of these has been borne out.

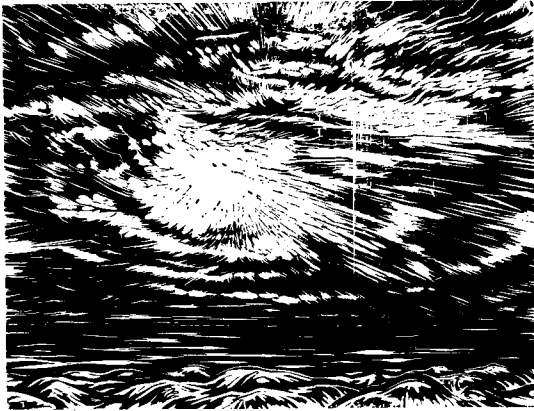
The system has proved to be a sound plan for providing basic protection for people in their retirement years upon which they and their employers can build. Benefits have been kept reasonable relative to wages; the cost of administration is at the low expense ratio of 2 percent; a contingent reserve fund of close to \$20 billion has been accumulated; the system has stimulated the widespread adoption of supplementary employer pension plans; per capita insurance and savings of all types have increased substantially.

Behind every criticism of social insurance, I am sure there is a sincere conviction that the government is intruding in an area that can be best handled by the individual. It is a good sign when people show concern over any development which seems to them inappropriate within a democratic society. But in the case of hospital care for older people, it is clear that some plan of assistance must be provided; by one method or another, we are going to continue helping older people who cannot pay their medical bills. How can we do this in the fairest possible way?

If we do it by welfare or assistance payments, we must use a means test and we must inevitably discriminate against those judged capable of paying their own way, even though this may mean exhausting their life savings and placing a heavy drain upon their children. The indigent will be helped in every case; the provident unfairly by-passed in many cases.

A plan of social insurance, on the other hand, requires contributions and pays benefits on the same basis in every case. Because of the contributory feature, the individual feels his active participation and is entitled to benefits as a matter of right. What could be more equitable, or more democratic?

In my opinion, the only logical solution to the hardship faced by people over sixty-five because of rising hospital expenses is a contributory social-insurance plan following the basic principles of the bipartisan Anderson-Javits bill.



ALBERT CAMUS

In 1957, ALBERT CAMUS became the second youngest author to have been awarded the Nobel Prize. His tragic death in an automobile accident early in 1960 deprived the world of a philosopher, humanist, and novelist. The following essay, which appears in English for the first time, has been translated by Dorothy B. Aspinwall of the University of Hawaii.

THE RIDDLE

FALLEN from the peak of the sky, waves of sunshine break brutally on the countryside around us. All is quiet in the midst of this din, and the southern Alps over there are but an enormous block of silence that I listen to incessantly. I prick up my ears, someone is running toward me in the distance, invisible friends call me, my joy mounts, the same joy as in past years. Once more a happy riddle helps me to understand everything.

Where is the absurdity of the world? Is it this splendor or the recollection of its absence? With so much sunshine in my memory, how could I have bet on nonsense? People around me are surprised; I too am surprised by it sometimes. I could answer them and answer myself that it was precisely the sun that aided me and that its light, by sheer accumulation, congeals the universe and its forms into dim and dazzling resplendence. But that can be said in another way, and faced with this black and white light which for me has always been that of the truth, I should like to explain simply my ideas about this absurdity that I know too well to tolerate a person's discoursing on it without attention to shades of meaning. Speaking about it will, after all, bring us back again to the sun.

No man can say what he is. But sometimes he can say what he is not. A man is still searching, yet people claim that he has found a solution. A thousand voices are already telling him what he has found, and yet he knows that is not it. Search and pay no attention? Of course. But it is necessary, now and then, to defend oneself. I do not know what I am looking for, I name it cautiously,

Woodcut by Gustav Wolf. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

I take back what I have said, I repeat myself, I advance, and I retreat. Yet I am called upon to settle on names, or the name, once and for all. I rebel then; when you name something, isn't it already lost? At least, that is what I can try to explain.

A man, if I am to believe one of my friends, always has two personalities, his own and the one his wife ascribes to him. If we replace "wife" by "society," we shall understand that a formula, which the writer relates to the entire context of his awareness, can be isolated by the comments made on it and proposed to its author every time he wants to talk about something else. Words are like acts: "Did you give birth to this child?" "Yes." "Then he is your son." "It's not that simple, it's not that simple!" Thus Nerval, one foul night, hanged himself twice, first for his own sake because he was unhappy, and then for the myth about him, which helps some people to live. Nobody can write about true unhappiness, nor about certain types of happiness, and I shall not try to do so here. But it is possible to describe a myth and then to imagine, at least for a minute, that it has been dispelled.

A writer writes largely in order to be read (let us admire those who deny it, but let us not believe them). More and more in our country, however, he writes in order to gain that final distinction which consists of not being read. Indeed, the moment he can furnish the material for a picturesque article in our widely circulated newspapers, he has every chance of being known to

quite a large number of people who will never read him because they will be satisfied with knowing his name and reading what has been written about him. He will hereafter be known (and forgotten) not for what he is, but for the picture that a hurried journalist has given of him. To make a name for oneself in the literary world, it is no longer necessary to write many books. It suffices to have written one that the evening newspapers have talked about and on which the writer's reputation will henceforth rest.

Doubtless this reputation, great or small, will be arrogated. But what can one do about it? Let us rather admit that this inconvenience can be beneficial. Doctors know that certain illnesses are desirable; they compensate, in their own way, for some functional disorder which otherwise would create greater imbalances. Thus there are lucky cases of constipation and providential attacks of arthritis. The deluge of words and hasty pronouncements which today drowns every public activity in an ocean of frivolity teaches at least the French writer the modesty that he constantly needs in a nation which accords a disproportionate importance to his profession. To see his name in two or three newspapers that we know of is such a severe trial that it necessarily carries with it some benefit for the soul. Then praised be that society which, with so little trouble, teaches us every day, by its very homage, that the greatness it pays tribute to is worth nothing. As for the noise it makes, the louder it bursts, the more quickly it dies. It reminds one of the rubbish fires that Pope Alexander VI often used to have lighted in his presence in order that he might not forget that all the glory of this world is like passing smoke.

But let's drop the irony. It will be enough for our purposes to say that an artist must resign himself good-humoredly to leaving around in the waiting rooms of dentists and hairdressers an image of himself of which he knows he is unworthy. I knew in this way a fashionable writer who had the reputation of presiding nightly over smoky orgies where the nymphs wore only their hair and where the fingernails of the fawns were in mourning. Doubtless one might have wondered when he found the time to compose works which occupied several library shelves. In reality, this writer, like many of his colleagues, sleeps at night in order to spend long hours working at his desk every day, and drinks mineral water for the sake of his liver. It is true, however, that the average Frenchman, with whose Sahara-like sobriety and touchy cleanliness we are acquainted, becomes indignant at the idea that one of our writers should teach the necessity of drunkenness and of not washing. Examples are not lacking. I can personally offer an excellent recipe for acquiring easily a reputa-

tion for austerity. Indeed, I bear the burden of this reputation, which gives my friends a good laugh (as for me, I would be more likely to blush for it, since I know so well that I am usurping it). It suffices, for example, to decline the honor of dining with the editor of a newspaper that one does not hold in esteem. Indeed, simple decency cannot be imagined without some twisted weakness of the soul. Moreover, nobody will go so far as to imagine that if you refuse the dinner invitation of this editor, it is perhaps because you do not have a high opinion of him, and also because more than anything in the world you fear boredom — and what is more boring than a truly Parisian dinner?

One must therefore resign oneself. But one may, when the opportunity presents itself, try to correct the direction of the attack, repeat then that one could not always be a painter of the absurd and that no one can believe in a literature of despair. Of course, it is always possible to write, or to have written, an essay on the notion of the absurd. But one can also write on incest without having attacked one's unfortunate sister, and I have nowhere read that Sophocles had ever done away with his father and dishonored his mother. The idea that every author must write about himself and give us his own portrait in his books is one of the childish notions bequeathed us by romanticism. On the contrary, it is not at all unlikely that an author should be primarily interested in other people, or in his time, or in familiar myths. Even if he happens to cast himself in a role, it would be quite exceptional for him to talk of what he really is. A man's work often retraces the story of his moments of nostalgia or of his temptations, almost never his true story, particularly when the work claims to be autobiographical. No man has ever dared to paint himself just as he is.

To the degree that it is possible, I, on the contrary, should have liked to be an objective writer. I call a writer objective who chooses subjects without ever taking himself as an object. But the contemporary rage to confuse an author with his subject could not grant him this relative freedom. Thus one becomes a prophet of the absurd. What else have I done, however, but argue about an idea that I found in the streets of my time? That I have harbored this idea (and that part of me still harbors it), along with all of my generation, goes without saying. I simply treated the idea with the perspective necessary to decide on its logicality. All that I have since been able to write demonstrates this adequately. But it is convenient to exploit a formula rather than a shade of meaning. The formula has been chosen; here I am, a writer of the absurd, as before.

What is the good of repeating that in the experi-

ence which interested me and on which I happened to write, the absurd can be considered only as a point of departure, even if the memory and the emotion of it accompany subsequent steps. Likewise, due allowances being carefully made, the Cartesian doubt, which is systematic, does not suffice to make a skeptic of Descartes. In any case, how can one limit oneself to the idea that nothing has sense and that we must despair of everything? Without going to the bottom of the matter, one can at least observe that, in the same way that there is no absolute materialism, since merely in order to fashion this word it is already necessary to say that there is in the world something more than matter, there is no total nihilism. From the moment one says that all is nonsense, one expresses something which has sense. Refusing all meaning to the world amounts to abolishing all value judgments. But to live, and, for instance, to take food, is in itself a value judgment. We choose to continue existing from the moment we do not let ourselves die, and thus we recognize a value, at least a relative one, in life. Anyway, what is the meaning of a literature of despair? Despair is silent. After all, silence itself has sense if the eyes speak. True despair is agony, tomb or abyss. If it speaks, analyzes, especially if it writes, immediately a brother stretches forth his hand to us, the tree is justified, love is born. A literature of despair is a contradiction in terms.

Of course, a certain optimism is not my strong point. I grew up, along with all the men of my generation, to the sound of the drums of the First World War, and our history since then has not ceased to be murder, injustice, or violence. But true pessimism, which does exist, consists of outdoing so much cruelty and infamy. For my part, I have never ceased to struggle against this dishonor, and I hate only cruel people. In the darkest days of our nihilism, I sought only for reasons to lead beyond the nihilism. And not from virtue, nor from a rare loftiness of soul, but from instinctive

fidelity to a light where I was born and where for thousands of years men have learned to hail life even while suffering. Aeschylus is often despairing, yet he radiates and warms. In the center of his universe, it is not meager nonsense that we find but the riddle — that is to say, a sense that we decipher badly because it dazzles us. Similarly, to the unworthy but obstinately faithful sons of Greece who still survive in this gaunt century, the blight of our history can appear unbearable, but they bear it in the end because they want to understand it. In the center of our work, even if it is dark, shines an inexhaustible sun, the same that is shrieking today across the plain and hills.

After all that, the rubbish fire can burn; what does it matter how we appear and what we arrogate? What we are, what we have to be, is enough to fill our lives and to consume our effort. Paris is an admirable cave, and its men, seeing their own shadows moving on the inner wall, take them for the sole reality. It is the same with the strange and fleeting fame that this city bestows. But we learned, far from Paris, that there is a light behind us, that we must turn around, throwing off our bonds, to look at it directly, and that our task before our death is to seek through all the words to find a name for it. Each artist, doubtless, seeks his own truth. If he is great, each work brings him closer to it, or at least makes him gravitate still closer to this center, this hidden sun, where all must come to burn someday. If he is mediocre, each work takes him farther from it, and the center is then everywhere, the light diffused. But in his obstinate search the only people who can help the artist are those who love him and those who, themselves loving or creating, find in their own passion the measure of every passion, and then know how to judge.

Yes, all this noise, when peace would be loving and creating in silence! But one must know how to be patient. In just a little while, the sun will seal the mouths.

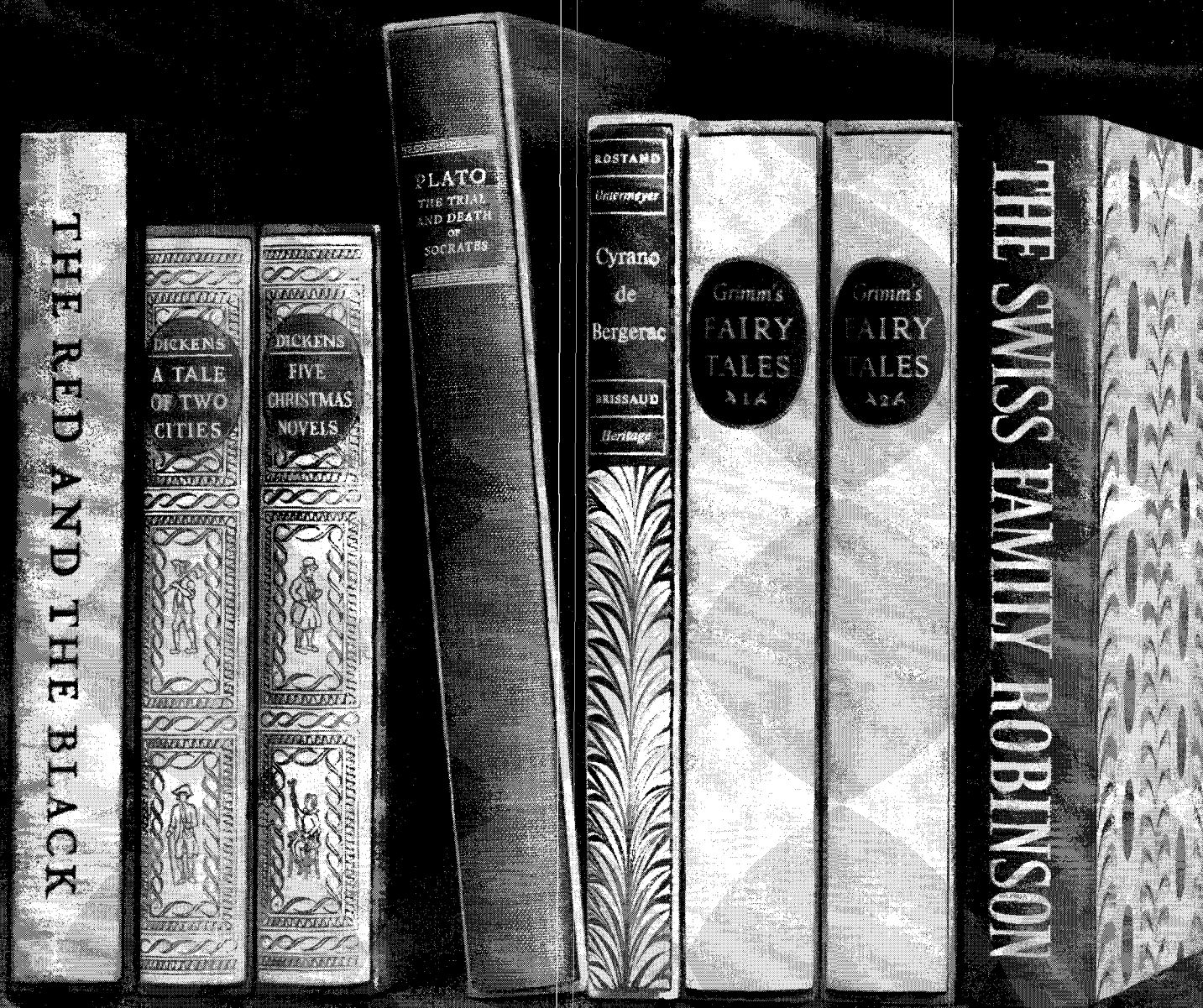
MAN AT THE CLAVICHORD

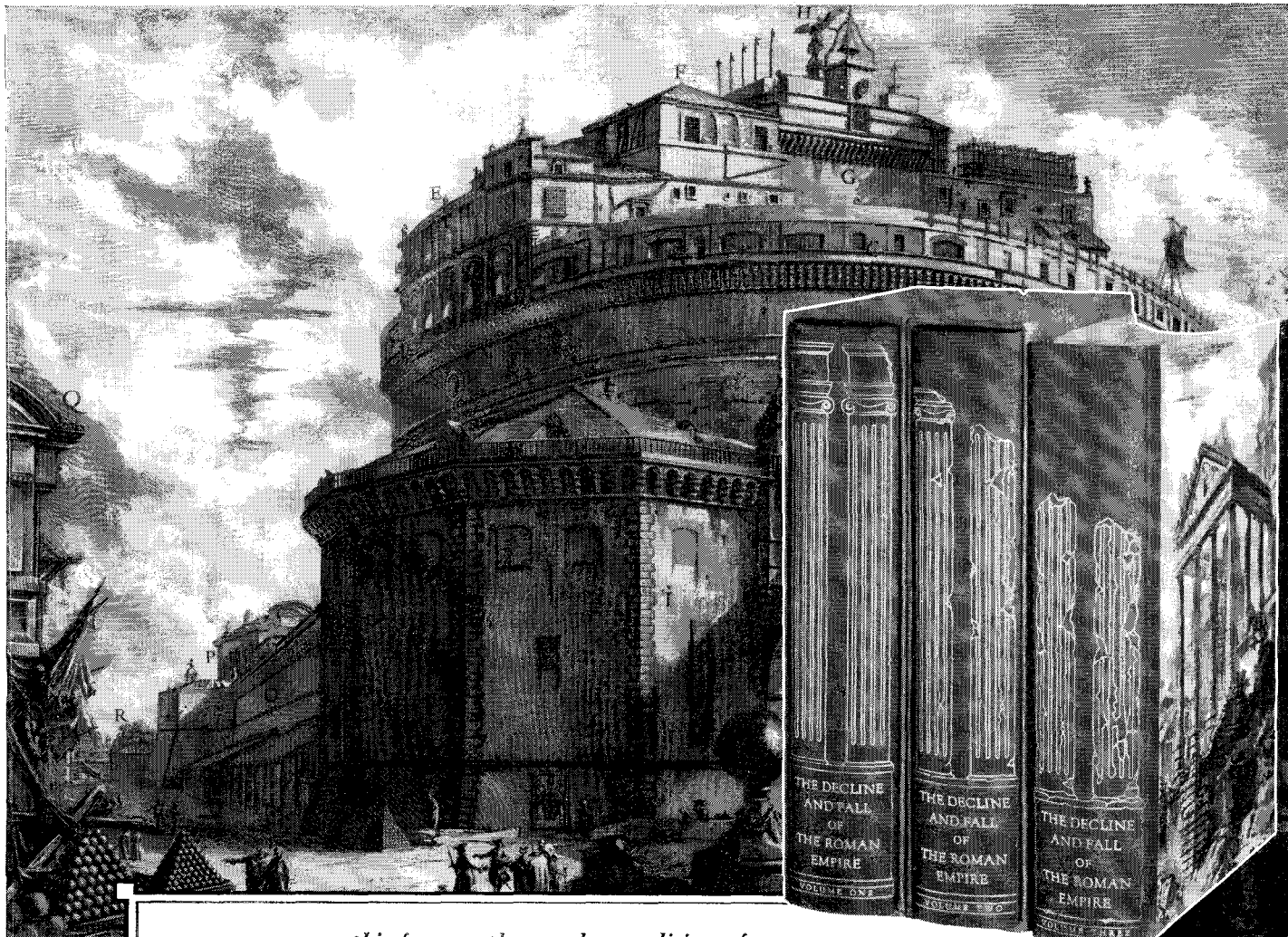
BY MARION SCHOEBERLEIN

There is an antique Sunday afternoon in his fingers.
He touches the delicate things of a dead era,
His notes become a wall, then a cathedral,
They drop like silver water into a bucket.

Even a man's coarse thoughts tinkle like stars here,
In Mozart's parlor where tiny shoes and tiny gloves
Wait to welcome us; the man at the clavichord is
Like the first singing peacock we have ever seen.

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MRS. SCHYLER'S PLOT

BY W. J. J. GORDON

W. J. J. GORDON, a lecturer in the Engineering Department of Applied Physics at Harvard, is also president of Synectics, Inc., a consulting firm concerned with augmenting the creative output of industrial research organizations. His story "The Pures," which appeared in the ATLANTIC last year, was selected for an O. Henry award.

I ALWAYS say to hell with cocktail parties, but I keep going to them. I shave and clean up, and I go to them. Of course, Cambridge parties are different lately, with everybody in Washington. The people you see now when you go out in Cambridge are embarrassed to be there. But it turns out that most of them are "going down" in a week or so, or "have been in touch with the White House," so I guess it's OK.

A couple of days ago I went to have drinks with the Prices. She's energetic, with expensive diction. She wants to be a *grande dame* when she grows up. I don't know what her husband does, but I like his style. He and I make jokes about Washington and laugh like anything. No one else thinks they're funny, so the two of us laugh louder to show everybody we don't care.

When I came into the house, Mrs. Price took me right over to where a college boy was playing bartender behind a big table with the booze laid out on it. I tried to signal Mr. Price as she herded me by him, but she was alert and doesn't think our jokes are funny, so I didn't get through to him. There was a young woman standing at the bar, and Mrs. Price introduced us.

"Dr. Fairley," she said. "I'd like to have you meet Mrs. Schyler. Mr. Schyler is in charge of the Program for Exceptional Students." Mrs. Price

wasn't too sure about what I did, but in Cambridge you have to build up everybody as big as you can if you want your party to look important.

"Dr. Fairley is one of our most — You are in metallurgy, aren't you, Dr. Fairley?" Then she spied someone coming in the door and took off.

Mrs. Schyler didn't say anything, so I got interested in my martini. Her face was gay and bright as she glanced around at the other guests. I liked her.

"What is an exceptional student, Mrs. Schyler?" I finally asked.

She kept looking around the room. I figured she was trying to pick out someone better than me to talk to — maybe even a guy who really *had been* in the White House to see the President.

"I'm essentially dependent," she said, still searching the room. "That means that I go for phonies and professionals." She turned her head to me, and she was pretty as hell. She could tell I didn't plug in to what she was talking about, so she kept talking. "I take pride in being able to tell the difference between them. I used to be good at it. But lately the difference between phonies and pros is getting so small that discrimination is tough. Maybe there's no difference, huh?"

"Can you pick a phony for me out of this crowd?" I said.

"You find them in pods, like whales," she said. "A true phony never travels alone. My research shows that the greatest of all possible phonies are self-protective. There's a secret society of phonies, and when you join, you swear an oath not to rat on another phony." She said all this in a soft, bedroom voice. She was great! I was scared someone would find us and break it up, the way they do at cocktail parties.

"Listen, Mrs. Schyler," I said. "Let's grab another drink and walk around." The student bartender filled our glasses, and I led her through a rear door. The backyard was for kids and laundry. There was one of those swing-seesaw-jungle gym combines and some bath towels hanging on a bent clothesline. I guess Mrs. Price didn't plan on her guests finding their way out here. I gave Mrs. Schyler her drink. She sat down on the low end of the seesaw, and I tangled myself up in the jungle gym. We could see into the dining room. A group of five men came in, making graceful movements with their hands as they talked. They were being very polite with each other. Only one person talked at a time, and the others listened. No one was excited.

"There's a pod of phonies right now," said Mrs. Schyler. "Thar they blow!" The group had migrated over to the window, and I knew them. One was the dean of a nearby college. Next to him was the director of personnel for an enormous defense-based industry in the Boston area. The third was Dr. Argus, some kind of psychologist who went into companies and told them how to make their people more productive by shifting around the organization. He makes a pot of dough. And there was Dr. Carver, who's always lousing around Harvard Square looking for a sure-payoff project to give a grant to. He's a spotter for one of those big foundations in New York that keep giving money to people who can prove they're going to be great artists or cure cancer or something. I thought I knew all five men, but the last one in the pod — I mean, the group — I didn't recognize.

"Who's the man way over on the right?" I asked.

"That's my husband," Mrs. Schyler said. "The director of the Program for Exceptional Students." She put one hand to her mouth as though she had a trumpet, and blew a fanfare. "*Ta-ta-ra, ta-ta-ra!*"

"Mrs. Schyler," I said. "I know those other men; they're all real professionals. You're way off."

"I told you there wasn't much difference, didn't I?" she said.

At these parties you never know when you've latched on to a nut. And I'm talking about a real nut. They are fun for a while, but finally they get to you, like kids. They grow wilder and wilder. They have to keep pushing. If Mrs. Schyler hadn't been so pretty and sexy, I would have packed my traps and sloped for Texas. As it was, I came on again with, "What is an exceptional student?"

"You've got me," she said. "And you've got Mr. Schyler too. I bet that's what they're talking about." She pointed to the men in the window. "You sneak up on them and catch some of the professional-phony talk. I'll steal us another drink. OK?" The shins of her bare legs gleamed as she swung them off the seesaw. She took the empty glass from my hand, grabbing before I could let go. Her fingers got mixed up with mine, and we made a little game of it.

"Be on the lookout for their secret passwords," she told me, as though I were a child going on a dangerous errand. "They don't have special meetings or anything. They're too smart for that. Also, they're too smart to make up fancy passwords. Listen for words like 'feasible.' 'Relationship' is another." She started off and came back. "And 'correlation,' don't miss 'correlation.' There are more, but those words will give them away, and their nasty plot too."

BY THE time Mrs. Schyler made the rear door, I was in position, crouched under the open window. I didn't know the men well enough to distinguish one voice from another, but the dialogue went like this:

FIRST PRO-PHONY: I can tell you, gentlemen, the foundation is prepared to fund any promising program for identification of exceptional students.

SECOND PRO-PHONY: We just did a feasibility study on the interrelationship of those excellent data your people collected.

A body sneaked up close to me. I could smell Mrs. Schyler's perfume. Every once in a while you run across a bimbo who'll get you in trouble. She'll crap around and giggle and yuk it up, and the next thing you know some big bastard asks you what the hell you think you're doing with his wife.

"There they go with 'feasibility,'" she said. "They're off and running."

THIRD PRO-PHONY: Didn't someone query the validity of those statistics of the selection process?

Mrs. Schyler pulled my ear down to her mouth. I thought she was going to kiss me. "I

told you this would be fun," she said, instead of kissing me. "'Validity' is part of the plot too. This is wonderful — maybe they'll use all of them today. You've got beginner's luck."

FOURTH PRO-PHONY: I myself wondered if any constants would show up — on a probability basis, you understand, nothing absolute.

FIFTH PRO-PHONY: When you're working with a small sample, any correlation factor is always questionable. We had limited funds, of course.

Mrs. Schyler got another grip on my ear. This time I knew it wasn't going to be kisses. "They were sparring a while there," she said into my ear. "Each wanted to be sure the others were in on the plot. But 'correlation factor' did it. Now watch the balloon go up!" She released my ear. She'd given it a couple of good yanks, and it hurt.

FOURTH PRO-PHONY: Don't misunderstand me. I was most impressed. It's just that even in a preliminary feasibility study, early data should begin to show —

"Psssst," said Mrs. Schyler. I put my ear down by her mouth before she had a chance to grab it. "See, I told you they never rat on each other. It would give away the whole plot."

THIRD PRO-PHONY: If the foundation saw fit to offer a sizable grant, I think all of us here now could combine on a definitive program — large samples — really set up an office — get together a hard-hitting research team and —

I heard a rustle. Mrs. Schyler was creeping away. I followed her back to the seesaw. She sat down again on the low side.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"The rest is time and place for the payoff," she said. "To hell with that! What's important is fingering the people. We did that, didn't we?"

"What were they talking about?" I asked.

"Who knows?" Mrs. Schyler said. "I've done my job. I've got them fingered. I always thought my husband was in on it, but I wasn't positive until today." She looked a little sad. "I married him to find all the secrets, but it's good enough to finger the people. It's dangerous work, you know."

"Would it be too much to ask of you," I said, "to tell me what the plot is all about?"

"If you give me a cigarette," she said, "I'll run away with you to your fishing camp in Canada and we'll sit in the sun and make flapjacks and build a rocket and get to the moon before the Russians — in spite of the plot."

I lit a cigarette and gave it to her. "I don't own a camp," I said. There was a snappy comeback. Here she was, full of bezazz, and me with nothing.

"You better build one, fast," she said. "My

offer only lasts as long as this smoke." She was skinny, with those long shiny legs I talked about before. She didn't give a damn, and she wasn't faking. But I didn't know whether she was even aware of me. She was too abstract. Boy! Could I get into a hell of a lot of trouble here!

"OK," I said. "I'll build that camp. What'll we do when we get there?" Not a whale of a remark. Not a showstopper. But better than "I don't own a camp." *Nicht?*

"After we unpack, I'll tell you about the plot," she said. "You'll lay your head on my breast, and I'll rock you to and fro and sing a song of sibling rivalry. What the hell does that mean? It's fun to say — sing a song of sibling rivalry."

Now I began to plug in. This bimbo was smart; I mean she was clever, brilliant. She didn't know how to use her cleverness, so it came out this way. A minute ago I was contemplating hanky-panky. Now I felt sorry for her.

"Your cigarette is going out," I told her.

"I don't think you like me," she said. "You haven't even started on our dream house. Do you want details of what we'll do?" You've got to get this straight. She was not being coquettish, just factually sexy.

"Sure."

"Well, when we're all alone in the camp by the lake with the moon and the bugs and a mandolin and an Eskimo Pie and you in my arms — when that's all set up, I'll give you the whole poop, from the inside. It'll be a scoop, and you'll be Clark Gable and beat me to the phone with the front-page story, and I'll be Katharine Hepburn in my angry slacks. How's that? Worth hurrying up with your camp construction?"

I gave her another cigarette to smoke. "I need the extra time," I said.

"Of course you do, you poor boy. I don't see how you can stand it, working out there on the levee in the hot sun. Come inside, honey, and let mammy fix you some side meat and a julep and we'll celebrate Bastille Day. Just the two of us." She was really flying now. "We'll waltz the evening away, and the orchestra will play our song, 'A Song of Sibling Rivalry.' Now, you gonna build that camp, you shifless ole no-account? You banjo-playing wife beater! Tell you what we'll do. Throw your banjo in the canoe, and I'll drag my fingers along in the water. You got any barracuda in these waters?"

"Nobody ever been bitten hereabouts, ma'am," I said. It didn't come off, I knew it wouldn't. I just wanted her to know I was with her. I eased myself onto the upper end of the seesaw.

"Now I'm going to tell you the whole plot," she said, and sprang up. I crashed down the moment she took her weight off the other end of the plank.

My drink spilled all over me. "My God!" she said. "What have I done? Why is it that everything I touch I smash?" She rushed over and kissed me and kissed me while I was down in the sand. "Oh, *chéri*! I didn't know it was loaded. What will I tell the children?"

I had a time getting up, I want to tell you. She was skinny, but she was tough and strong. She had me pinned there for a while, kissing me like anything. Finally I made it to my feet.

"What's the matter with you, anyway, Mrs. Schyler?" I said. "I better get your husband."

"You're chicken," she said. "All that big talk about your camp in Canada! I bet you haven't got a camp in Canada!"

"I told you I didn't," I said.

"Then start building one," she said. "May I have a cigarette?" I gave her one and lit it. "If your camp isn't finished by the time I'm through with this cigarette, you're going to have to go up to that camp of yours alone. And I can tell you, it gets pretty lonely in the woods with the loons and all."

"Let's go back inside," I said.

"Awww," she said. "You don't believe I'll tell you about the plot. It's simple, but let's get another drink."

I was all for that, because maybe I could grab Mr. Schyler. We went back in to the bar and ordered. Mrs. Schyler pushed her arm through

mine. The bartender ran out of ice, and we had to wait. I heard Mrs. Price's voice a couple of people away.

"Mr. Schyler," she was saying, "I think your Program for Exceptional Students is just wonderful." I didn't look around, and Mrs. Schyler's arm went tight around mine.

"It must be marvelous," Mrs. Price went on, "to know that you're *really* accomplishing something." I began to figure out how to dump Mrs. Schyler back on her husband.

"I am a lucky man," I heard Mr. Schyler say. "It is a privilege to be involved with these exceptional students." Mrs. Schyler was listening. "But it's quite a problem to establish a climate, a social network by which to integrate these creative boys into the harmonics of collegiate life. You see, their very symbols —"

"Isn't he beautiful?" Mrs. Schyler pulled down my ear and hissed into it. "What an efficient saint! Four in one: 'climate,' 'social network,' 'harmonics,' and 'symbols.' He's a lovely pasteurized saint!"

I got the feeling she was about to take off again. I started to inch my way through the ring toward Mr. Schyler. She grabbed me by the ear and led me back out the rear door.

"And if I ever catch you looking at another woman," she said, "I'll nail you like a bat to a barn wall."

CONDOTTIERE

BY ALEXANDER LAING

His bulging codpiece, with its gypsum bows
five hundred years hard-knotted (what a pity!)
is soft in twilight, if a trifle gritty,
like the braided muscles in their stony hose.
Somewhat by giving, more by dodging, blows
he lived. His adequate sonnets lured the pretty,
practical ladies of each taken city
before time chipped his arrogant Tuscan nose.

Diminished now, in evening's shadowy farewell,
he hints at nothing of the last disaster.
Stone's firmer stuff than ulcered meat to wear well.
Oh, he was brisk, but the Black Death pricked faster.
Half a millennium now, beneath this stairwell,
he's stretched a tryst in pitted alabaster.



SHAPED IN THE WILDERNESS: THE AMERICANS

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

Along with their few belongings, the American colonists brought with them European traditions which they believed would shape their new society. But their life at the edge of the wilderness proved to be very different from their plans: the power of the church dwindled; labor was in short supply, and the Indians would not help; and they were compelled to take a course independent of their benefactors in London. This new society, republican in nature, is described in these chapters drawn from OSCAR HANDLIN's big history of the American people. Professor of history at Harvard and Pulitzer Prize winner, Dr. Handlin has been at work on this new volume for a decade.



OUT to the limitless distance ran the ocean. From its near edge, the generations of Europeans had watched the turbulent waters recede into the unknown space, within which imagination crowded all the fantastic beings of fable. Here began the end of the world; the mariners hugged the margins of the continent, fearful as in Odysseus' day of losing sight of the familiar universe of rising cliffs and jutting promontories that was their home.

For the mass of men in 1600, the ocean still held the terrors of the past. That a succession of adventurers had reached the outer shores of these uncharted wastes did not in the least allay the fears of the earthbound. Nothing in the chronicles or in the tales that passed by word of mouth gave a friendlier aspect to the waters of the Atlantic.

Yet soon, in their scores, in their hundreds and thousands, and later in their millions, the earthbound men and women of Europe passed across the unfriendly sea. In their coming they created a nation.

Tiny vessels, sixty to two hundred tons in the main, bore the voyagers westward. Riding at anchor in the sheltered bays of the homeland, the ships seemed substantial enough. Their sturdy timber and looming masts, their cabins that rose like castles several stories high in the stern, were

impressive in comparison with the harbor craft that flitted about them. At sea, it would be another matter. All became precarious as the isolated specks, buffeted by the elements, beat their way into the unknown immensity before them; and the men below huddled fearfully in the cramped space that set their condition of life.

The Pilgrims who came to Plymouth in 1620 were an unusual group, mostly freemen who paid their own way, with only a few servants among them. Their journey was as comfortable as any could be in the seventeenth century. Two ships carried the company, the *Speedwell*, of sixty tons, and the *Mayflower*, of a hundred and eighty. Into the *Mayflower*, ninety feet long and twenty-four feet wide at its widest point on deck, were crowded twenty-five seamen and a hundred and two passengers, together with swine, poultry, goats, and the other supplies adequate for three months at sea, and also the equipment needed to build the plantation. These were their narrow quarters for sixty-seven days while fierce storms and contrary winds sadly shook them and persistent leaks in the upper works exposed the frailty of their protection from the elements.

The Pilgrims were comparatively fortunate. Indentured servants, transported convicts, captive Irish and Negroes fared much worse. Jammed

together to economize on space and fed no more than was necessary to keep them alive, such people could find no relief even in the sight of land; forebodings of the difficulties of an uncertain future heightened their anxiety as they pushed out of mind the homes they had forever left behind. For them, more than for other men, the crossing was an impassable barrier in the way of ever going back. Henceforward they would make their lives between the ocean and the wilderness.

AT THE start, all the colonizing enterprises were tentative. The little troops landed at the edge of the dark forest, the ships withdrew beyond the eastern horizon. Now was the time for survival. All that existed at home as a heritage from previous generations had to be built afresh here, and swiftly, to avert disaster. The people of Charlestown, on Massachusetts Bay, in 1630 took shelter in empty casks before the first rude huts went up. In Jamestown the palisade and magazine for stores took precedence over individual convenience. Only when their toes were firmly dug in could the settlers begin to create the basis for a permanent society, to establish dependable means of earning a livelihood and clear an orderly way of life in the wilderness.

Sooner or later, the first arrivals at each plantation discovered a grave miscalculation in the schemes that had drawn them to America. The hopeful promoters had planned companies to operate like those in other parts of the world. Small groups of traders and fighters and their servants would establish fortified posts, deal with native intermediaries, and carry off precious local products for the greater profit of the investors. That had been the pattern in the East Indies, Muscovy, and Turkey, and also in the Spanish and Portuguese territories of the New World.

But north of Florida the Europeans found few natives and only meager resources to exploit. There was no settled population with which to trade or which to set to work. The country was inhabited by scattered Indian tribes able to vanish swiftly into the wilderness. The simple indigenous economy produced few articles of value to the newcomers, and the red men fled into the forests at the first efforts to press them to labor.

These settlements could sustain themselves only by producing their own food and also those valuable commodities that found ready sale in all European markets. To turn out the grain, tobacco, fur, and fish that would earn the means of keeping the colonies going called for thousands of hands ready to do menial work. Recruitment of an adequate supply of such manpower was the

dominant concern of each colony in its earliest decades. Every boatload of freemen and servants was eagerly welcomed for the strength it added and the assurances of permanence it gave. Yet as soon as the population grew and spread away from the first landing places, the original company forms of control became inadequate. The colonists then had to set themselves to the task of creating a society which they did not wish to be different from that which they had left, but which steadily became so under the pressure of novel conditions of life.

They had in mind the homeland scheme of society, where trade occupied the towns and agriculture the countryside and each man had his place in one or the other. Every newcomer could summon up the picture of a community he knew, where ancient institutions regulated his relationships to work, to other men, and to God. Embedded in the village or the guild were tested habits and the capacity for communal decision adequate to cope with all the problems of daily life. Those who departed hoped to re-create in the New World the whole communities they had known in the Old, only purified of their imperfections. They did not succeed; the wilderness proved uncongenial to such concepts of order. In time, the colonies thrived. But their trade was not that of the established guilds and companies. Their agriculture departed from the patterns familiar to European peasants for centuries. Their people did not sort themselves out into the accepted classes set off from one another by wealth, skill, and privilege. Even the towns and villages never acquired the appearance of those of home. The changes intruded into the most intimate human relations and distorted the character of the church and the family. Society here had to contrive new ways of enabling men to live and work with their neighbors.

The planters were not content merely to sustain themselves in isolation; they wished to preserve a connection with Europe, and the origin of the settlements in commercial companies made trade their pre-eminent concern. The newcomers were no sooner established than they devoted all their energies to commerce; and the centers through which overseas trade passed became the first cities of American civilization.

The export of commodities which had value in the marketplaces of Europe was long the basis of commerce. Puritan vessels, coasting down to Newfoundland, brought the cod ashore to be cured and packed and then sent abroad. Furs gathered in the interior passed through the warehouses of Plymouth and New Amsterdam. In the Chesapeake colonies, tobacco was the staple, and from the Connecticut and the Hudson valleys

went the flour and biscuits that made up the bread trade. The ships that bore these commodities headed mostly for Europe, where the colonists had business and family connections. But the settlers learned also to look to the West Indies for a trade; their closeness to the sugar islands swelled the volume of their commerce and sustained the life of their towns.

Unsettled international conditions encouraged these early starts at overseas trade. In the first half of the seventeenth century, the intruding English and Dutch merchants were still primarily attracted by the prospect of breaking into the closed business of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies. They then acquired the habit of and facility for disregarding inconvenient laws. By mid-century, however, conflicting interests arrayed England and the Netherlands as the chief rivals for commercial supremacy. Open war between the two powers in 1652 gave the merchants of New England and New Netherland an opportunity to expand their trade while the mother countries fought one another. By 1680, Boston and New York (by then in English possession) were substantial commercial cities.

These communities were not altogether like the urban places of Europe. In 1673 Boston, the largest of them, boasted a population of five or six thousand. As returning mariners moved up the bay they glimpsed the masts of the ships clustered in the harbor, the steeples of the three churches, and a few windmills. By the time the anchor dropped this side of the seawall or Old Wharf, they made out the Gothic houses huddled together toward the North End. But when they looked up King Street beyond the Town House they also saw the ample fields rising toward Beacon Hill and the Common, where cattle still peaceably grazed.

The cities were not as yet wholly detached from the countryside. Laid out at first as fortified garrison posts, they subtly mingled in their development the urban features of the medieval town and the rural aspects of the village. Still dependent on their own resources to feed and sustain themselves, they nevertheless continued to trade overseas.

THE merchants whose hands held the lines of commerce were the most important residents. But the raw setting did not allow them simply to do business as in Amsterdam or London. They succeeded only when they accommodated themselves to the wilderness.

David Pietersen de Vries was forty-six years old and already rich in experience and in capital when he arrived in New Netherland in 1639.

As owner-skipper he had taken his ships whaling off Greenland and fishing off Newfoundland. He had bought furs in Canada and spices in the East Indies and alternately bartered with and fought the corsairs of the Mediterranean. Now he dreamed of a grand plantation on Staten Island, whence he could tap the trade that moved through the great harbor. But the dream faded. The men he contracted for in Holland did not come; he had trouble with the English on a venture to the Connecticut River; and in his absence the Raritan Indians swooped down to destroy what he had built. He retired to the calm of rustic life on his Manhattan farm.

Other merchants came to terms with the wilderness. William Pynchon of Springfield had settled in the Bay Colony in 1630 at the age of forty, bringing with him the substantial capital left by the proceeds of his estate in Essex. He had quickly perceived the advantages of a site on the Connecticut River and built his storehouse opposite the Indian village of Agawam. From the surrounding countryside, the red men and, later, white farmers brought him furs, beef, pork, and corn to be shipped down the river, the provisions by way of Hartford to the West Indies, the pelts by way of Boston to London. Back from his correspondents abroad came sugar, molasses, rum, textiles, and manufactured goods. This was entirely trade on the book; no money changed hands as Pynchon kept account of the barter transactions. Naturally, the squire was the dominant figure in the community, a magistrate and a dignitary of the church. His neatly clothed figure, from which shrewd, calculating eyes surveyed his world, commanded respect and disposed of power.

His counterpart to the south was William Claiborne, the second son of the lord of a manor in Westmoreland. Claiborne was in his mid-thirties when he came to Virginia in 1621. A strong man who affected the long flowing hair, the pointed mustache and beard of the courtiers of his time, he built himself a little trading empire on Kent Island in the Chesapeake. Allied with Cloberry & Company of London, he played off Virginians against Marylanders, the parliamentary against the crown parties, settlers against Indians to keep the flow of goods moving. Such men early rebelled against traditional restrictions on enterprise, whether they came from the company, the church, or the colonial government. European connections remained important for the access to market and the capital they provided. But the successful merchant knew that his prosperity depended upon the ability to adapt quickly and freely to the conditions about him.

The tiny groups of officials, ministers, doctors, and lawyers who found their way across the ocean

were also unsettled by the new environment. With few exceptions, the men who came to take these posts were those who had no places at home — the failures, the dissidents, the lowborn. Mostly eager to make their fortunes, they were inclined to ally themselves with the dominant merchants. In this situation, professional men could not simply adhere to European standards. No recognized authority effectively regulated their behavior or practice, and they were constantly called on to improvise the means of exercising their skills in the absence of the familiar institutions and tools of home. They had to make do without bishops or libraries, without Inns of Court or surgical instruments, without any of the symbols or artifacts that attested to their competence in the Old World.

In that respect, their problem was analogous to that of a humbler stratum of urban society. Artisans played an essential role in mercantile towns. Coopers and ropemakers and sailmakers fitted out the ships and prepared their cargo; carpenters, tailors, and bakers supplied shelter, clothing, and food. These men, too, had to transfer specialized techniques of making and doing to a new environment. Their number grew steadily — sober, skilled heads of households whose crafts were at a premium in a new society and who therefore earned substantial rewards. No guild rules and few legal restraints hampered them here in the quest for their own advantage in their own ways.

Below these solid folk was a shifting mass of servants working out their terms, and sailors between ships. Hands were scarce, and control was difficult in communities from which escape was easy; and it was no simple matter to keep in their places people tempted by avenues of easy escape.

COMMERCE also unsettled American agriculture and shaped it into forms that diverged from Old World antecedents. The desire to develop money crops that could be exported as staples influenced the whole character of settlement. Already, from the ship's deck the newcomers could perceive the abundant stands of timber. The forests of Western Europe had long since been destroyed. Yet wood, drawn at considerable expense from the Baltic, remained essential to the European economy. Tall masts and stout planks, tar and turpentine built ships for war and commerce. Trees supplied the fuel for domestic heating and for the iron, copper, and glass industries. Potash and dyes for the wool manufacturers, shingles and barrel staves were among the other valuable products to be drawn from the forest. In the New World

all were abundant. Many a husbandman who went out to plow and reap was tempted instead to hack away at the pine and oak already raised for him and to move on as the line of timber receded rather than attend to the business of farming. The rural population spread thin in the process.

Tobacco had much the same effect. It, too, was in high demand. But it quickly exhausted the soil, particularly since the only implements, the spade and the hoe, permitted the farmers merely to scratch away at the surface. The tobacco growers therefore preferred not to use scarce labor on plots that had been worked over for four or five years, but to shift to the abundant virgin land. British policy after 1660 encouraged the trend. The Navigation Acts protected the market for American tobacco, but also taxed it heavily and put a premium on the best grades, which could more readily be raised on fresh soil.

Only a few treated agriculture simply as a means of subsistence. As they became familiar with the forest, the settlers supplemented their diet by fishing and hunting. But they did not lose sight of the goals of commercial agriculture; they devoted their energies primarily to production for overseas markets that would yield returns for expansion, and some of them were drawn directly into trade to add to their incomes.

The efforts to create staples for export, the premium on production for the market, and the dispersal of population fashioned a distinctive system of landholding in the colonies. In most parts of Europe, the peasants still lived together in villages and walked out each day to labor in the fields. Often their plots were scattered, an acre here, an acre there, in complex fragments that were the products of generations of subdivision, inheritance, and marriage. And most holdings, whether for a fixed or indefinite term, were conditional — that is, subject to continuing obligations to the crown or to intermediary landlords. By the 1670s the colonies had developed quite different patterns. In the New World, the characteristic farm was a single unified piece of land on which the farmer lived apart from his neighbors and which he owned outright as a freehold, subject only to general taxes.

The first projectors of the colonies had not expected this development and had long sought to establish older feudal forms. The Virginia, Plymouth, and New Netherland companies and the proprietors of Maryland and Carolina attempted in vain to retain a grasp on the land. Ultimately, each yielded in the face of evidence that settlers would come only in response to the lure of the freehold.

In some places, there remained an obligation to pay a nominal annual fee to the proprietor

or the crown. Later, in the eighteenth century, the Americans would regard that quitrent as an intolerable burden, having forgotten that it was a relic of their liberation from all the charges that still encumbered land held in Europe, but which could not be transferred to a new society.

This was the striking difference between the development of the mainland colonies and of the West Indies. The latter were islands, the amounts of land limited. What there was of it was quickly allocated among a few large landholders. Incapable of attracting voluntary settlers by the offer of small freeholds, the island planters depended increasingly on involuntary servants who worked on larger and larger plantations. They never developed the substantial group of independent farmers that occupied the coast between Maine and Carolina.

THE settlers therefore discovered that they could not simply carry to their new homes the orderly structure of society they had known in Europe. It was all very well to respect differences in rank, to distinguish among the gentry, the great merchants, the yeomen, the traders, the artisans, and the servants. The law could dictate what clothing each class should wear and determine who should be addressed as "sir," "mister," "goodman," and who without title. But such distinctions early lost their importance, despite all efforts to preserve them. Shifts in status came quickly and easily, and mobility emptied the formal rankings of significance.

The law, for instance, could fix the regulations of servitude — length of term, conditions of labor, and rewards in cash, land, or clothing. But masters had to be increasingly liberal in these matters if they wished to attract the laborers who alone could add value to empty lands. The aggrieved hands could run off into the forest or to another settlement; and harsh treatment lowered the reputation of a colony and made difficult the recruitment of newcomers (except in the case of the Negroes, who had no choice about their coming and remained depressed while others rose). Relatively favorable terms of employment enabled many bondsmen to improve their lot quickly; like Michiel Jansen, who began as a farm servant in Rensselaerswyck, they made their fortunes in a few years. Such alterations in status were common in a society where position was less often inherited than acquired.

Mobility of this sort raised a question it had not been necessary to answer in Europe, where differences in rank were in large part hereditary and were marked by visible distinctions in speech,

clothing, and style of life. The people of the Old World had long since learned that every man had a place or station to which he was assigned by God and which had its own peculiar rights and obligations. The servant and master were what they were not through any particular merit or blame of their own, but as a result of forces and decisions they could not control. Each could strive only to play his own role to the best of his ability.

American experience required a subtler explanation. The settlers had to account both for the stratifications in their society and for the ability to move from one level to another. Men were not born, but rose or descended, to their ranks. That one met with fortune and another with disaster could not have been fortuitous; merit and deficiency had to be part of a larger design. He whose holdings grew larger and purse longer manifestly enjoyed God's favor as his neighbor visited by misfortune did not. It was tempting under these conditions to fit rise and fall into a Calvinist scheme, to divide human society into the saved and the damned, the saints and the sinners, the prosperous and the poor.

In the Puritan areas where Calvinism was strongest, there was a tendency to identify divine election with rank and to regard the acquisition of wealth as a sign of divine justification. Acceptance of that logic strengthened existing leadership, fortified social discipline, and helped protect the community against untoward change.

Elsewhere differences in rank were not so readily explained, and the disparity in conditions created uncomfortable tensions. The people of Virginia and Maryland learned quickly to question the authority of the would-be gentry. Men who had sustained themselves by their own efforts, who made their own estates and lived by themselves were not likely to be passive or acquiescent. Now and again they burst into turbulent disorder and in 1676 rose up under Nathaniel Bacon to defy the governor in his mansion. Such a rebellion was as yet unthinkable in New England.

The social order the colonists created would not therefore simply be copied from that of the Old World. They had to hold together and act together, be a civil society; this the Puritans knew from the start and the others learned in the struggle to survive. They needed no abstract theory to tell them that only by covenanting with one another toward common goals could they provide for God's worship, regulate family life, and establish the means of governing themselves. Experience taught them that unless they did so they would sink to the level of the beasts of the wilderness. But the institutions they devised for those purposes were not precisely those of Europe.

The seventeenth-century settlers shared a com-

mon religious background, but marked divergences appeared among them as they established their churches in the wilderness. The people of New England followed a course unlike that of their neighbors to the south.

The initial difference stemmed from the presence in Massachusetts and Connecticut of a small but influential body of religious leaders who had no counterpart elsewhere. The learned clergy and devout laymen who participated in the Puritan migration were a unique, leavening element, drawn from a higher level of society than the rest of the population and animated with zeal. Although a minority, they commanded not only power but also esteem and respect, and they were long able to impose their conceptions of order and discipline upon the churches they founded.

The first Puritans had no intention of cutting themselves off from the Church of England; they were no separatists, such as were to be found in Plymouth. But they carried with them the belief that the Church was the product of a covenant among its members, and that quickly brought them to Congregationalism. In practice, the members were a small, self-selected group, convinced of each other's piety, who chose the minister, regulated worship, and governed the whole congregation. The tendency to identify spiritual election to the body of saints with material evidences of divine favor put such membership within easy reach of people of wealth and rank, yet often excluded the common mass, who had to attend services and listen to the sermon but who lacked any voice in decisions. The same influential personages, therefore, exercised religious as well as political and economic power, a fact which elicited the obedience of the rest of the community. Moreover, the town was a setting that encouraged a tight religious order. So long as all lived and worked together, there was no room for secret transgression, dissent, or open rebellion.

The planters of Virginia were no less religious than those of Massachusetts. But their settlements lacked the organizational strength of the New England town, and without the religious commitment to Calvinism, they could not develop such local roots as the Congregationalists did. Their churches were therefore weak and unstable, despite the fact that they were established by law and had the support of government.

In theory, Virginia was under the charge of the Bishop of London, as all the English colonies were held to be until the American Revolution. But that cleric before 1670 was not overly concerned with the fate of the remote outposts of his immense diocese, and without rigorous episcopal supervision, the church fell into disorder. It proved difficult to recruit a reputable clergy.

Given the opportunities for comfortable livings in the Established Church at home, it was not likely that any but the failures and the disgraced would choose to come to the colonies. Undistinguished by either piety or learning, such men acquired the lax manners of those among whom they resided in the dispersed settlements. The result was a breakdown of the habit of worship and widespread apathy toward the obligations of faith. Religion could not serve as an instrument of social discipline as it did in New England. Personal misbehavior could only be dealt with by the government. A certain David Spiller, who in 1653 was repeatedly brought to court for excessive drinking, name-calling, slander, and immorality, in Massachusetts would certainly have been curbed by the religious authorities. In Virginia he could only be controlled by force; usually such types were not controlled at all.

The Virginia situation tended to become the norm everywhere south of the Hudson. The few Roman Catholic priests in Maryland and the few Calvinist ministers in New Netherland could not hold together patterns of religious life shaken by migration. The failure to do so outside New England profoundly influenced all social relationships. What, in the wilderness, would induce men to obey without fear of divine retribution?

NEITHER habit nor the inner discipline of the family could be counted on here to hold men to conventional ways. However appearances remained unchanged, beneath the surface the alchemy of the wilderness transformed traditional modes of behavior.

The seventeenth-century colonist often imagined himself a biblical patriarch; again and again, in sermons, the family life described in the scriptures was held up as a model for emulation. He was hardly aware that the institution evolving in America was different not only from that of ancient Palestine, but also from that of contemporary England. And the alterations weakened its capacity for controlling men's conduct.

In Europe the family had been a functioning economic unit in which were joined husband, wife, children, and also relatives and servants who participated in the work of the household. On the land or in the workshop, each person had duties defined by age and status, and each was subject to the authority of the master, who was responsible for the welfare of all. The community of which it was a part assumed general oversight of the family; its sanctions assured respect for the mutual rights and obligations of the members. The disapproval of neighbors, the reproof of the church,

and the punishment of the state hung above those who failed to comply with the accepted code.

In Virginia and Maryland the dispersal of settlement destroyed the possibility of close supervision of personal life. Each family was isolated on its own farm, remote from any neighbor and dependent upon its own resources. Yet it was a strain to see only the same faces day after day in the strange environment. In the lingering tensions, quarrels erupted; children and servants were disobedient, and husband and wife abused one another. As a result, gaps appeared in the network of intimate relationships that organized household life. The sermons of troubled ministers revealed the concern with the consequences. But rarely was there an authority to step in to establish an order of what was right and what was wrong.

Such an order was more necessary here than in settled societies. Concentration upon the staple eliminated the diversification of the old household economy. Between the tobacco field and the wilderness there was nothing — rarely a yard or garden to occupy the women and children at traditional tasks. The only alternative to idleness was man's work; and the wife or son who labored by the side of a husband or father ceased to accept authority as a matter of course. Boys no sooner emerged from adolescence than they insisted on being off to fend for themselves, and the abundance of land permitted them easily to break away.

Often then the husband and wife were left alone and the family ceased to be what it had seemed to be in Europe — a durable institution reaching back across many generations and extending widely through many relationships in the society. Instead, it was an arrangement that held together the conjugal pair and, temporarily, their dependent children.

Marriage lost its religious significance. In the South, where the clergy were few and far between, the traditional rites became a burdensome formality readily dispensed with. In New England, the Calvinist rejection of the sacrament of marriage had the same result. But common to the general secularization was an altered view of what the ceremony meant. Marriage was not the solemnization, in a manner ordained by God, of a relationship that would perpetuate the family as a pillar of society. It was an arrangement effected through a civil contract before a magistrate, or simply by a voluntary agreement, in which two individuals undertook to work together for the satisfaction of their own needs.

That transformation, slower in New England than elsewhere, but everywhere apparent by the 1670s, was symptomatic of a much broader change in the whole society. The colonists were not able

to bring intact with them the corporate order of family and church within the community that had governed their lives in Europe. If men were to live by rules and not as brutes in the wilderness, other means of control would have to be made effective.

ORDER was the immediate and continuing need of the colonists at the edge of the wilderness. Remote from traditional sources of control, the anxious men and women who struggled for survival quickly learned that they would fend off the dangers from the enemies of the forest and from among themselves only if they could labor together in some organized way. Yet the soil of the New World proved inhospitable to the inherited European community that they wished to bring with them across the ocean. Neither church nor family nor any other institution survived the crossing intact. If the venturers in these hazardous enterprises were to cooperate, it would have to be according to fresh rules compatible with the strange conditions, and all too often force was required to make the rules binding.

But the Europeans who became Americans were, by habit and training, hostile to the naked use of violence. The experience of a thousand years had taught them to distinguish between the compulsion cloaked in legitimacy and that which was simply the oppressive exercise of power by one man over another. And precisely because all else in the new universe they explored was uncertain and unfamiliar, they wished to preserve the clarity of the line between brute force and the restraint of law. Otherwise they would find themselves one man set against another, all helpless and without order.

Seventeenth-century Europeans understood that violence was tolerable and even desirable when those subject to it accepted it of their own will, as a means of attaining a goal they could not individually pursue. Men banded together because they could not live alone. In doing so, they agreed to accept the government of the ruler placed over them in order to further their common interests. They thereby formed a body politic within which were lodged the legitimate instruments of coercion. It was so that the passengers of the *Mayflower* had acted when they covenanted to combine themselves into a civil body politic that could frame just and equal laws to which they could promise all due submission.

The chartered company was one such body politic, and those who voluntarily joined it accepted its governance. But it derived its authority from the sovereign only for a specific purpose, set forth in the document that brought it into being

It controlled so much of the lives of its members as was relevant to that purpose and no more. In the wilderness, however, these commercial enterprises became civil societies and were expected to maintain order in all men's relations with one another. The new role transformed transplanted institutions. The governor discovered that, despite his commission, he was not all-powerful but had to secure the collaboration of those who could give effect to his orders. Rules promulgated in Europe proved less binding than those adopted locally. Diverse groups tried to use the polity in their own interest, and the participants became aware that all were concerned with establishing the regularity of law and the security of privileges. By 1680 the metamorphosis was almost complete; the companies had turned into the political instruments of functioning civil societies.

The process modified the traditional European conception of political power. In the Old World, the monarch stood at the pinnacle of the body politic. His anointment in a religious ceremony lent a sacred quality to the mutual obligations of sovereign and subject. To him all owed obedience. From him all authority emanated; standing at the head of the hierarchy of power, he issued all commissions and gave validity to every action at law.

No one among the immigrants to America questioned the supreme position of the King at the head of the state. The problem was to give it meaning in a remote place under conditions radically different from those of Europe. The character of the people who became colonists and their distance from the source of authority decisively conditioned the way in which the institutions of government passed across the ocean.

THE settlers were not a complete cross section of the population of the lands from which they came. Among them were almost no men who had had any experience with the upper levels of political administration. The mass had had no contact with power except as subjects; in a vague way they were conscious of the links between neighborhood officials and Westminster, but they had no way of knowing how the mechanism actually functioned. Some of the gentry among the migrants had held local office and knew something about the practice of borough or manor courts. But none was familiar with the operations of Parliament or of the King's councils, and none was learned in the law.

As a result, the colonists were often compelled to improvise, not out of any love of novelty, but out of misunderstanding or ignorance. Lacking

a secure grasp of proper procedures, they were driven to act in accord with their own approximations of what seemed right under their own circumstances. That opened the way to significant, though often unperceived, deviations from what had been usual at home.

The sheer distance of the colonies in America from the capitals in Europe had somewhat the same result in impeding the simple transfer of political institutions across the ocean. The slowness of communications left an imposing gap between every order and its fulfillment. A command issued in London in March was not likely to reach Virginia until June, and news of whether it had been accepted would not come back until September. If there was any uncertainty or disinclination to obey in the colony, correspondence on the matter could prolong itself a year or more. Under these conditions, large measures of local discretion were unavoidable, and the intentions of the rulers only incompletely became the realities of the New World.

The governors sent out by the crown were men of power. They commanded respect not only because they were often gentlemen of quality, not only because they stood at the head of colonial society, but also because they represented the King's majesty. In the rude clearings, where all others sank to the level of the savage surroundings, the governors still embodied what was royal and sacred in the Old World. Helmeted and armored, they were force in its traditional guise.

In 1642 and 1643 three such men came to the New World. Sir William Berkeley was thirty-six years old, scion of an influential family, a graduate of Oxford who had already made his mark as a courtier and a playwright. From his impressive brick mansion in Jamestown he was to rule Virginia in its most critical decades. Johan Printz was almost fifty, a veteran of the 'Thirty Years' War; a nobleman by birth, he had been a student at the University of Rostock when he drifted into a fighting career, and had served one German princeling after another until he arrived to command the settlement at New Sweden on the Delaware River. Later he was to die of a fall from a horse. But he was now a monumental figure; awed by his four hundred pounds, the Indians called him "Big Guts" and the colonists feared his wile and his soldierly anger. The career and character of Petrus Stuyvesant were somewhat similar. Of the same age as Printz, he too had lived by the sword and was a faithful servant of the Dutch West India Company. He came to America as governor of Curaçao and there lost his right leg in battle. But the stump proved no impediment when he was assigned to New Netherland in 1646. There he established himself in his

great bowery and ruled like a czar — vain, choleric, impatient of advice. All three were competent administrators, men accustomed to large enterprise, conscious of their rank and insistent upon unquestioning obedience.

Yet despite the staunch front they maintained, despite their habit of command, all the governors found themselves making subtle changes in the structure of government, not because of open challenges to their authority, but because only thus could they get themselves obeyed. The process was well under way by the time Berkeley and Stuyvesant arrived.

VIRGINIA for almost two decades was the property of a chartered corporation. The seat of its government was London; there the stockholders, meeting in General Court, enacted the rules for its management. Thence instructions went to the governor and his council in Jamestown, who actually administered the colony. Under garrison conditions, the officials on the spot exercised total jurisdiction; within the broad mandate from the company they made rules, enforced obedience, and tried and punished the refractory.

The system never worked. Unforeseen conditions in the New World and distance from the Old impeded the execution of the company's wishes and forced the governor to arrive at his own decisions. Yet the spread of settlement outside Jamestown made it difficult for him to make his will felt throughout the colony. As the individual families drifted away from the sheltering but confining palisades they removed themselves from the governor's power.

In 1618 the company recognized the problem and resolved to deal with it. It marked out a number of territorial jurisdictions, in each of which it asked that a court or meeting consider various matters of local business. No existing term was exactly appropriate to describe these areas, which for the time being were sometimes called shires, sometimes towns, and sometimes counties. Eventually, the last designation became permanent; and as the sessions became formalized, convening regularly four times a year, they were known as the county or quarter courts. Their concerns were not simply judicial. They controlled the militia, made rules of their own, and in effect administered local government.

Meanwhile, in 1619, these bodies were directed to choose representatives to meet together to consider matters that concerned the whole colony. That assembly would become known as the House of Burgesses — again, an inappropriate designation, because no English word fitted it exactly. It

had, in its early years, no precise functions or defined procedures. Nor did it meet at regular intervals. It was simply a convention of the prominent men in the colony, who came together to act upon matters of common concern, often sitting with the council. After a decade or so, the meetings became more regular and more systematic, and the House of Burgesses gradually took on the character of a legislature, not through any deliberate plan but because the situation required that general rules be made by people drawn from all parts of the settlement, who alone could see to their enforcement.

The first session in 1619 occupied a good part of its time with petty details, the complaints of servants, the control of drunkenness, the punishment of misdemeanors, and the like. But as the political system developed, it became clear that the effective power to get anything done resided not in the grand assembly that met in Jamestown but in the county courts, which could muster the military power to support the general laws. Although the courts met only quarterly, they quickly worked out means of exercising their control through the year.

By the 1620s they were accustomed to designating those members who lived in a particular district or parish to act as a vestry, or local governing body. Here the men of influence came together to administer the affairs of their area in accordance with the broad directives of the county court, on which they also sat in its quarterly meetings. As settlement became stable, power was fixed in the hands of the families of wealth and position, and the vestries were chosen by co-option. Later, the practice of public election became common, but that consisted only of the approval by the people of the list the vestry presented them. The election was not a means of selecting officers, but rather a way of giving general recognition to those already designated.

The system was comprehensible in terms of the conditions of the time. The great landowners were not only the wealthiest individuals in a region; because they controlled large numbers of servants, they also disposed of the most power. They alone could exact obedience, and therefore they alone could sit on the vestry effectively. For the same reason they appeared on the bench of the county court, which could rule only with the sanctions they supplied. And only by securing their attendance could the House of Burgesses expect its wishes to be carried out. The governor, in theory, had the power to commission justices of the peace. But he too realized that the sealed paper had value only in the hands of men with power to use it — that is, exactly the same persons who appeared in the vestry, the county court, and the

House of Burgesses. The system worked because it rested on local power.

Here was a significant inversion of the relationship to authority. In England and France the King's legitimate right to rule was delegated by successive steps down to the justice or the bailiff who acted on his behalf in each village. The American colonists of the seventeenth century never questioned the propriety of that scheme. But it did not work in the New World. Instead, authority accumulated on the local level and passed upward by the representation of those who held it.

Only when those who held local control themselves divided into antagonistic groups were these nascent political institutions further altered. In Virginia that occurred in the 1670s, when families that possessed exceptionally large landed estates began to set themselves off from the rest of the county gentry. The Blands, the Byrds, the Carters, the Ludwells, and the Masons were often men with capital who had arrived since the first pioneering days, and their holdings were far greater than their neighbors'. Generally, the instrument of their participation in politics was the council.

In the earliest days, it had been the only body with which the governor had shared power. But it had sunk in importance in the half century between 1620 and 1670, when it seemed often simply to merge with the Burgesses. Then, as the difference between the great and the greatest men in the colony became more distinct, the council took to meeting by itself as the agency of the uppermost group in society. At that point the characteristic features of the provincial polity were clearly defined: the governor, who was appointed from London, an assembly of the local gentry, and a smaller council of would-be aristocrats shared power.

THE developments in Virginia were representative of those in the other mainland colonies. Nearby Maryland was the possession of a lord proprietor rather than of a chartered company. But it had been settled by much the same kind of people as Virginia and followed a very similar course.

The Dutch and Swedish colonies differed in their failure to develop an assembly, in part at least because the companies retained greater control and preserved the military character of the early government. A smaller population, confined to a restricted area, was also more readily cowed. Yet even in New Netherland, authority tended to drift toward the holders of local power. And after mid-century, calls for some representative governing body showed that the dominance of the governor and council would not long remain unchallenged.

In New England, too, power shifted to a local base, although the compact communal nature of settlement complicated the evolution there.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth with a clouded title and with powers derived not directly from the crown but from the larger Virginia Company. Properly speaking, there was no legitimate authority; whatever right to govern existed emanated entirely from the agreement among those who held power. While the settlers clung together in the place of their first landing, they ruled themselves in meetings under the leadership of a governor and assistants. Their town embraced features of the organization of English boroughs grafted onto company forms. But when, in the next two decades, the Plymouth folk spread out into a half-dozen different centers, a more elaborate structure appeared. Each cluster of families became a town, and from 1639 on each sent deputies to an assembly which, with the governor and assistants, exercised political power in the colony.

The town was also the nucleus of power in Massachusetts. Salem was already functioning after this fashion before the Bay Company formally took possession, and thereafter each penetration of new settlers into the interior proceeded through the creation of new communities. In each place, the freemen met regularly, made the important decisions of common interest, and designated the selectmen who governed in the interim. Of course they chose the prominent men, the godly and wealthy most properly entrusted with authority. But the character of the officeholders did not change from year to year, and those once elected tended to retain power indefinitely. When vacancies occurred, moreover, the officeholders were in the best position for co-opting new men to share their responsibilities. In practice, therefore, the role of the meeting was that of approving their choices and of resolving conflicts within the ruling group. Like the vestrymen of Virginia, the selectmen of New England ruled because they held local power. It was obvious, John Winthrop pointed out, that "some must be rich, some poore, some highe and eminent in power and dignitie; others meane and in subieccion."

As settlement spread, the leaders in each town, eminent in wealth, power, and dignity, reached out for a share of control in the colony. Within a decade they had transformed the company organization transferred from England. Who were the stockholders or freemen, entitled to vote in the General Court? Not a narrow group of the original promoters, but all those property holders admitted to the privilege by the towns. Shortly they became too numerous to gather as a body. Instead, the town meeting designated representatives to act for it in the General Court, which be-

came a legislative assembly. Here, too, government was effective because it rested upon the local organization of power.

In Connecticut and Rhode Island the dependence upon local authority was clearer still. There the individual towns actually antedated the organization of any central government. The settlers made their clearings, built their meeting-houses, and chose their rulers independently, until the needs of defense and common action persuaded them voluntarily to unite in each of the two colonies. There, as elsewhere on the mainland, the assembly remained the medium through which the holders of local power joined to establish general order.

EACH colony developed along parallel but separate lines. In each, the immigrants who were making homes in the wilderness contrived a political system as best they could to give them an equivalent of the stable relations they thought they had known at home. Bringing with them a common heritage and confronting similar conditions, they converted the company form into workable governments that represented the actualities of power.

In the process, the connections with the crown were relatively unimportant. Through this whole period Englishmen had closer and more pressing subjects of political concern. The disturbances that began under the Stuarts continued through the Cromwellian decades and were by no means resolved by the Restoration. Few gave much thought to the remote and unproductive colonies in these years of turmoil and experimentation. As a result, decisions made in London had little effect upon the developing American institutions.

In 1624, for instance, the crown vacated the charter of the Virginia Company and turned the colony into a royal province. That change, however, had no visible influence upon internal political evolution. Thereafter the King rather than the company appointed the governor. But that official still had to secure the assent of those he ruled; and he had to accept the development of the assembly, of the counties, and of the parishes to do so.

The settlers rarely thought about the remote questions of authority. Government, in their eyes, was a means of maintaining local order. Justices of the peace and selectmen, courts and assemblies were useful because they could protect men against enemies, punish the disorderly, resolve conflicts among individuals, and undertake such projects, useful to all, as the support of schools and churches, the construction of roads, and the provision of

ferries. All these efforts required the use of force, to ensure obedience and to collect taxes. It was a matter of course that the officials were men who disposed of such force.

Seventeenth-century Americans, like Europeans, were accustomed to thinking of office as a kind of property, the holder of which was expected to profit from the fees and privileges associated with it. The small exactions for every service were preferred to higher taxes on all property. Fees, however, mounted up in the purses of those who received them and were accounted among the legitimate rewards of politics.

Those who held and those who sought power therefore soon turned their attention to distribution of the spoils. Accustomed to thinking in terms of the limited space of the Old World, they considered land the greatest prize at first, and the maps of each province were crisscrossed with enormous grants of thousands of acres. (To make something of these wilderness tracts would be another matter, of course.) Monopolies of various kinds were also deemed precious — of trade with the Indians, of bolting flour, of operating mills and ferries. It was over the allocation of prizes that the local gentry sometimes fell out. Political conflicts generally originated in disputes about the award of these concessions.

In Virginia, the most dynamic and expansive of the provinces, such conflicts culminated in Bacon's Rebellion of 1676. Nathaniel Bacon, a gentleman of good family and liberal education, but very ambitious and arrogant, was a recent arrival who found himself at odds with the clique around Governor Berkeley. Bacon had land but wanted more; his scheme for a monopoly of the fur trade failed, and he wished an aggressive Indian policy. He drew around him malcontents aggrieved because the country's wealth had been committed into the hands of the men in authority and favor. The challenge to the ruling group also excited some ordinary settlers unhappy about the privileges of the local magnates and about the heavy fees exacted by sheriffs and clerks. The uprising at first had a measure of success. But it dissolved, as did similar insurrections in other colonies, when it became clear that the destruction of privilege might also destroy the order of which privilege was a part. The county gentry who at first followed Bacon wanted a share of the spoils, not their total elimination.

The Puritan colonies established the connection between privilege and order more easily. There, religious sanctions firmly sustained all the institutions of discipline and control. In the first decades of settlement, power and church membership were closely linked. Church membership determined who would participate in government; and

respectability, wealth, and position helped to determine church membership. But as the years passed an increasing number of children of the best families failed to achieve the experience of conversion, were denied membership and therefore excluded from an active role in the polity. If the process continued to shrink the number of members, they would not be able to hold power, and the original order would dissolve. The concept of the halfway covenant, which admitted such people to membership, averted the danger. In effect, that compromise allowed a position in the church to pass from generation to generation within the family — pragmatically, within the respectable families — in each community. With that position, too, passed the privileges of sharing political control.

The vastness of what was available, throughout the colonies, relieved the tension of the conflicts over the prizes of politics. There was no end to the land yet untaken, and even the unsuccessful competitor for a grant could not feel totally disappointed when he considered how much remained to be exploited. There was room for all. And as the colonies expanded, old privileges tended to shrivel in value by comparison with the new opportunities constantly being opened. That took the bitterness out of defeat and sustained the evolving order.

EXPERIENCE demonstrated that, in the long run, men profited most if the society could but assure them an orderly basis for conducting their own operations. The wilderness, once men learned to exploit it, offered them all the goods their hearts desired; it most lacked regularity, predictability, security. The fertile virgin soil would amply reward those who tilled it, and there were endless opportunities for trade and for the exercise of craft skills, if only those who applied themselves to their tasks could be sure that none would trespass or break an agreement or take by force or deceit that which did not belong to him. To be sure that they would reap what they had sowed, sell what they had bought, and be paid for what they had made, the colonists needed the safeguards of law.

The law administered by the governor of a military plantation was inadequate in a civil society precisely because it was unpredictable and hung upon the whim of a single individual. Yet the inherited system of law was not readily transported across the ocean. In Europe, lawyers and judges in courts argued the meaning of texts, prescribed courses of study prepared them for judgment, and they could consult books and records for confirmation of their views. None of this

apparatus was available in the wilderness; neither the trained jurists nor the books. The deficiency was particularly grave in the case of Englishmen, for their common law rested largely on an accumulation of precedents with which few colonists were familiar. Some had had experience with the local courts of the Old World, in which custom and tradition counted heavily. But their recollections were necessarily imperfect, and in any case there were significant variations among the practices of the different districts from which the settlers came.

The law therefore could not simply be transplanted from European to American soil, and those who attempted to do so encountered a hostile reception. The Burgesses of Virginia in 1658 considered the question, "Whether a regulation or total ejection of lawyers?" They answered, "By the first vote. An ejection." The law was not to be received but improvised in response to immediate practical conditions.

The men who made the judgments that became law were swayed by personal interest and by the prejudices of their time and position. But they were also guided by some notion of what was just; religious faith and habit persuaded them that there was a standard by which to recognize and punish wrongs, by which to resolve disputes, and by which to preserve the peace. To rule in accord with that standard, it was necessary to consult experience, the Bible, and other sacred or learned texts, and the teaching of the ministers.

But memory was a fallible instrument; the recollection of past decisions faded with the passage of years and with the death of those who had made them. Records were not well kept and were difficult to consult. Often the members of an assembly or the officers of a court could not be sure of what precisely their predecessors had actually done. In the Puritan colonies, concern with maintaining a standard of justice and with letting the people know what it was led to the promulgation, from time to time, of restatements of the law or codes. But in most parts of the continent, judges and representatives had to determine the merits of each issue as it arose with no more guidance than their own sense of justice gave them.

In this fluid situation, men could not rely for protection on status, custom, or tradition; there was always the danger of some infringement by the ignorant or heedless others, and it was essential that each be vigilant in the protection of his own rights. Even in New England the community could not be counted upon to help those who did not call upon it; and elsewhere he who did not guard his own privileges would surely find them trampled on. Hence the sensitivity of the colonists to their liberties — a term then still synonymous with privileges or rights.

The colonial charters had assured the people who went to the New World that they would continue to enjoy the liberties and immunities of free and natural-born subjects. Those phrases in England had a meaning defined through the centuries by the common law; they were intended to guard the individual in a remote place against arbitrary action by the company or its officers.

But the relevance of these guarantees to wilderness conditions was by no means clear. As the colonists developed their own polities, they had to begin slowly and imperfectly to work out their own definitions of their liberties. Claims were made in petitions and affirmed in codes or ordinances. No man's life was to be taken, or his good name stained, or his person arrested, or his wife, children, or goods seized, or his labor pressed to public service unless by the terms of some law applicable to all. Each had the right to a trial by jury, to move away if he wished, and to fish and fowl in the great ponds and bays. There were to be no monopolies, nor any bond slavery, villenage, or captivity, except according to law.

AFFIRMATIONS such as these were broad and general not out of any conscious denial of the importance of differences in rank nor out of any desire to maintain that all people were equal. It was not at all incongruous that they should go on, for example, to provide one punishment for gentlemen and another for common folk. Rights often were associated with all men rather than with particular classes, because the distinctions were less readily perceived in the wilderness than in the Old World. Men alone could turn the forests into homes; the more men, the better and faster. The settlements eager to expand therefore welcomed immigration. The landowner, teased by a shortage of the labor which alone could make his holding profitable, and the merchant, whose trade would thrive with an increase in the number of producers and consumers, were alike eager to do all they could to attract newcomers. The assurance that all men in the New World were secure in the enjoyment of extensive rights was one of the means of doing so.

The effects were visible in the steady improvement of the status of servants. Their complaints were heeded, not only out of fear that they might otherwise run away but also out of concern for the reputation of the colony. Stories of ill treatment would surely affect the future number of arrivals. Terms were shortened, discipline relaxed, and the interpretations of unclear contracts were heavily weighted in their favor. By 1680, although they were bound for the years of their service, they had

substantial rights, for they were on their way to being freemen.

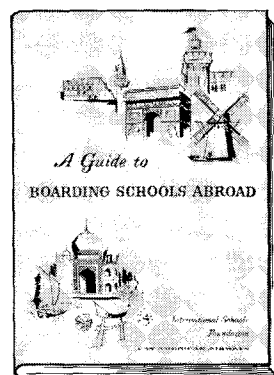
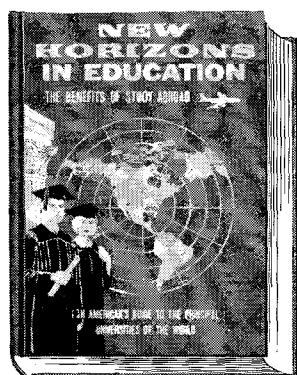
By contrast, the Negroes, who served for life, remained sunk in the degradation that was the lot of all servants at the beginning. Totally strange, they did not even know how to complain. They had in any case been brought against their will; their fate once they arrived had no effect whatever upon the volume of the traffic. Therefore, all doubts were resolved against them, and the discipline by which they were bound became steadily more severe. They were totally devoid of rights.

The distinction which now became clear between the freeman and the slave hinged upon the relationship to rights. The European society the settlers left had known no such sharp distinction; it had rather recognized a gradation of ranks, at each level of which men enjoyed particular privileges or freedoms, wider at the top, narrower at the bottom. The New World by 1680, however, had come to distinguish between the totally free and the totally enslaved, those with rights and those without.

The Americans as yet were far from carrying the logic of that position to its extreme. On through the next century there would remain elements in the population that were free and yet disadvantaged in respect to some of their rights — women, the poor, and the aliens, for example. For there was not, in this period, any complete or comprehensive statement of rights, everywhere binding. Rather, sporadically, as the occasion demanded, individuals arose to assert boldly, and sometimes successfully, that a privilege was theirs and was not to be violated. Not everyone was in a position to raise his voice. Nor did the succession of such claims as yet erect a reliable barrier against those who held power and were determined to use it. But a body of precedents was accumulating that would have genuine importance in the future.

The emphasis upon rights reflected the vagueness of the law and the looseness of society. The colonists were concerned about their freedoms precisely because these freedoms were not securely grounded in a stable community and had to be defended.

They had hoped to maintain orderly relations among themselves through a government of laws and had created a polity out of the materials they had brought with them in the company form. The governments that emerged were instruments of local power, generally used for the advantage of those who controlled them. But in the process of creating these agencies, the colonists had in practice discovered that the authority to rule depended upon consent and that free men had rights to defend. The next century would attach profound meanings to these vague propositions.



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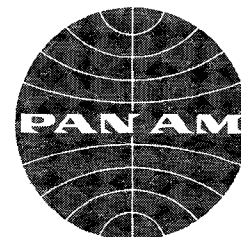
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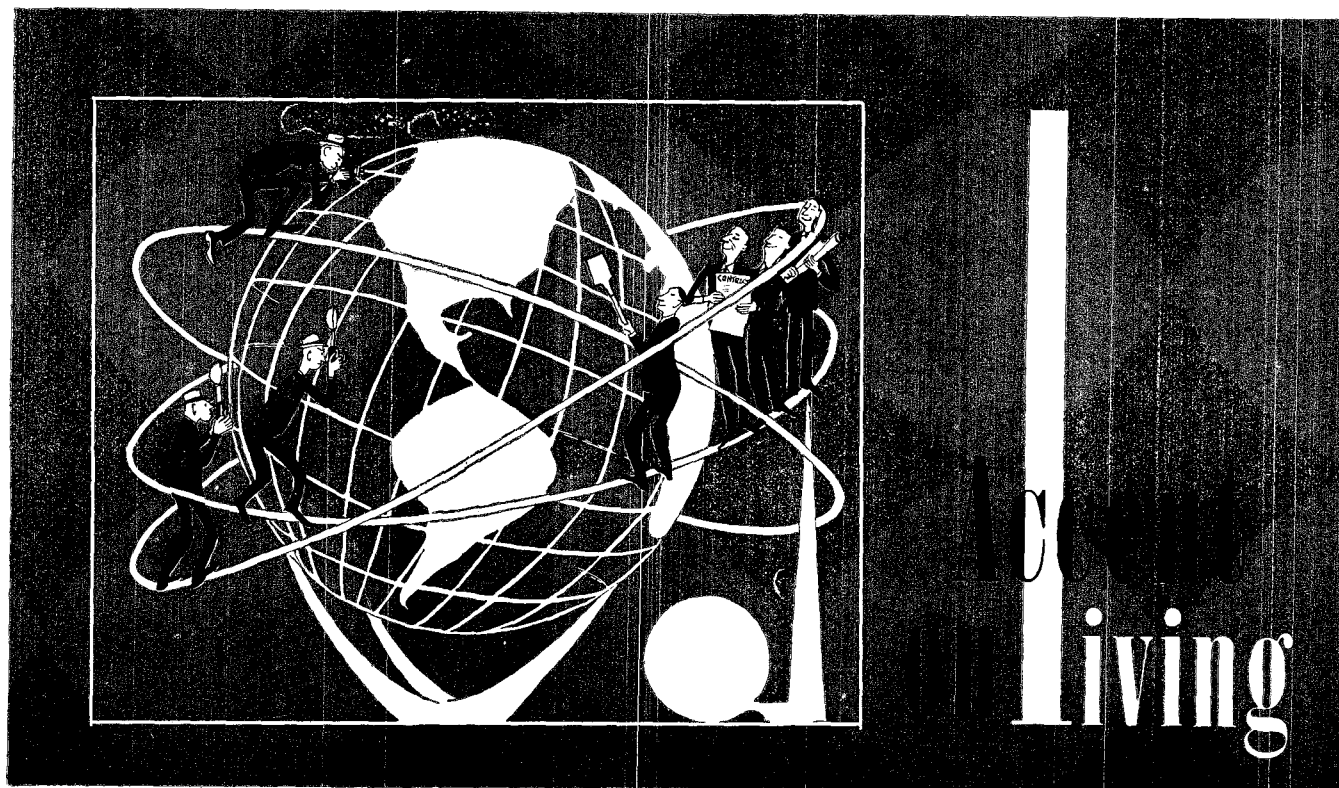
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NEWS ABOUT THE FAIR

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Preparations for the New York World's Fair have emerged from the stage of what its literature terms "shovel wielding ceremonies." A certain amount of ribbon-cutting has touched off bulldozer activity, and all sorts of people have been bestowing and receiving "the Fair's silver medallion." The Florida authority in charge of that state's exhibition gave a luncheon for Fair executives. Elsie, the Borden Cow, lowered her muzzle on a plunger which detonated groundbreaking operations for the Better Living Building, with her employers and the building contractors standing by for the camera. Ground for the Billy Graham Pavilion was broken April 17.

The great number of photographs purporting to show the signing of important Fair contracts are remarkably alike; aside from small changes in men's clothing over the years, such as the disappearance of the four-button coat, the vest-watch-chain variation, and the detachable stiff collar, these photographs might

well have come from the Fair of 1939 or the Columbian Exposition. They continue to show the two principal signatories beaming at a sheet of paper that appears to need both men to hold it within view, backed and flanked by lesser participants, all grinning as if delighted by the contract's provisions, which they are obviously too far away from to be able to read.

When one considers that with two men holding a single sheet of paper it is quite impossible for either of them to read it or sign it or do anything else but stand there holding it, this cliché of the news photographer becomes easily the most artificial-looking pose that two adults can assume. It always reminds me of Winston Churchill's rebuff of a news photographer in Boston back in the early thirties.

The future Prime Minister was out of office at the time and turning an honest penny on a lecture tour. During our interview with him in his hotel bedroom, a photographer asked him to pretend to be reading something. Churchill replied that he had nothing to read. The photographer handed him the hotel's leather-bound telephone directory. "Be reading this," said the photographer.

"Nonsense," said Churchill icily "I shall do nothing of the sort." He was wearing a gray suit and a carelessly knotted blue bow tie with white polka dots, and a wing collar, as I recall it, and he was photographed neither reading nor simpering nor posturing but looking very much himself — impatient and eager to be rid of us.

Posed or unposed, the contract signers and shovel wielders of next year's Fair are giving the photographers a busy interval. Nothing escapes the lens. "His Excellency Angel Sanz-Briz," a caption of one stirring action shot explains, "Consul General of Spain and Governor Charles Poletti signing the agreement which increased the size of Spain's exhibition site to 50,000 square feet." At the "Unisphere Pedestal Ceremony," addressed by Roger Blough, chairman of the board of U.S. Steel, no less a personage than the grandson of the man who built the Eiffel Tower was present, although the photograph with this story in *Fair News* happens to be a studio portrait of Blough and not of M. Eiffel. The Unisphere is a huge globe of stainless steel on which a map of the world is depicted, and it is the Fair's "symbol." The Fair

How much tax will you pay over 40 years?



Both Democrats and Republicans seem to agree at this point that U.S. Income Taxes are too high. So do most taxpayers, regardless of party.

But we doubt if very many U.S. citizens realize what their income taxes really add up to.

Take a Union Oil employee, for example, who earns \$600 per month. With a family of four, his Federal income withholding tax each month is \$67.68.

Just to get an idea of how much these taxes amount to in a working lifetime, we made some hypothetical assumptions.

Supposing our Union Oil employee started to work for the company at the age of 25 and retired at 65. Suppose further, for the sake of simplicity, that he earned the same salary throughout his career—\$600 a month.

At \$67.68 per month his taxes would amount to \$812.16 per year. Over a 40-year period, this would total \$32,486.40. But this isn't all of the story.

What would happen, we asked, if our Union Oil employee didn't have to pay any Federal income taxes at all? Say he put his \$67.68 each month into a savings account paying 4% interest compounded semi-annually.

By the time he reached 65, he would have accumulated \$79,300.

Now, obviously, very few people are going to advocate that this country do away with the Federal income tax completely. However, when we realize not only what the average American pays out-of-pocket during a lifetime, but also what it costs him in addition by not having the use of his money, any tax cut assumes a great deal more significance.

If Federal expenditures could be cut to the point where taxes could be reduced by 10%, for instance, it would be worth about \$7,000 to our Union Oil employee. If taxes could be reduced $\frac{1}{3}$, it would amount to over \$24,000.

It seems to us that these sums of money are significant enough to the average U.S. taxpayer to demonstrate the importance of constant vigilance in regard to Federal expenditures and taxes.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

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will contain, also, a World of Food Pavilion, for which ground was broken with a "giant knife, fork and spoon." (Whatever becomes of these ceremonial shovels once the captains and the kings have moved on?)

Amid these marvels of modernity, it is reassuring to find General Motors standing firm with its quaint old title for the display, Futurama. The

word has been diluted somewhat, by years of use and by all the Flavoramas and Foodoramas it has spawned. But at the risk of having some millions of Fair-goers turn away with an I've-seen-it reaction, GM is still loyal to the word, even though the future envisioned in 1939 may not have been quite the one we eventually got.

Le Mans: Twenty-four Hours of What?

BY RICHARD BENSTED-SMITH

RICHARD BENSTED-SMITH is an authority on sports cars and motor racing, and is the editor of the British weekly *THE MOTOR*.

The twenty-four-hour Grand Prix of Endurance at Le Mans, torn between spectacle and reality, does not know where it is going. On one hand are the organizers, intent on providing excitement for the quarter of a million spectators who swarm annually to the circuit. On the other are the competing manufacturers — or, at any rate, some of them — for whom spectators on the spot are secondary to the millions who, even if they are not interested enough to read about the race, will absorb its results. But manufacturers do not all make the same kind of car. A victory for Ferrari or Maserati will sell expensive and recherché "grand touring" vehicles as nothing else can, but a win by Jaguar or Mercedes brings in publicity for a whole range of touring sedans. Not unnaturally, these factories' views on what kind of car should be raced to spread the good word about their bread-and-butter line are not always the same.

The taint of commerce has been part of motor racing since very shortly after the arrival of the automobile, so it is no surprise to find that the first Grand Prix of Endurance in 1923 was supported by a number of manufacturers' teams. Names since forgotten, like La Lorraine, Chenard-Walcker, and Excelsior, topped a list of thirty-three starters, including a single Bentley — also a works car. All of the cars were, basically, stock production models, but in those days, when the Henry Ford scale of production had only recently hit Europe, "stock" had a good deal less significance than it does today. Most were expensive and built in small numbers. Compared with the

Model T tourer of much the same size at £120 in England, a Lorraine cost £775 and a sports Bentley £1295. Bentleys were custom-built by the hand. It was clearly in their maker's direct interest to offer his clients a virtual replica of the car on the track, and was no great trouble to do so.

The circuit, too, was very closely representative of the driving conditions of its day. A triangle of narrow, dirt-surfaced public road almost eleven miles long, running into a hairpin in the outskirts of Le Mans, it was rapidly churned into mud by four hours of heavy rain. During the first twenty-four-hour race, when the Bentley ran out of fuel, the driver, having run three miles to his pit, slung a couple of cans of gasoline over his shoulder and made his way back to the car on a bicycle. Le Mans was a road race. The most remarkable feature of the 1923 race, in fact, was that only four of the thirty-three starters failed to finish. Compare this with thirty-seven retirements out of fifty-five at the start in 1962 for an insight into the ordinariness of the competing cars, remembering especially the state of the road. On the other hand, the most recent winner covered almost twice as many miles as the best car of 1923.

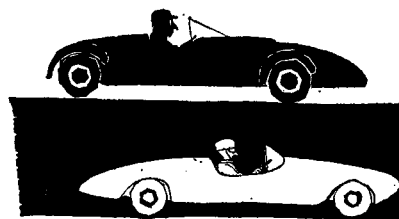
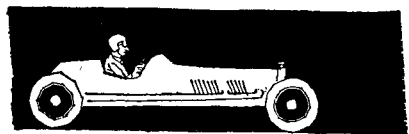
In the next few years the organizers did their bit to establish the race as a test of practical touring vehicles. The sedan was by no means a novelty in the twenties, but its early perpendicular style was neither glamorous nor aerodynamic. If you had sporting pretensions, you bought a car with an open body and a soft top, often of immense complexity,

leaning heavily on traditional baby-carriage principles. Fashionable fast cars, particularly from Britain, had their gearshift outside the body, or at least outside the driver, who had no door of his own.

Taking a long look at all this, the Automobile Club de l'Ouest introduced the famous Le Mans start, wherein the cars were lined up in echelon on one side of the track and the drivers on the other; every driver had to sprint across the road, leap in, raise the top singlehanded, and keep it there for the first twenty laps. *The Motor*, slightly partisan, reported a Bentley pit stop in 1927: "The hood was stowed away and properly clipped down in 35 seconds only, while the total stop, during which 27 gallons of petrol were taken in, lasted only 3 minutes 23 seconds — a really wonderful achievement. . . . In marked contrast to the crews of the Bentleys, the drivers of the big Ariés took nearly six minutes to fold their hoods, fill up and change drivers."

Putting the top up, seldom less than half a minute's work, was a useful way of making sure that drivers were in their cars and out of the fairway before anyone farther down the line came through with a full head of steam. It is a perennial mystery that no one has been swept off his feet since the top-up rule was suspended in 1928 and Le Mans began a prolonged withdrawal from its touring principles, giving ground to speed at any price as the performance of sports cars naturally increased. First the hairpin was bypassed, then a new loop of private road built and the whole circuit resurfaced to a boulevard smoothness, which has made road-holding ability a quite minor virtue in the race.

The abuses set in seriously after World War II, when the hustle to sell sports cars in the newly discovered gold-mine market of North America inspired the "prototype



rule," admitting cars with no relation whatever to the current showroom offerings, simply on the manufacturer's undertaking to put them into production if they proved successful. Prototypes, bound by vestigial regulations concerning passenger space (around two seats), the number of lights, and the size of the windshield, were justified reasonably as a means of testing new developments before production, and less reasonably as presenting a better spectacle of their far greater speed. After a year or two of racing with prototypes, of course, it was much easier to claim that by eliminating them Le Mans would lose its glamour. Equally obviously, no manufacturer could be forced into selling or even building facsimiles of the car he had raced, whether or not it had been successful.

The prototype concession was directly responsible for a new kind of automobile, which was to hold the international stage for a good ten years. Classified as a sports car, it was little more than a pure racing car supporting two seats and lighting equipment, designed from the start for competition within the new rules and frequently quite unusable on a public highway. A car competing at Le Mans, Sebring, or any of a dozen other major events during the fifties could have no trunk space at all, microscopic ground clearance, and a vast turning circle, headlights too low for any legal standard, and a windshield cut down so that the driver could look over it without strain. The biggest machines, being unrestricted in engine size, were often faster than the Grand Prix single-seaters of their day, and there was no doubt about their value as a spectacle.

Were they, or are they, useful? Without attempting to analyze the states of mind of either the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile or the Le Mans organizers, who have between them juggled the rules in every direction and very nearly come back to their starting point, consider two case histories. The Jaguar C-Type and D-Type cars which won at Le Mans five times between 1951 and 1957 were designed quite openly for that purpose; a small number of C-Types were subsequently produced, but although they were perfectly drivable in traffic, it is doubtful if more than half a dozen were bought, except to be raced in similar



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events. Sir William Lyons of Jaguar and his chief engineer, W. M. Heynes, have publicly favored the admission of prototypes because to abolish them, in Heynes's words, "would not only take most of the interest from this race, but it would also lose to the manufacturer a most valuable proving ground where he shows to the world the extent of the advance of automobile engineering technique which has been achieved by the company over the past year, and if the company abides by the spirit of the prototype rule, these cars, if successful, eventually become production models." In 1960, Briggs Cunningham entered a car "specially built" for him by Jaguar that was, in reality, a prototype of the extremely practical E-Type, now being produced in quantity.

The opposite extreme, of rank absurdity, is a good deal easier to find. A fair example might be one of the "birdcage" Maseratis (so named because of a chassis built up from two hundred separate lengths of bicycle-sized tubing — "If the canary can get out you must have forgotten one"), which competed in the 1960 race at Le Mans. In a desperate attempt to make racing sports cars look like road-going automobiles, the organizing club had specified windshields ten inches deep. The Maserati answer to this compulsory air brake was to slope the windshield four or five feet backward from a point almost over the radiator, seating the driver just high enough to

see over the top if it rained. The entry was quite legitimate since the rules of that year did not require an undertaking to develop a production car, and no road-going Maserati has ever been remotely comparable.

In 1962, after a start had been made in getting back to normal by encouraging production of grand touring cars, some astute management of the international regulations effectively reversed the trend. At Le Mans, prototypes with 4-liter engines competed for the same outright award with grand touring cars restricted to three quarters of that engine size (both categories, incidentally, were too small for any competitive American car). Jaguar held back officially, their E-Type being too big to run as a grand touring car and too civilized to stand up to cars designed from scratch for racing. Aston Martin ran a single, genuine prototype road car and came home with valuable experience but no glory. Both firms have stated if Le Mans were organized for production of grand touring cars only, they would happily contemplate a full return to racing. Ferrari won the Grand Prix of Endurance at a comfortable average of 115 mph with a production engine in a pure racing chassis. Second, less than 2 mph slower but infinitely less exciting to watch, came a fully equipped, weatherproof, closed-coupe Ferrari which any man with something over \$15,000 and a pair of earplugs may confidently order from his dealer.

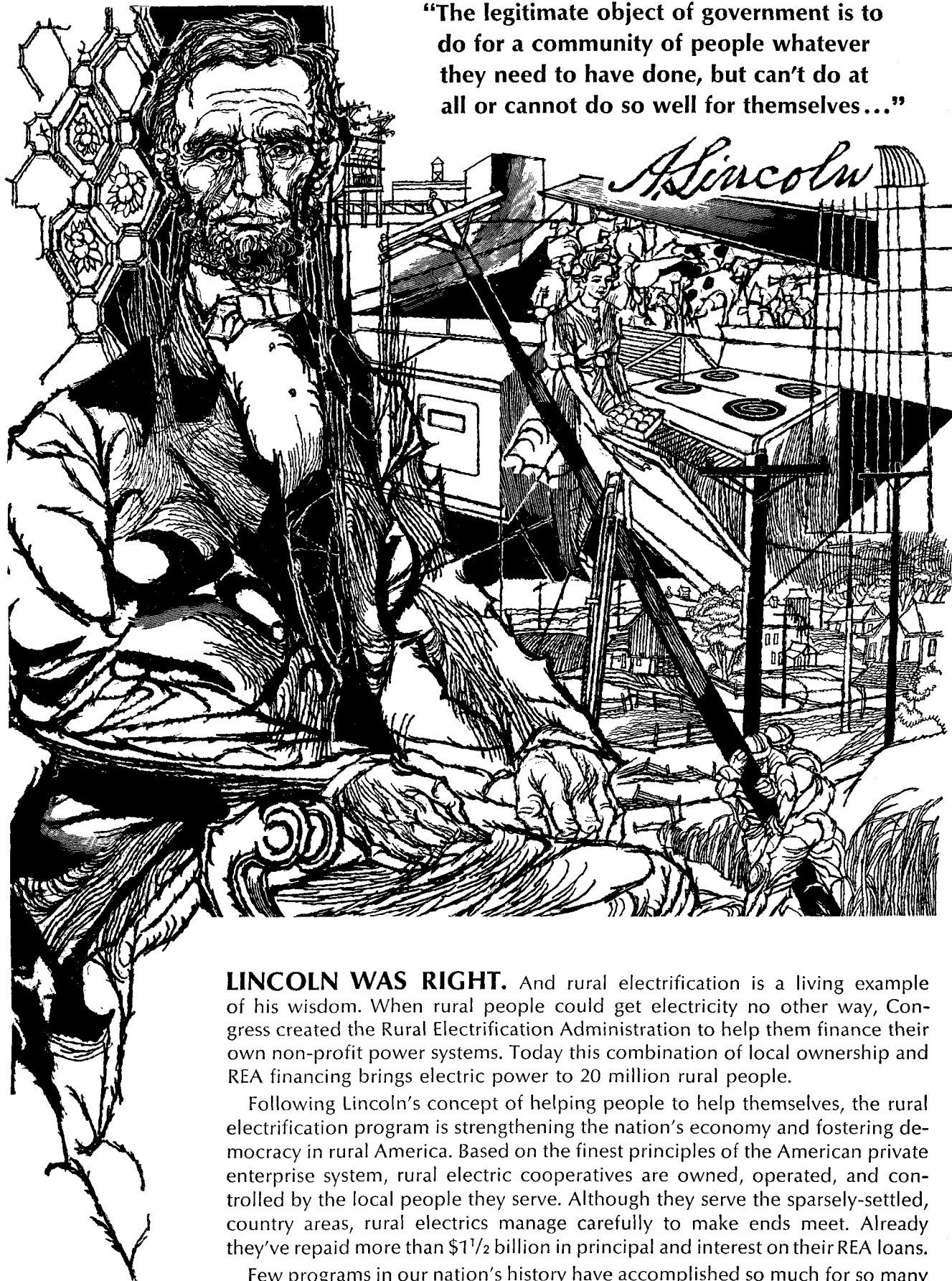
THE BAT AND THE SCIENTIST

BY J. S. BIGELOW

A bat of rather uncertain age
Was caught by a scientific sage
Who, unaware that the creature's ears
Were weakened by advancing years,
Set it to fly through the crooked spaces
Between wires strung in strategic places.

The bat, aware of its incapacity,
Clung to the savant with tenacity;
Indeed, as the struggle increased its fears,
It sank its teeth in one of his ears.
The man, with a loud and angry shout,
Started to wave his arms about.

So three or four pieces of copper wire
Fell on a fuse and started a fire.
They perished together in awful fear.
Let go of a bat if he bites your ear.



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LINCOLN WAS RIGHT. And rural electrification is a living example of his wisdom. When rural people could get electricity no other way, Congress created the Rural Electrification Administration to help them finance their own non-profit power systems. Today this combination of local ownership and REA financing brings electric power to 20 million rural people.

Following Lincoln's concept of helping people to help themselves, the rural electrification program is strengthening the nation's economy and fostering democracy in rural America. Based on the finest principles of the American private enterprise system, rural electric cooperatives are owned, operated, and controlled by the local people they serve. Although they serve the sparsely-settled, country areas, rural electrics manage carefully to make ends meet. Already they've repaid more than \$1½ billion in principal and interest on their REA loans.

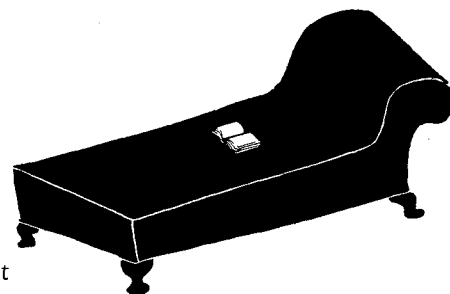
Few programs in our nation's history have accomplished so much for so many Americans. Rural electrification does, indeed, prove the truth of Lincoln's idea.



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The Neurotic's Notebook

BY MIGNON McLAUGHLIN



If it came true, it wasn't much of a dream.

Mistreat a businessman and he'll try to make you sorry; mistreat an artist and he'll try to make you immortal.



Hope is the feeling we have that the feeling we have is not permanent.

Women go to beauty parlors for the unmussed look men hate.

Women do not live longer than men; they only *exist* longer.

Many wives are forgiven for falling; few, for falling ill.

Make a habit of telling the truth, or make a habit of lying; to decide each case on its own merits is exhausting, and hardly ever worth it.

Insult, not flattery, is the great aphrodisiac.

There is always some specific moment when we become aware that our youth is gone; but, years after, we know it was much later.

No woman ever breaks off an affair simply because it's unsuitable.

An artist usually has no friends except other artists, and usually they do not like his work.



Friendship without malice is unimaginable.

Most of us are impetuously generous just about as often as we are impetuously stingy.

It takes so little to start a cult: just a man who can't stop talking.

We cough because we can't help it, but others do it on purpose.

When a mixed marriage breaks up, two people have failed and two religions have been vindicated.

The neurotic would like to trust his analyst (if only because he's paying him so much money). But he can't (because if the analyst really cared, he'd be doing it for nothing).

If you have to do it every day, for God's sake learn to do it well.

We have managed to drown out the silence; now to drown out the noise.



Young lovers and young nations face the same problem: After orgasm, what?

Happiness is like the penny candy of our youth; we got a lot more for our money back when we had no money.

The marriage of convenience has this to recommend it: we are better judges of convenience than we are of love.

The rich seldom have the most eloquent spokesmen. But that they have any spokesmen at all is pretty eloquent, really.

We listen only to those who flatter, amuse, or comfort us, and you know that's not many people.

Pity all newlyweds. She cooks something nice for him, and he brings her flowers, and they kiss and think: How easy marriage is.

Groups of girls are pretty, or not; they are seldom mixed.

We waste a lot of time running after people we could have caught by just standing still.



On earth's last morning, children will play, women will putter, men will compromise.

The poor have the same basic pleasures as the rich, and the rich will always resent it.

Each generation must watch the next throwing away its golden opportunities.

Many marriages are simply working partnerships between businessmen and housekeepers.

We wake in the night, to stereophonic silence.

Everybody can write; writers can't do anything else.



The neurotic circles ceaselessly above a fogged-in airport.

Women usually love what they buy, yet hate two thirds of what is in their closets.

From a wretched deed there is sometimes a good outcome, making penitence even more unlikely than usual.

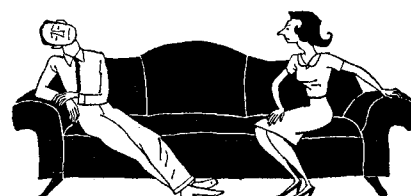
When we have been humiliated by someone we love, it takes all our strength to pretend to recover from it.

What you cannot say to a friend's face, say very carefully behind his back.

Interviews with actors always quote them as wanting to Find Out Who They Are. What nonsense! We know perfectly well who they are; the only worthwhile mystery is who *we* are.

Self-confidence grows on trees in other people's orchards.

Men never know how tired they are till their wives sit them down for a nice long talk.



My Son, the Rebel

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

ROBERT FONTAINE is the author of books, a play, and many light articles for the ATLANTIC and other magazines.

My son, Mike, who has just turned nine with something of a flourish, is, I am happy and surprised to report, resisting the frantic trend that is attempting, too successfully, to make children into small adults.

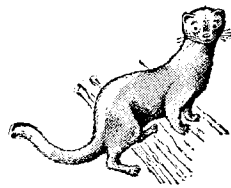
The layman with the faintest sense of biology and psychology knows that it is the long period of childhood and adolescence that gives man whatever advantage he has over the rattlesnake, the dwarf bee, and the gibbon.

Yet I have seen tots tottering out of kindergarten in caps and gowns, a uniform that is ludicrous even on college graduates and is absurdly painful on little children. A boy puts on long pants as soon as he has legs, and a girl uses lipstick and eye makeup about the moment she stops eating it. There are bras and girdles for "little ladies" of eight and nine, to what purpose I know not. Formal dress begins around age ten, and by twelve a boy is considering trading his bicycle for a small engagement ring. I am sure we shall presently see evening wear for infants consisting of black diaper and white tie.

I shall leave to psychiatrists the neurotic reasons for the frenzied eagerness of parents to turn their children into grown-ups long before the children are ready. For my own part, I prefer to see little boys breaking windows, throwing rocks at each other, and stealing apples while wearing torn and muddied clothes, and I prefer to see little girls climbing elms, pulling hair, and whacking each other with their dolls while they cavort about in sturdy pinafores. I prefer it because this period of imagination, bellicosity, and a kind of lovely, cockeyed poetry is utterly essential to the child's development into a creative and well-balanced adult.

Thus, I am pleased with my son. I asked him the other day, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

He looked up at me with freckled face and slightly impish eyes and said, "I don't want to grow up."



Who needs Mink?

A dozen less luxurious garments would keep you just as warm. However, when you can afford the excitement a bit of extravagance gives a girl, why not? You only live once.

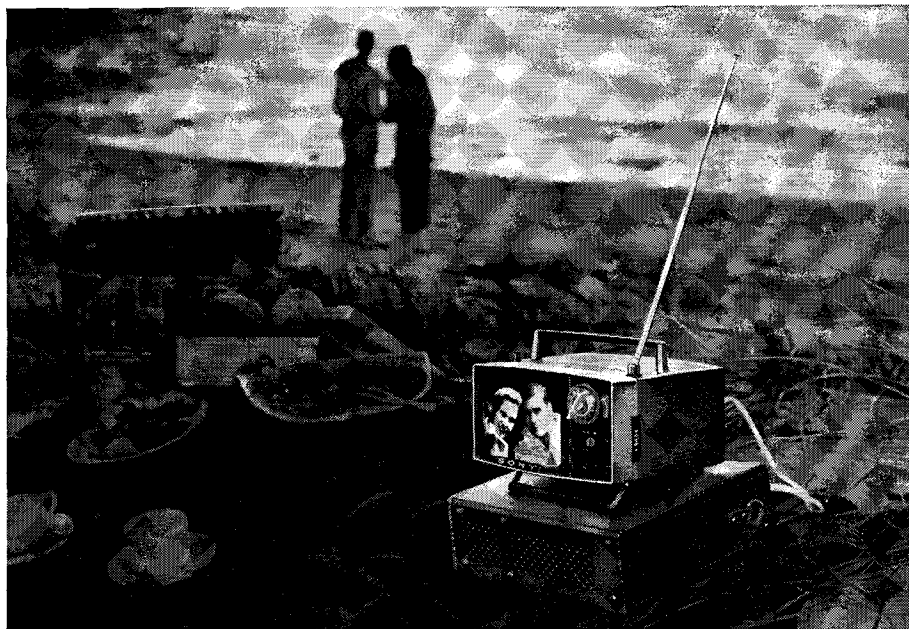
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“Why not?”

“Bills, bills, bills,” said Mike, stretching on the divan and bicycling upside down with his feet in the air.

“There are lots of rich adults.”

“They have ulcers,” Mike countered. “I want to stay nine, maybe ten. At ten you still don’t care about girls. Eleven, twelve, you know you’re going to have to. Right now I like eating, sleeping, reading, and playing baseball and hockey. When a fellow gets old enough to like girls, he’s sunk.”

I cleared my throat. “The relationship between men and women can be a very fruitful and rewarding one. It can enrich and instruct.”

“You don’t need to talk so loud,” Mike said. “Mummy went to her bridge club and told me to tell you there is cold salmon and some old avocado in the refrigerator.”

I laughed hollowly. “Your mother and I would have missed much that is entrancing and elevating had we never met.”

Mike stopped bicycling. He sat up and began rowing a nonexistent boat. He said, “I’ve been around here nine years. You have to do better than that. Anyway, I see what you don’t see, all around me. I see kids, eight, nine, ten, having some fun, maybe. Not caring a hoot about China or Russia. Then they rot away, like. They get all dressed up and start taking girls to movies and dances, and the fun is all gone. They start talking about economics and segregation instead of Mantle and Maris. They’re done. They have no time for the best things in life.”

“What are the best things in life?” I inquired pointedly, feeling ground slipping from under me.



Mike grinned. “Whatever you don’t have to do.”

“The boys you speak of as rotting possibly do not have to forsake baseball for girls.”

“Are you kidding? Their parents say, ‘Albert, you ask that pretty Calkins girl to dance. You hear? You take her to a movie.’ Albert’s got to do it, and he sweats.”

“Surely you must see some advantage in being a grown-up.”

Mike nodded. “Sure. You can push kids around. They ask you a question, and you say, ‘Shut up. Don’t bother me. You’re too young.’ A kid will ask, maybe, ‘Where do babies come from?’ The grown-up will say, ‘I had a hard day at the office. Ask your mother.’ The mother will say, ‘I had a hard day doing the wash. Babies grow like apple trees do, from seeds.’ Nobody asked her about apple trees.”

I tapped nervously on the chair. Mike turned over on his stomach and was swimming past imaginary sharks; he took a knife of fantasy from his teeth and hacked away at them.

Mike stopped and spoke again. “A grown-up can make a kid do all

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BY ROBERT JOHNSTON

I’m willing to kneel upon my knees,
Eat sashimi, be Japanese
In all particularities —
Even to drinking whole-rice teas
And learning words for “thanks” and “please” —

So whom are you trying to appease,
When you change plans and cruelly tease
Me, making me learn Portuguese?

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the dirty work — Get my pipe. Go upstairs and find my book. Run to the store and get me a pound of ground beef and be sure it's lean. Clean the blackboards. Cut the grass — Phooey! You know why? Because the grown-up is bigger. That's the only reason."

Mike went back to his tropical swimming. I spoke firmly. "You have no conception of what being grown-up is because you have never been grown-up."

"Maybe. But I never see a grown-up have any fun. He is always worrying that he's getting too fat, or that his wife is getting too fat, or he shouldn't have eaten all that lobster, or he can't afford to pay his taxes, or something. Anytime I sit down with a grown-up and I try to talk intelligently to him, he is thinking of something else, something he's worried about. And he always has a pain somewhere. I never met a parent, teacher, or anybody else who was grown-up who didn't have a pain somewhere. The only time in my life I ever had a pain was when I ate a whole watermelon, and it was worth it. I didn't go around telling everybody I had a pain. You can't talk intelligently to a grown-up because he doesn't know what to talk about. He doesn't know any mysteries or buried treasures or secret oaths. The best he can do is try to read you a story you read when you were six."

I felt, to be sure, that Mike was referring to other grown-ups and not his own parents. Still, I wavered a trifle. I asked, "Does this include your own dear father and mother?"

Mike sat up and began flying a space capsule. He chuckled. "Even a grown-up wouldn't answer a dopey question like that."

I became firm. "I insist on an honest reply."

Mike thought a moment. "You two are all right, I guess," he said, reflectively. "But, then, I don't figure you're grown-up."

"Thanks," I said, a little sourly. "The cold truth of the matter, my cocky young fellow, is that you will become an adult sooner or later, no matter how you feel."

"I guess you're right," Mike agreed. He hesitated a while and added, "But I'll fight it!"

Then he threw his spaceship into automatic control and went happily zooming in a world of his own, free from pains and bills.



PHOTOGRAPH: CARROLL SEIGHERS II FROM "ADVENTURES IN WILLIAMSBURG"

Pillory Peekaboo

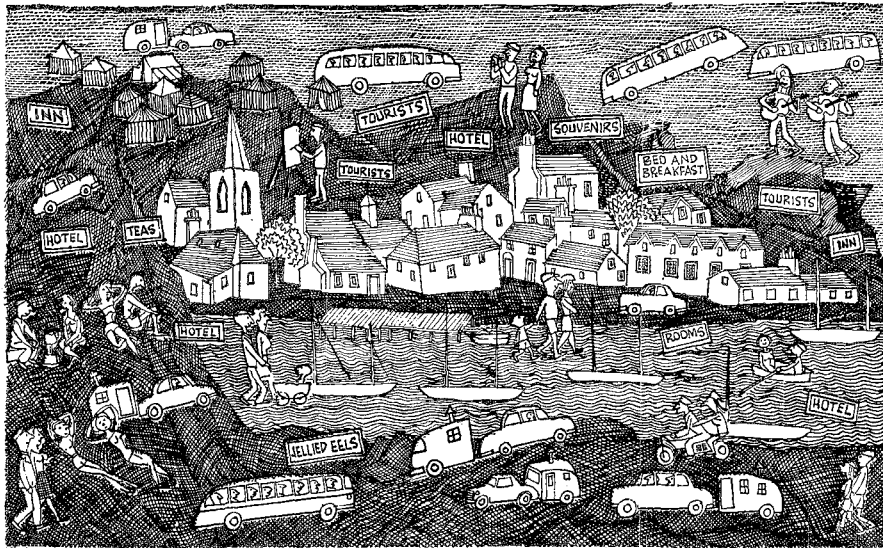
Now a favorite source of fun, the pillory of Williamsburg was certainly not always so. A day in its all too solid embrace was quite enough to dampen the spirits of the boisterous colonial offender or to stay the wagging tongues of gossips. The pillory and hundreds of buildings, streets, squares and gardens are symbols of the colonial way of life; a way of life which surrounds you every day in Williamsburg, capital of colonial Virginia. Here *lives* the eighteenth century. Come soon and see.

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"AS I WAS GOING TO ST. IVES"

BY JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

To get off the track of American tourism in England is an easy matter: you simply join the bottlenecks of miniature traffic by which a good part of the British population is daily processed into Cornwall. Once you have joined the summer-long cortege of Morris Minors and Vauxhalls and Anglias towing caravans shaped like bread boxes, you have set yourself toward Land's End, the bourn from which all travelers return almost immediately. You have also quietly added weight to the lava-flow of itinerants, threatening to bury the rock-hewn towns and windy moors of the province as deep as the sunken towers of Lyonesse.

Like their counterparts in France and Italy and Spain, one by one the famous old fishing villages of Cornwall have been noisily "discovered" — by a prominent painter, perhaps, or a best-selling novelist, or a gossip-column celebrity, and immediately afterward by everybody else. The new middle class of the welfare state still needs the boardwalk stimulations of Blackpool and Brighton, and it looks for them in villages where until recently the main diversions were the return of the fishing fleet and the Sunday evening chapel

service. The little French port of St. Tropez is the archetype; Brigitte Bardot the saint under whose careless beneficence it thrives. Mlle. Bardot is seldom actually seen these days in the byways of that village, but merely by paddling offshore on a few afternoons, she manages to rack up more real cash for St. Tropez in one season than the fishing fleet could count in a decade. By the same sort of photo-magazine enshrinement, created, then exploited by the popular press, English villages that have for centuries existed wholly self-contained and barely noticed are suddenly big business. Nowadays when you recite, "As I was going to St. Ives, I met a man with seven wives," you are merely reporting a fact previously documented in front-page detail by Fleet Street; when you talk of the Pirates of Penzance, you have in mind innkeepers, concessionaires, and the proprietors of car parks.

There are only two important things missing from the Cornish Riviera: a summer sun, and tourists with tastes expensive and raffish enough to bring a touch of *la dolce vita* into the earnest heart and all-wool fortitude of the British tripper.

The ultraviolet rays that reach the combs and grottoed beaches of the Cornwall coast bring interesting qualities of light and diffusions of color. But they are seldom strong enough to tan the skin or to warm the atmosphere to anything more summery than a Bermuda mid-winter. This is naturally dismaying to people who associate the word "riviera" with mahogany facsimiles of Miss Ambra Solaire stretched side by side under groves of beach umbrellas. But the English, undaunted by gray skies and black tides of Atlantic water, pitch their bright little tents in vast mushroom colonies wherever the rugged coastline winds. "Coziness" is the word; and the same resourcefulness that allows many of them to do without central heating in the winter makes their holidays in the rough tolerable, even merry. Teakettles sing on primus stoves at all hours; hot-water bottles are slipped between dank sheets; the flannel vest, the cardigan, and the mackintosh become the brave badges of a tribe from whose tent poles the bikini never flies.

Camping on the sands or in roadside cutouts takes care of thousands of families, and farmhouses with "Bed and Breakfast" signs accommodate thousands of others. Up the scale are the newly prosperous boardinghouses — "Hot and Cold Running Water in Every Room" — and the tourist homes, renovated to look like Ligurian villas, that make solid facades along the promenades and fronts. As the grand old clientele seeks less crowded resorts, the grand old hotels alone feel the pinch.

The social and economic status of the new vacationers is reflected most strikingly in the life of gnarled hamlets that once attracted only solitary watercolorists, bird watchers, and connoisseurs of "scenic" experiences. In St. Ives, the most popular of the villages, gulls still float over seawalls and tidal flats like sediment settling in a glass, but along the front the trippers range in hordes, from stands that sell jellied eels to penny arcades to gimcrack galleries and pubs tarted up with driftwood and fishnet. In the evenings the itinerant beats, like some species of nocturnal fauna, emerge with their guitars, and the motorcyclists in outfits of leather and silver gather in little groups, slouching and glowering like Marlon Brandos. Except for the chill in the

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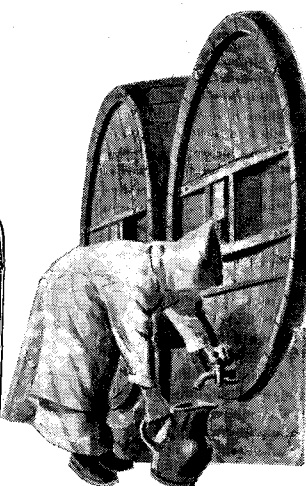
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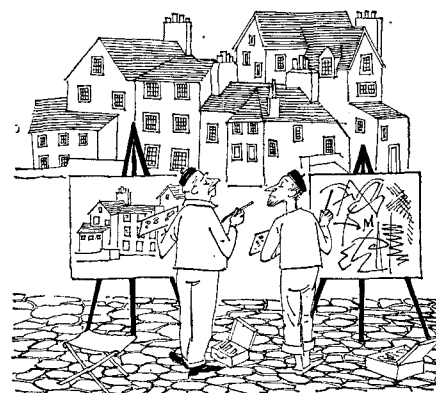
air and the absence of any bare flesh except that of sandaled feet, those gatherings might be taking place in St. Tropez or Positano or Torremolinos. The brotherhood of the beats, which contrives to be both closed and exhibitionist at once, signifies that, even though overrun with squares, the resort has arrived. But the beards of the beats are only the fringe of the summer population. They are ignored by other young people whose interests are not satisfied simply by listening to old ballads in glassy-eyed rapport with *nada*. Shopgirls and typists in pairs wander toward the Palais de Danse, carefully eyed by slicked-up boys in blue serge who lounge against the harbor wall, fiercely pinching the ends of cigarettes.

The rugged houses of the fishermen—their doorsteps flush with the cobbled lanes and crooked streets—have been taken over by a well-to-do, semi-Bohemian element and given the Chelsea treatment: magenta doors, puce doors, draperies printed with geometrical designs, window boxes over which, stereophonically, come Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears, and songs from *Gypsy*. Arts and crafts mingle with fish and chips. The lady in the cabbage-rose print buys a lamp in the shape of a conch shell for her sitting room in Birmingham. Plastic lobsters and Toby mugs glitter beneath tinted photographs of Princess Margaret as the indomitable spirit of Bournemouth and Margate demands its kitsch and jazz. And yet, to climb any promontory just a few yards above the labyrinth of shops is to confirm a sight the sentimental imagination would keep—a toughly beautiful little port, shaped by hard living and smoothed like a stone by winds and running tides.

While the mobile masses transform the villages of Cornwall into a series of bazaars and boardwalks, an older, long-established resort life goes on quietly in the few hotels that were famous when Cornwall still lived exclusively by fishing and mining. Overlooking St. Ives, for instance, is a small castle converted to a hotel that maintains the Jane Austen gentility of a time when a holiday in Cornwall was not a trek to despoiled landmarks but a refreshing venture into the picturesque. Here twilight tennis is played on green lawns, aperitifs are served to mustachioed barristers and lavender-

scented matrons in the flowering gardens, the *maitre d'hôtel* speaks French exclusively. The guests know one another either from previous summers or by the infallible caste marks by which the scattered remnants of "good" society are held together. Newcomers encountered in the course of a Paul Jones are politely accepted to the end of the dance and no further. These members of the quality may make slumming sorties into St. Ives now and then, but its raucous amusements are not likely to detain them long. They have come with white gloves and picture hats and evening clothes to loll about for a fortnight in a hostelry as gracious as the homes they have left.

Except for a few establishments where a combination of English reserve and continental panache denotes a high standard of comfort and service, the hotels of Cornwall are apt to be disappointing to Americans. The average Briton on holiday still expects to "rough it," to put up with small discomforts as payment for the privilege of being away from home. Americans, on the other hand, generally expect the places they go to to be a lot better than home, definitely more luxurious, if not more comfortable, and wholly without the effort that running servantless houses entails. Consequently, the big rickety, drafty, cramped hotel by the sea that seems just fine to the Englishman is apt to leave the American not only cold but frankly appalled.



The clearest and saddest indication of what lies in store for the villages being suffocated by sudden prosperity can be read in the blight that has already overtaken Land's End. This craggy finger of rock is by no means scenically remarkable among other similar promontories along the coast, but it is the incon-

trovertible last foot of solid terrain in England and the sentimental point from which the Western world begins. Like its French counterpart, Finistère, it has generated legends out of sea-wrapped mystery simply by being where it is and what it is. Here the consequences of curiosity and sentiment en masse are overwhelming: Land's End is mainly a parking lot, a tea shack, and a sea-side meadow of litter. The fallout of the age of waste lies everywhere. As buses, motorcycles, and caravans shuttle their hurried passengers in and out, pilgrimage ends not in a gift of alms and a sense of wonder, but in the dropping of a candy wrapper and the taking of a Kodachrome.

Cromlechs and rocking stones, kistvaens, dolmens, and Celtic crosses loom everywhere on the Cornish landscape, and even when they stand but a few yards away from highway traffic, maintain an impermeable remoteness. Another man-made thing on the ancient coast, as thought-provoking as these vestiges but far more comprehensible, is the Minack Theatre at Porthcurno. This is a tiny amphitheater, set on a wall-side of rocks, where audiences face a stage whose decor includes uncapped pillars, Stone Age props, and the natural backdrop of the Atlantic Ocean. Ceaseless winds and the mumble and splash of waves below make it surely the most completely outdoor theater in the world. Yet its stage space has been arranged with such delicate attention to acoustics and visual focus that performances are clearly heard and intimately observed. A false step would send an inattentive Ophelia plummeting into the surf a hundred feet below, but such jeopardy seems in no way to subdue the passion of the players. Here on summer nights, cloaked against the rain and bundled against the wind, audiences watch university theater groups from all over the country put on stark versions of such offerings as *Hamlet*, *St. Joan*, *Comus*, and *Electra*.

Western Cornwall is largely a landscape of moors carpeted with heather, golden gorse, spiky grasses, and punctuated by the sooty fingers of abandoned kilns and mine works. Stone walls covered with moss lay a ragged geometry on gently sloping rises. Seen through a sea-heavy mist, these prospects suggest a primeval dream. This is the Cornwall

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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

How LONG Is Too SHORT?

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Rummaging through the attic of an old Kentucky farm house, the new tenants came across two dusty shoe boxes.

One box bore the label "String-saved;" the other, "String-too short to save".

To the conscientious string saver, the recurring question is "How long is too short?" Thus, a judgment is tied to the end of each string.

Likewise, what to save and what to throw away as the mash passes through the still, is of prime concern to us bourbon distillers. What some of us save and others don't, makes all the difference in our whiskies.

Now the simple function of a still, in case you're interested, is to separate the whiskey from the mash. In so doing, certain flavoring agents called congeners may or may not accompany the bourbon, depending on the "set" of the still.

It follows, therefore — the more congeners the more generous the taste.

Inside our old-fashioned pot stills, we save "string" other distillers throw away. This is because our family distillery addresses itself to serving a special coterie of bourbon men who like their whiskey to sit up in the glass!

Unlike certain of today's bland versions with most of their congeners "boiled" away, our OLD FITZGERALD comes through the still at a just-right proof to tote the rich bourbon flavors along, then goes on to mature to fragrant mellowness after 6 or more years in new white mountain oak.

If you are one who selects your brand for *depth* of flavor instead of *lack*, we invite you to join this inner circle of the Bourbon Elite who have discovered the satisfying goodness of OLD FITZGERALD, and find it pleasant to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Mellow 100 Proof

you expect. The sight of Jamaica Inn, wickedly alone on a moor that glows with sinister light even at mid-day, delightfully confirms your romantic clichés. Unexpected are the sudden oases of salad-green foliage and the little streams that bubble through them in eddies or open out to millpond calms. From these sequestered spots, peat smoke rises over thatched roofs and swans float in slow merry-go-round circles.

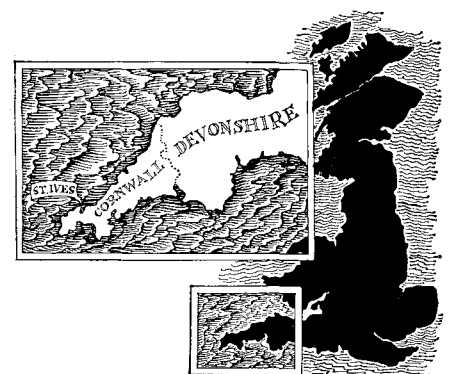
The biggest resort town in Cornwall is Penzance, where a few frazzled palm trees help to maintain the overpublicized legend of the semitropics on the coast of England. Here the architecture is predominantly Victorian and in the matchless bad taste that identifies nearly all of the English channel towns, with the exception of Lyme Regis, Chichester, and a few others, all the way east to Brighton and Dover. Penzance is crowded and more stable than the overrun coastal villages, yet tends to seem dated and passé. The twin towers of the railroad station to which the crack Cornish Riviera Limited comes steaming down from Paddington Station are both grand and desolate. People who could once afford a seafront villa have moved on. The same people can now afford a converted stone cottage and an automobile to take them to its painted door.

Traveling eastward in Cornwall is traveling back through successive phases of English social history — from the poor fishermen's houses that now only the rich can afford to the golden arabesques of the Regency that only the rich have now deserted. The interest of the new race of excursionists has shifted to the furthest western points of England; eastward lie the genteel resorts that probably look much as they did sixty years ago. In Fowey, St. Mawes, Megavissey, and Looe, the streets are washed with sea light, the Church of England bells ring out the hours, and the pace is politely Edwardian. Clean and attractive in their antiquarian pride, these towns are nevertheless somewhat forbidding. Their moribund gentility assumes the proportions of a charade, their privacy seems almost aggressive. Their high streets and front streets attract a quota of visitors, but, unlike the hordes that swarm through the coastal villages, they do not disturb the old order of private villas and bespoke hotels whose

inhabitants are perennial and unmoved to innovation.

On the map, Cornwall looks like an arthritic foot stepping into the ocean. From a sociological viewpoint, it is a barren fastness stormed and invaded by a restlessly transient population for which it was in no way prepared. This phenomenon must be taken into first account. When one goes there, either as a tourist in a hurry to do five villages before noon, or as one who wants only to sojourn among scenes of West Country pleasure, he must be ready to put aside the irritations of traffic jams and queues and "full up" signs. To avoid desolating mistakes, he should also know in advance that his taste in determining his accommodations is a greater factor than the money he is prepared to pay for them. To stay in a new, shoddy, Italianate version of a hostelry is often more expensive than to stay in one that is old, staid, and efficient.

But anyone who can accept forewarnings and manage to survive tourist hazards will be rewarded with moments when he comes upon some of the most ancient landscapes on the civilized earth, some of the most grandly elemental conjunctions of sea and rock imaginable. If he likes to swim and sunbathe he will find that he has come to the wrong riviera. A hiker or a naturalist, a golfer or a yachtsman may find the vigorous weather perfectly suitable. Any visitor will live well if he has the patience to seek out richly simple hotels where the amenities of country life begin with good food and wine and cheerful service. All told, the visitor's best choices in Cornwall come down to two: the Stone Age and the Edwardian Age — the one for a brute physical beauty that will make him feel paleolithic in his bones, the other for the mild comforts and social graces of an era that may in a few years be extinct.



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Best Poem — \$100.00 Barbara Herrick, Ramona High School, Riverside, California; *Esther Gobrecht Instructor*

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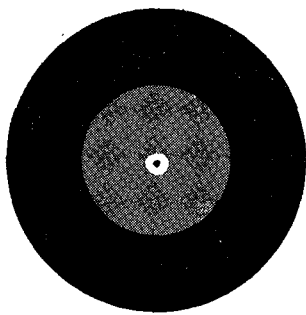
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Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Bartók: Bluebeard's Castle

Antal Dorati conducting London Symphony Orchestra, with Olga Szönyi, soprano, and Mihály Székely, bass; Mercury SR-90311 (stereo) and MG-50311 Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra, with Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano, and Jerome Hines, bass; Columbia MS-6425 (stereo) and ML-5825 Béla Bartók's only opera — a symbolic, intense setting of the fairy tale about a prince who decapitated his wives — is the subject of two stereo recordings, both of them faithful to it after their fashions. Ormandy makes full use of the opulence and refinement of the Philadelphia Orchestra's sound, and the American cast of two sings in an English translation by Chester Kallman which is probably as smooth as any that can be devised. Dorati's orchestra is also very good, if less sleek in tone, and his two soloists perform in the original Hungarian. For sheer sound the Columbia version is preferable, but there is more excitement in the Mercury, with Olga Szönyi's expressive voice just right for Judith, Bluebeard's overly inquisitive last wife. Mercury distressingly neglects to provide either a text or a translation.

Mozart: Piano Concertos No. 27 in B-flat Major, K. 595, and No. 8 in C Major, K. 246

Wilhelm Kempff, pianist, with Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Ferdinand Leitner; Deutsche Grammophon SLPM-138812 (stereo) and LPM-18812

Of Mozart's twenty-seven piano concertos, his last, written in the year of his death, is the most personal, the most serene, and — at least, so it seems in this fine recording — the most beautiful. The late Artur Schnabel once recorded it with exaggerated tempos and uncharacter-

istic superficiality, but sixty-five-year-old Kempff makes it seem a work of endless and inexhaustible perfection. The Berlin Philharmonic also plays superbly; there is one passage in the slow movement (measures 38 to 43) which indicates that its second violins are superior to most orchestras' firsts. The B-flat Concerto, which runs just over half an hour, has unfortunately been squeezed onto one side, at some cost in clarity. The Concerto No. 8 in C on the reverse is a much earlier work and decidedly minor.

Schubert: Die Schöne Müllerin

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and Gerald Moore, pianist; Angel S-3628-3S (stereo) and 3628-3S: two records (three sides)

Schubert's cycle of twenty songs is the sad saga of a young man who falls in love with a miller's daughter, sees himself edged out by a dashing huntsman, and in despair drowns himself in a sympathetic brook. It took a genius to transform this lugubrious bit of early nineteenth-century German romanticism by the poet Wilhelm Müller into a credible and affecting musical drama, and it takes an artist — or, rather, two artists, for the pianist's role is almost as important as the singer's — to make that drama seem human and touching. Fischer-Dieskau's suave and expressive voice and Moore's strong and sensitive pianism combine for as lovely a recording as the *Schöne Müllerin* has received in years. Angel has included a spoken prologue and epilogue which goes with the songs, but which modern concert audiences are always spared. The bonus is questionable, since it helps add a third side to the recording and only serves to demonstrate how sorely Müller's words need Schubert's music.

Johann Strauss: Die Fledermaus

Clemens Krauss conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and State Opera Chorus, with Hilde Gueden and Wilma Lipp, sopranos; Sieglinde Wagner, mezzo-soprano; Julius Patzak and Anton Dermota, tenors; and Alfred Poell, baritone; Richmond RS-62006 (monaural): two records

No one has ever made a more brilliant or blissful recording of *Die Fledermaus* than this, which appeared originally some ten years ago on the London label. Like vintage champagne, it has grown more bubbly

with the years. Re-released now on the low-priced Richmond label, it makes all the intervening versions of the last decade seem not exactly futile but just a bit superfluous.

Moving: Peter, Paul and Mary

Peter Yarrow, Paul Stookey, and Mary Travers, folk singers; Warner Bros. S-1473 (stereo) and 1473

This trio of two bearded young men and an ash-blond young woman is currently among the busiest folk-singing groups, being especially popular with collegians. Their slightly reedy voices blend together well, and their arrangements strike a balance between sentiment and sophistication. Among their successes on this record are "Puff," a children's ballad about an imaginary dragon; "A-Soalin'," a clever treatment of traditional British rhymes; and "This Land Is Your Land," a Woody Guthrie number which is a kind of folk singers' national anthem.

The Hollow Crown: The Fall and Foibles of the Kings and Queens of England

Devised and produced by John Barton, with Dorothy Tutin, Richard Johnson, Max Adrian, and Tony Church, actors; and James Walker, harpsichord and piano; London OSA-1253 (stereo) and A-4253: two records

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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Korsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

AT THE time I am speaking of, the early twenties, the job of companion-tutor was the highest-paid employment an undergraduate could hope to obtain for the summer. There was no union, and indeed it would have been quite impossible to have set union rates for such diverse requirements. When I filled out my blank at University Hall I declared that I could ride (exaggeration), play tennis and golf, swim and teach swimming; enjoyed backgammon, auction bridge, poker, mah-jongg, hearts, and twenty-one (all true); danced the fox-trot, maxixe, and waltz; and was qualified to tutor in Algebra, English, French, and Latin (slight exaggeration).

Anyone offering such a program expected to be on duty twelve to fourteen hours a day — and be paid for it. I drew one line: I wanted breakfast by myself and to be alone until 9 A.M.

In early June we applicants were interviewed by the parents and sometimes by the prospective tutee. These were the days of spacious country houses and plenty of servants. On one interview at some distance from Cambridge I dressed for the parents, a Charvet tie and stiff collar, and during the delicious tea, with its scones, strawberry jam, and white cake with a bitter chocolate icing, while we spoke often of young Jack, the boy himself seemed not in evidence. It took me some time to spot him under the piano, where, concealed by the portiere, he had been sizing me up.

"Come out back," he said, as he emerged, "and show me what you can do."

Out back were some horizontal bars which did not appeal to me in my Charvet finery. "I'm pretty accurate with a stone," I said, glancing at the driveway. "Tell me what you want me to hit."

Surprised, he pointed to two slim cherry trees, and I pinged first one and then the other. We went on to examine the brook, which was a good one and about which I made some useful hints, and

then turned back to rejoin the parents. I noticed that against the rear wall of the house, leading up to a window, was a stepladder.

"Days when I have nothing else to do," said the tutee dreamily, "I climb up there and watch the maids take their baths."

"If I come, you won't be doing that," I said.

"Oh yes I will," he said, with the confidence of an only son, "and you will too."

He was ten, and big for his years. In the discussion of my fitness which went on after my departure, the boy, as I learned later, asked how old I was, and being told, seemed surprised that I wasn't married. "At that age," he remarked, "he's either a saint or a devil," and on that note I was hired.

My early-morning privacy was hard to enforce. Small boys are enormously curious, and my charge had an inexhaustible interest in my belongings. I am neat by nature, and the top drawer of my bureau, which held my handkerchiefs, neckties, and the little leather case with my cuff links and shirt studs, was the object of his recurring exploration as soon as he knew I was awake. I decided to pay no attention to him and went on with my shaving and dressing as if he weren't there.

On the third morning of this charade I heard a muffled cry and looked up to see that he had imprisoned himself. He had pulled out the drawer, gone through the entire contents, and had then thrust his head sideways into the opening to see what lay beneath. But when he tried to withdraw, his ears caught, and the pain and panic set him lamenting and hammering with his fists.

"You are hurting my child," said his mother as she entered all breathless in her bathrobe.

"He has no right to be here as early as this," I said, as we lifted his feet and turned him sideways for his extrication. From that day on I dressed and had breakfast alone.

My equestrian ability was not called upon until

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my senior year. For me to use that label at all is really a courtesy to the horse, for from the moment I step into the stirrups he knows who is boss. The family job for which I had been hired that summer demanded riding, and since it paid three hundred dollars a month, ride I must. To get into form I applied to the commander of our artillery unit at Harvard. "Oh, sure, sure," said the major. "We have forty horses on the picket line at the Commonwealth Avenue Armory. Just give this note to the sergeant, and he'll see that you get a different mount every day."

In whipcords and my old ambulance tunic, five afternoons a week I made my way to the Armory, scrambled up on those rawboned nags, and then went tagging along at the end of the detail as it followed the bridle paths through Brookline, with occasional pauses as we crossed the macadam parkways. All the way out I was gradually surrendering control to my mount as he worked the bit into a more comfortable clench. But when we turned for home he knew it, and with John Gilpin hanging on, he lit out. We soon left the detail beyond shouting distance; we thundered across the traffic as if it didn't exist; policemen blew their whistles and then said, "What the hell!" When at last we reached the picket line he dug in, and I would sail over his head to the ground, where I was glad to be. I did this for three weeks in succession, and ended by paying the sergeant ten dollars. He looked surprised, but soon recovered. "We'll miss you," he said, as he pocketed the cash, "and you haven't hurt one of them."

The family that employed me that summer had four horses: a big black mare; Wildfire, a Morgan stallion; and two mousy brown mares. It was the groom's desire that I ride the big black and that the Morgan be reserved for the boy of the household. We rode the dusty country roads of upstate New York, sunny, undulating farmland with the big lake always in view from the hilltops. But not for long. For, however I planned it, a race soon broke out between the big black and the Morgan. The Morgan was sure he should go first, and the big black had the power to prevent him; and, leaving the girls behind us to eat our dust, we would break into a gallop. Soon I would be galloping by myself, and since the black had a mouth of iron, the only way I could stop her was to haul her off the road and aim her at the wall of a barn, where she would finally halt and stand quivering and blowing until the cavalcade came up.

Fortunately for me there was tutoring to be done, which ate up much of the mornings, and I was rather better than was expected at tennis, swimming, and cards. There was also an innovation — a surfboard, introduced at my suggestion; we hitched it to the stern of the motorboat and

then rode it in bouncing curves around the lake. Our cove was the first to have one. My bathing suit, the smart thing for those days, was dark blue, top and bottom; the trunks were of flannel, with a white canvas belt. I hadn't realized how loose they were until, early in the surfboarding, as we were getting up enough speed for me to stand up on the board, the trunks were swept off and disappeared in the wake. "Get up, get up," they kept shouting from the cockpit. "Go to the shore! Go to the shore!" I kept shouting from the submerged end where I trailed. And eventually they did.

O'HARA AND MARQUAND

JOHN O'HARA, every inch a professional, is like a major league pitcher, like Pennock, Grove, or Spahn, who, as he loses his speed, comes to rely on the curve and the slider. Early in his career, in *Appointment in Samarra*, *Butterfield 8*, and *Pal Joey*, he had a fast ball no one could touch, a gift for writing about life that was tough and amusing. Then, in mid-career he began to change his pitch, and some of the zip went out of his fiction as he moved up into respectability. In *ELIZABETH APPLETON* (Random House, \$4.95) he tells the story of a well-bred, well-stacked New Yorker, a product of Miss Chapin's and Southampton who falls in love with an athletic tutor, marries him in 1931, and with money of her own comes to live in the little college town of Spring Valley, Pennsylvania. Spring Valley is a freshwater, trustee-infested institution, never in the same class with Haverford and now on the downgrade. What John Appleton, Elizabeth's husband, might have contributed to it as the new president we can only imagine, for Mr. O'Hara is very little concerned with the intellectual side of the college. What he is concerned with is John's integrity as a dean and with Elizabeth's slowly awakened and somewhat hazardous sex life. This is where his curve comes in, and it is a good one; he keeps throwing it, with just enough deception, throughout the book.

In design and development, *Elizabeth Appleton* invites comparison with *Point of No Return* by John Marquand. Each establishes a marriage before World War II, and in each the husband is on his way to success when he goes into the service. But at the war's end, neither Charles Gray nor John Appleton is sure that he wants to go on with his job. Each has behind him an ambitious wife, and each has reached the point where it is difficult, if not impossible, to turn in a new direction. This was the predicament of many an aging veteran.

Marquand and O'Hara are both skilled in the use of documentary detail, which gives their stories verisimilitude. Neither is adept in the handling of children: the children in *Elizabeth Appleton* are

offstage, and any reference to them is usually awkward. Marquand is far the abler satirist and depends on his sense of humor more often and more entertainingly than O'Hara ever does. What O'Hara depends on is his immense curiosity about sex. He writes of sex with none of the diffidence that one finds in Marquand, and to give O'Hara his due, he is more persuasive about it than his rival. Elizabeth's affair with Porter Ditson, which develops while John is in the Navy, is the major theme and is handled with such vitality that one is tempted to overlook the coarse-grained caricature of the college community in which it is laid.

LOVE WITH A DIFFERENCE

What attracts me in HORTENSE CALISHER's short stories, and now in her new novel, *TEXTURES OF LIFE* (Little, Brown, \$4.75), is the intimate accuracy with which she can depict a young couple in their attraction to each other and in their opposition to the older generation. In *Textures of Life* her spotlight from the start plays upon Elizabeth and David, affiliates of the Beat, and on how they set up housekeeping in a series of studio lofts in which he will develop his photography and she her sculpture. Elizabeth's rejection of her mother's help exceeds David's rejection of his father only because Mr. Pagani has been dying by inches and David knows it. The island life which David and Elizabeth devise for themselves in the midst of the noise and dirt, and the tenderness with which they explore each other, I find touching.

It is a different matter, however, when Miss Calisher tries to call out sympathy for Elizabeth's widowed mother and David's ailing father. Mr. Pagani's sickness, a succession of spasms and recoveries, is almost as hard on the reader as it is on the victim, and that the castoffs should find such consolation in each other is hard to believe. It is the young ones who give this story its validity.

ROBERT NATHAN's short novel, *THE DEVIL WITH LOVE* (Knopf, \$3.95), is a lighthearted discussion of good and evil, with a plot that lands a demon in a California coast town, where he sets up as a quack doctor. Samael is such a civilized demon and the local priest, Father Deener, such a gentle old innocent that their association can hardly be described as conflict. It is more in the nature of a mild divergence of opinion, with much to be said in favor of both parties. Mr. Nathan enlivens his little fable with some amusing jabs at contemporary manners and politics, and occasionally achieves a miracle of condensed description, as when he reports of the pretty seventeen-year-old secretary of the demon, "She was quite sure that she could take care of herself, if she wanted to."



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

The Nuremburg trials, which were denounced by the late Senator Taft as contrary to our own legal traditions, touched off a series of prosecutions of war criminals in Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Greece, and France. In none of these so-called Successor Trials were the legal issues so tangled and questionable as in the proceedings against Adolf Eichmann in an Israeli court in 1961. *EICHMANN IN JERUSALEM: A REPORT ON THE BANALITY OF EVIL* (Viking, \$5.00) by HANNAH ARENDT is a hard-hitting, courageous, bluntly outspoken analysis of this trial; but it seems to me, despite Dr. Arendt's great intellectual gifts, to raise many more questions than it settles. Perhaps this is as it must be, and the controversy will rage until the structure of international law has caught up with the conscience of mankind.

First of all, Eichmann was the victim of illegal seizure; he had been kidnapped in a Buenos Aires suburb and flown without extradition to Israel. Second, he was not tried at the scene of his crimes, as our jurisprudence requires; and how could any judge, hearing evidence of the horrible crimes against his own people, not be so human as to be swayed by passion? Though sympathy would be wasted on so worthless a specimen of humanity as Eichmann, the questions of law here are not empty formalities. Law is concerned not only that justice be done but that it be done in a recognized manner. It would now be possible, Dr. Arendt points out, for agents of an African state to kidnap a white segregationist in Mississippi, bring him to trial in Ghana or Guinea, and urge the Eichmann case as a valid precedent.

As background for the trial, Dr. Arendt traces in detail how the various Nazi programs against the Jews led up to the infamous plan, called by its perpetrators the Final Solution, which was nothing less than systematic genocide. It is not pleasant reading, but is useful as a historical record, if only to remind us of what man can do to man. A more subtle but equally frightening lesson on what the state can do to man is evident in the way a totalitarian regime can mold creatures like Adolf Eichmann. Dr. Arendt's report is most valuable

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The second book, **Gentleman in Waiting**, by André Couteaux, should be reserved for the day after the screens have gone up. In the words of C. Northcote Parkinson, "How should leisure be spent? André Couteaux, a French novelist, has come forward with the answer. His clever and amusing book, now translated into English, explains the art of doing nothing. The hero of **Gentleman in Waiting** refuses work, rejects even para-work (a useful term for bureaucratic sedentation) and chooses rather a life of spectacular but theoretical success. In this first novel he explains a highly developed technique. One of his most useful discoveries is that of how to borrow money from his wealthy friends. Borrow, he says, and (after some delay) return about nine-tenths of the loan. The relieved lender never has the heart to press for the remainder. When the value of such advice is considered, the sum asked for the book (\$3.75) can only be described as nominal."



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in its deep grasp of the character of the accused. Far from being a monster, Eichmann was so very ordinary that he was virtually a hollow man. He lived so much by slogans and platitudes that he could even go to his death "gallantly" because he had the proper clichés to mumble. Never during or after his trial did he seem to feel guilt, or to understand the human import of what he had done; the jaws of bureaucracy had long since devoured whatever soul he once had.

But this very banality of Eichmann raises some of the most acute difficulties at law. Eichmann claimed that he was simply obeying orders. Obedience, Dr. Arendt rejoins, is endorsement and constitutes guilt. Yet, if the modern mass state, bureaucratically employing thousands of ordinary people, commits crimes against humanity, just where does one draw the line between guilty and guiltless? This question the Eichmann trial did not answer, just as the Nuremberg trials had left it unanswered.

PRACTICAL DREAMER

When he was three years old, CARL JUNG had a dream that he could remember in detail at the age of eighty. Not only that; in this dream, he tells us, lay all the motifs that he spent the second half of his life passionately elaborating. To have been claimed so early by an inner vision might, in another period and another intellectual climate, have turned Jung into a Nostradamus or a Swedenborg. But the other side of his nature was a practical and hardheaded Swiss bourgeois, who put this uncanny visionary gift to use, not to read the stars or tea leaves, but to advance science and cure souls. This duality of character, I believe, is what made Jung the unique and imposing figure he was.

MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS, recorded and edited by Aniela Jaffé (Pantheon, \$7.50), is an altogether unusual autobiography, dealing with the inner experiences which Jung deems the only things worth telling about in his life. He began this book in the last years of his life as a series of conversations with his colleague and friend Aniela Jaffé, but as he warmed to the project, he took over the writing of the principal chapters himself. The conversational quality persists in the informal and hearty

style of the finished version. The energy of the man is amazing. Past eighty, detached from earthly ties and beyond caring for the fashions of the world, he nevertheless has all the zest and curiosity of youth. Thoughts in abundance — on psychology, religion, immortality — pour from his pen, and they are all stimulating. To the end his mind remains open and undogmatic.

The most dramatic external events here related have to do with his friendship with Freud. Jung had already embarked upon his career as a psychiatrist in Zurich when he came upon Freud's writings. Though he could not accept the Freudian dogma that the root of every neurosis is sexual, he nevertheless felt that Freud's contributions were so significant that he had to come to the latter's defense in the scientific journals. The two subsequently met and became friends. But they were so antithetical in nature that from the first the friendship was uneasy on both sides. Freud suspected Jung's "mysticism"; Jung thought that the dogma of sexuality had a personal, probably neurotic source in Freud's own personality. Freud then spoke of Jung as the crown prince, his son and heir, which left Jung's sense of independence fretful. However, as soon as Jung had worked up his own theories, he was excommunicated by the Freudians, and his friendship with Freud ended.

Left to his own, Jung plunged anew into the task of confronting the unconscious. It was a risky business, he tells us; and had he not been safely anchored in his family and professional life, he might have been swept away. As these unconscious materials crowded upon him, his later writings became more difficult and esoteric; for many they still seem bizarre and fanciful. Jung could not help it, for he was in the grip of his daemon. He could not take time to explain himself; he had to hasten to catch up with his vision. This autobiography may help others to catch up with that vision.

ENGLISH OPPOSITES

The growing audience of ANTHONY POWELL's admirers on this side of the Atlantic will welcome **WHAT'S BECOME OF WARING?** (Little, Brown, \$4.00) as a fine sample of his earlier

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style. Here the mood is much more casual and lighthearted than in the later novels of the *Music of Time* series, where Mr. Powell trains a massive slow-motion camera on the tragicomedy of the changing social life in England during the 1930s. The proper comparison is with the earlier Evelyn Waugh, though the satire is much less bitter than Waugh's and the fantasy more muted and whimsical. As in his later work, Mr. Powell's chosen vein is the comedy of understatement.

The characters saunter at leisure through a plot so casual that it looks almost unpremeditated. T. T. Waring is the author of some dreadful but popular travel books and is one of the prize properties of the firm of Judkins and Judkins, two daft brothers who ought to be in any business other than publishing. The news of Waring's death is a financial blow to the brothers, and they decide that a biography of the dead writer is not only called for but would be avidly bought by all his fans. However, Waring proves a complete mystery; nobody has ever seen him, and no facts about him can be traced. The unhappy biographer discovers that the famous travel books were all cribbed from obscure and outdated guides over which the devious Waring had merely spread the treacle of some romantic and homespun philosophizing. The mysterious writer finally turns up very much alive, and he happens to be the black-sheep brother of the girl whom the biographer plans to marry. Tired of plagiarism and potboiling, Waring had married a rich widow and engineered the news of his own death.

Mr. Powell weaves this light arabesque of plot through and around some deliciously candid snapshots of life in London, country houses, publishing offices, and the Riviera, in that carefree time long before the shadows of World War II had begun to loom and chaps had nothing much to worry about beyond meeting their tailors' bills.

With each new book IRIS MURDOCH moves further away from brittle satire toward the more robust virtues of the old-fashioned novel. In THE UNICORN (Viking, \$5.00) she has taken a headlong plunge into the dark and turbid waters of the mid-Victorian Gothic romance. Her story follows a basic and time-tested

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pattern that romancers have worked again and again since *Jane Eyre*: the young governess, wide-eyed and innocent, arrives at a somber country house and presently discovers that it conceals some unspeakable mystery.

From the moment she sets eyes on Gaze Castle, situated on a wild sea-coast, Marian Taylor senses this mystery. Later she learns that the lady of the castle, a young wife to whom Marian is supposed to read, is a modern Sleeping Beauty held in enchanted imprisonment by order of her husband, who will return to the castle after seven years. It is now the seventh year. Will he return? After setting the stage so romantically, Miss Murdoch proceeds to embroider a plot intricate with horrors, sexual inversion, and a couple of murders. In the end, Sleeping Beauty is revealed to be both victim and victimizer, holding others in thrall even as she herself is kept prisoner. If Miss Murdoch owes a debt to Charlotte Brontë, she leaves no doubt that she has read her Freud too.

It is refreshing, after so much urban and sophisticated fiction, to have a return to the rustic, the romantic, and the mysterious. But Miss Murdoch overdoes it a bit, and her novel makes one think of a mid-Victorian room cluttered with heavy mahogany furniture. Shut-tling constantly between realism and symbolism, her story becomes too contrived and overingenious, and her characters so carefully pieced together that they resemble figures in a jigsaw puzzle. Nevertheless, Miss Murdoch is a writer of considerable skill, and readers who still have a sneaking fondness for the Gothic romance will find this novel fascinating, even if they cannot quite believe in it.

BOHEMIAN WRECKS

SALT by **HERBERT GOLD** (Dial, \$4.95) is a brilliant, witty, mournful fantasy about some of the more sleazy circles of New York life. Though his plot is a bit well-worn, Mr. Gold prods it into life with a staccato and unrelenting verbal brilliance. Peter, Dan, and Barbara are all Bohemians, and their story is the age-old triangle with some offbeat dissonances. Peter is a sad young Lothario, handsome and clever, who makes conquests easily but cannot stick with any one

woman. Barbara jostles him out of his complacency, but not enough. When she sees that he is incapable of love, she orders him out of her apartment. Dan, the good guy and Peter's war buddy, arrives from Cleveland and promptly falls in love with Barbara. Now the viciousness of Peter the werewolf comes out into the open; not being able to love, he does not want anybody else to love either, and he does his best to break up Dan and Barbara's affair. Bad guy and good guy have one hell of a brawl, just like on TV. Good guy wins and takes the girl.

More interesting than the story itself are the colorful and off-color fauna introduced from Madison Avenue and Southampton. When Dan gets a job writing copy on Madison Avenue, Mr. Gold's chattering style is exactly right; we seem to be inside a factory hammering and clanking and grinding out not bolts or rivets but punch lines and advertisement slogans. Dan also falls in with a weird group engaged in making pornographic films. Here the author's remarkable gifts for comedy are at the top of their form.

But when the razzle-dazzle dies down and the style grows deliberately quieter in the last section, as if the characters were now about to emerge into daylight, Peter, Dan, and Barbara stand forth as a pretty forlorn and insubstantial trio. I find it hard to say why Mr. Gold, who seems to have all the necessary talents, should leave me disappointed. Could he perhaps be the victim of his own cleverness? Sometimes he seems to be writing not so much as a novelist, from *inside* his people, but as a flashy journalist doing an article *about* some Village characters in which every sentence must jump.

CITIZENS OF THE WORLD

In his novels **NELSON ALGREN** has always been a strict regionalist of Chicago's South Side, but in **WHO LOST AN AMERICAN?** (Macmillan, \$4.50) he shows himself to be a surprisingly accomplished, if highly unorthodox, cosmopolitan. Taking us on a tour of the "seamier sides" of life in the great capitals — New York, Dublin, Paris, Barcelona, Istanbul — he is the tough-guy traveler never to be conned by any place or face, irreverently and raucously himself.

He is also, when he chooses, a

very perceptive observer, though what he sees may not always be the whole truth. New York, for example, was for Mr. Algren mainly a city of rapacious publishers and authors' agents, where writers gather at cocktail parties to hurl their egos at each other. The Irish perplexed him because the fumes of the Middle Ages still seemed to curl around their heads. He was more at home in Paris, where he was received in the circle of Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, and in Spain; but Istanbul awakened the traveler's jitters once again as a place "where ancient and modern world meet and both are that much worse for meeting."

When Mr. Algren got home to Chicago, he found it changed and changing; and the last four pieces in this genially dyspeptic book go to work like a battery of air drills excavating the entrails of his native city. The old Chicago has gone, Mr. Algren laments. The lusty brawling Chicago, the Stacker of Wheat and Hog Butcher for the World celebrated by Carl Sandburg, has succumbed to the perfumed embraces of expense-account living and Playboy clubs.

In *THE WATER BEETLE* (Harper & Row, \$3.50) NANCY MITFORD records trips to Russia and the French countryside, but it is chiefly her voyages through history and books, bringing to life eccentrics or imposing lords and ladies, that delight us in this fine collection of essays.

The water beetle, in Hilaire Belloc's poem, glides safely on the surface of the water, but if ever asked to think, it would sink. Miss Mitford's touch is light, but her title exaggerates her frivolity. Casual as these essays may seem, they are the product of wide and diligent reading and of much experience of the world; and their style, which appears to be artless in its simplicity, has a terseness and precision that can come about only through much pruning.

Miss Mitford has made her home in Paris for the last fifteen years. She likes a great many things about the French, but none more than their love of conversation for its own sake. One of the most entertaining essays here is a brief history of the great salons of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which were dedicated to perfecting the art of talk. The salon was the creation of



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strong-willed and unusual women, and as a unique social institution it could not be obtruded upon even by the family. "What became of that man I used to see sitting at the end of your table?" somebody once asked of Mme. Geoffrin, a famous eighteenth-century hostess. "He was my husband. He is dead," came the crisp reply. Nancy Mitford is of the same indomitable and witty breed as the ladies who once presided over the salons.

BOUND NOT TO RISE

If you were not one of the 2700 people who bought a copy of JACK CONROY's novel *THE DISINHERITED* in 1933, its reissue now with an excellent introduction by Daniel Aaron (Hill & Wang, \$1.95) provides an opportunity to refresh your memory of how the world looked, smelled, and tasted during the Great Depression.

Jack Conroy grew up in the coal-mining country of northern Missouri. Like his hero, Larry Donovan, he saw the mines take the lives of his father and brothers. Like Larry, too, he rode the freight trains to search for work in the steel mills of Ohio and the factories of Detroit. From this firsthand contact with the hard life of the workingman, Mr. Conroy writes with a pungency and veracity that can make us tolerate his deficiencies as a novelist: flat characterization, a rambling plot, and a stock ending when the hero, at last become class-conscious, is about to go out into the world to struggle as a labor organizer.

Some of the freshest writing is found in the opening pages, which evoke the author's own boyhood. Though Larry lives in a mining camp, he spends much time roaming the fields and farms that stretch in the shadow of the slag heaps. There is, in fact, an old-fashioned rural American quality about the Donovan family that recalls Horatio Alger. The Mother's cry — "Oh, I wish nobody had to work in the mines!" — is a touch of pure Alger. But this is Horatio Alger in reverse, for these people struggle under the hopeless conviction that they are bound not to rise. It was a mood that gripped many in the nation then. It seems very long ago now, yet one wonders if a novel written by a West Virginia coal miner today might not read like Mr. Conroy's.

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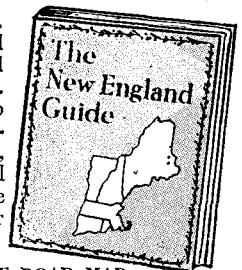
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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

BOSWELL: THE OMINOUS YEARS (McGraw-Hill, \$8.50) covers the period from 1774 to 1776. For a man busy with domesticity, the practice of law, the preliminaries of several happily unconsummated duels, trips to London, quarrels with his father, and an endless round of drinking parties, Boswell managed to do an inordinate amount of writing, and some of it, despite the admirable editing of Charles Ryskamp and Frederick A. Pottle, is dull. The erratic high spirits and bumpkin curiosity that carried Boswell through earlier volumes are beginning to flag, even though he is still stimulatingly Boswell, fascinating because his reaction to every pressure is the normal carried to abnormal lengths. Much of Boswell's charm in all these volumes of comment and reminiscence is his position on the edge of things. For all his bustling intensity, he is a tourist in his own life, watching the scurrings of James Boswell much as he does those of the other quaint natives. But to be a tourist is never to feel at home, an uncomfortable condition when indefinitely prolonged. By 1774, Boswell had begun to suspect that his tourism was to be lifelong, and the idea casts a shadow over all that he records. This is not the volume with which to begin his acquaintance.

THE GLASS COFFIN (Scribner's, \$4.50) is a collection of short stories by the French historical novelist MAURICE DRUON. Mr. Druon's characters live officially in the present, but he writes as though the world had stopped in 1900. Not for him the meaning of myth or the influence of infantile traumas, and as for the human predicament, he is too absorbed by its extraordinary surface manifestations to care a rap about their ultimate cosmic significance. The result of this antique approach is a clutch of tales which are sometimes thin as air, sometimes less than plausible in detail, and at least one of which depends on an O. Henry ending that has been used three times before by other authors. The stories are nevertheless readable and entertaining. I hesitate to recommend *The Glass*

"I Was Marked With The SIGN OF THE CROSS"

"I knelt with others in a half-circle about the altar.

"My hands were anointed with holy oil by the Bishop and wrapped carefully in new linen.

"The ancient prayers of the Church were being recited over me. The hands of the Bishop were laid upon me just as the hands of St. Peter and St. James and St. Paul were laid upon the young disciples they sent forth to labor, to teach, and to die.

"The chalice with wine and water and a small dish holding the unconsecrated bread were entrusted to me. The priestly vestments were placed upon my shoulders.

"I was being consecrated to God and to the service of souls. I was being marked with the Sign of the Cross.

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to "go forth and teach all nations"...that He did say: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them"...that at the Last Supper He set the example for an unbloody sacrifice, and said: "Do this in remembrance of Me."

God is, certainly, the ultimate source of everything. But He works through many "deputies." He uses the farmer to supply us with food...our parents, teachers, and scholars to educate us...physicians to treat our physical ills. Even in the creation of our life itself, He manifests His power through our parents. And in matters concerning the salvation of our souls, He tells us: "Hear the Church."

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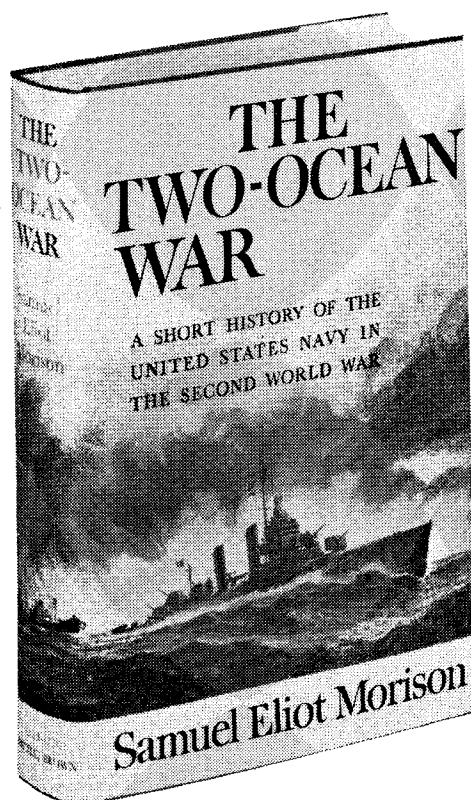


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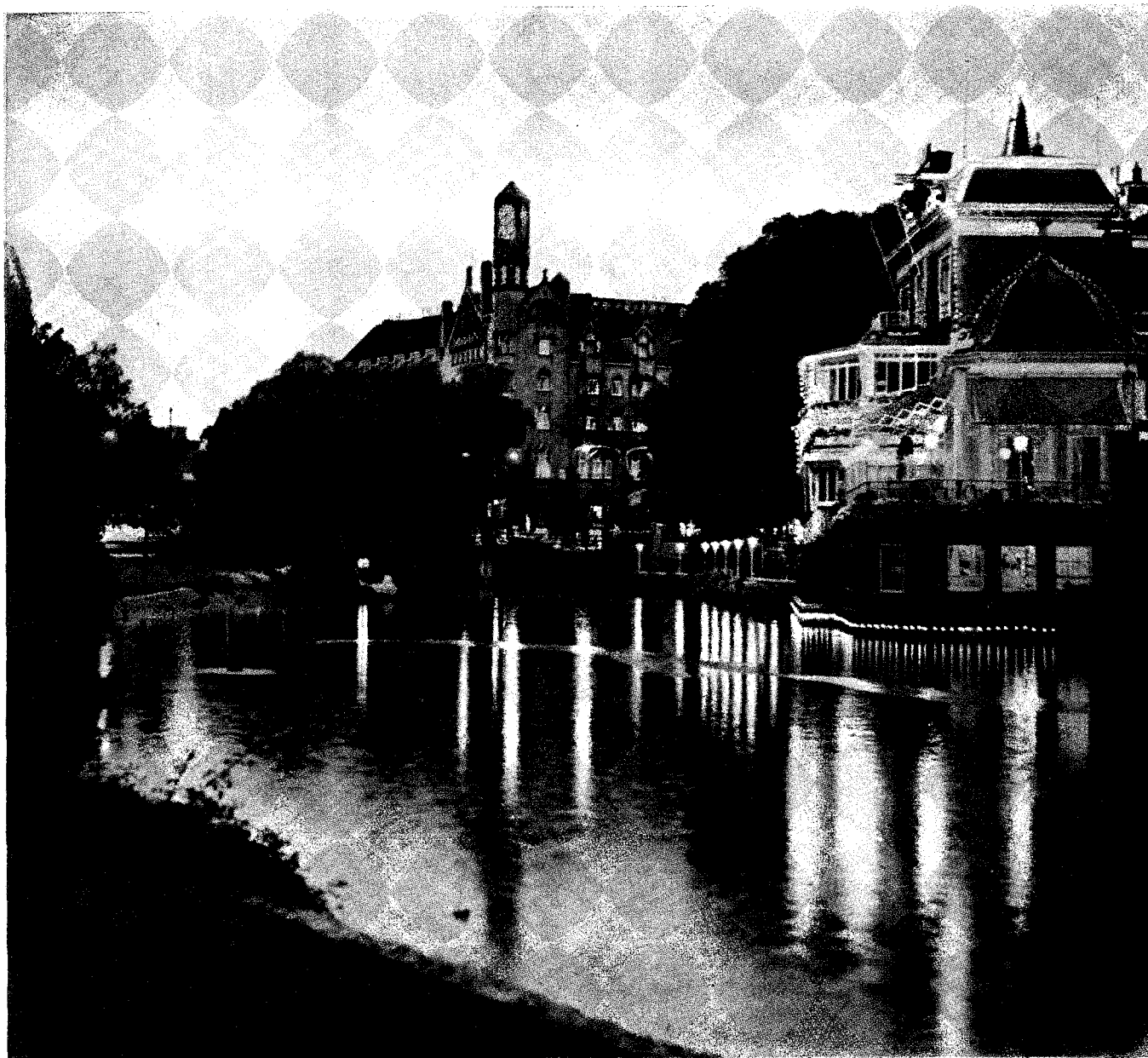
Coffin — it is so shamelessly unfashionable, like a hip flask or a Turkish corner — but, like any good minor vice, it is great fun.

IHARA SAIKAKU was a seventeenth-century Japanese novelist whose materials were drawn directly from the commercial, urban society of his day. Pieces of his works are presented in *THE LIFE OF AN AMOROUS WOMAN* (New Directions, \$5.50), edited and translated by Ivan Morris. Mr. Morris compares Saikaku to Defoe, with reason, for the Japanese has a similar preoccupation with concrete detail and a predilection for characters on the wrong side of the law. The laws of the shogunate, incidentally, make Gilbert's Mikado seem a quite plausible ruler, which is only one of the rich and strange revelations to be found in Saikaku.

In *POSSESSION* (John Day, \$4.50) the Indian novelist KAMALA MARKANDAYA tells the story of an ambitious woman who tries to own an artist. This is an old theme — possibly because people do try to own artists now and again — but Miss Markandaya has so thoroughly enlivened it with Anglo-Indian squabbles, her own sly wit, and the presence of the most beguiling dispossessed nobleman ever devised, that its age can be readily overlooked.

MEDIEVAL EPICS (Modern Library, \$3.95) is a fat bargain enclosing good translations of *Beowulf* by William Alfred, *The Nibelungenlied* by Helen M. Mustard, and *The Song of Roland* and *The Poem of the Cid* by W. S. Merwin. Mr. Merwin, a highly accomplished poet, decidedly overshadows his colleagues, making of *The Song of Roland* a series of scenes as sharp, clear, and brilliant as medieval miniatures.

GEORGE CHRISTY's first novel, *ALL I COULD SEE FROM WHERE I STOOD* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.00), describes a Greek-American boy growing up in a milieu which is not quite of either culture. Stephanos is too American to have any comprehension of a nostalgia for Greece, and too young to understand the tensions and social uncertainties rampant among his elders. He lives in a perpetual state of bewildered exasperation. Mr. Christy conveys this particular juvenile view — why must adults be so silly when they could quite easily be sensible? — with unpretentious conviction and a humor that is both tart and kindly.



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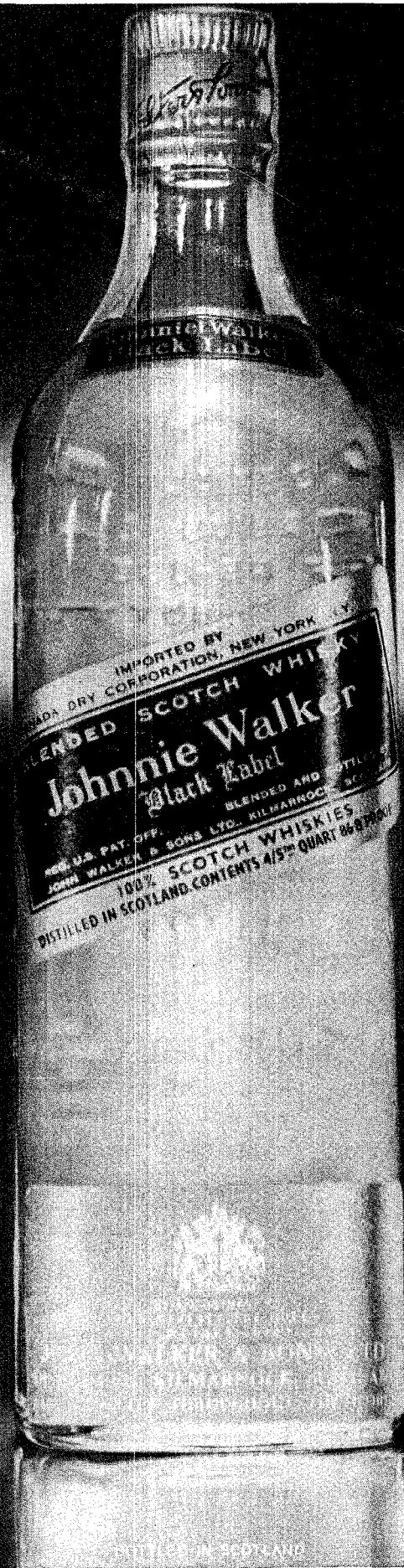
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